S RUDY FINALLY GONE TOO FAR? By Michael Tomasky

JUNE 22, 1998

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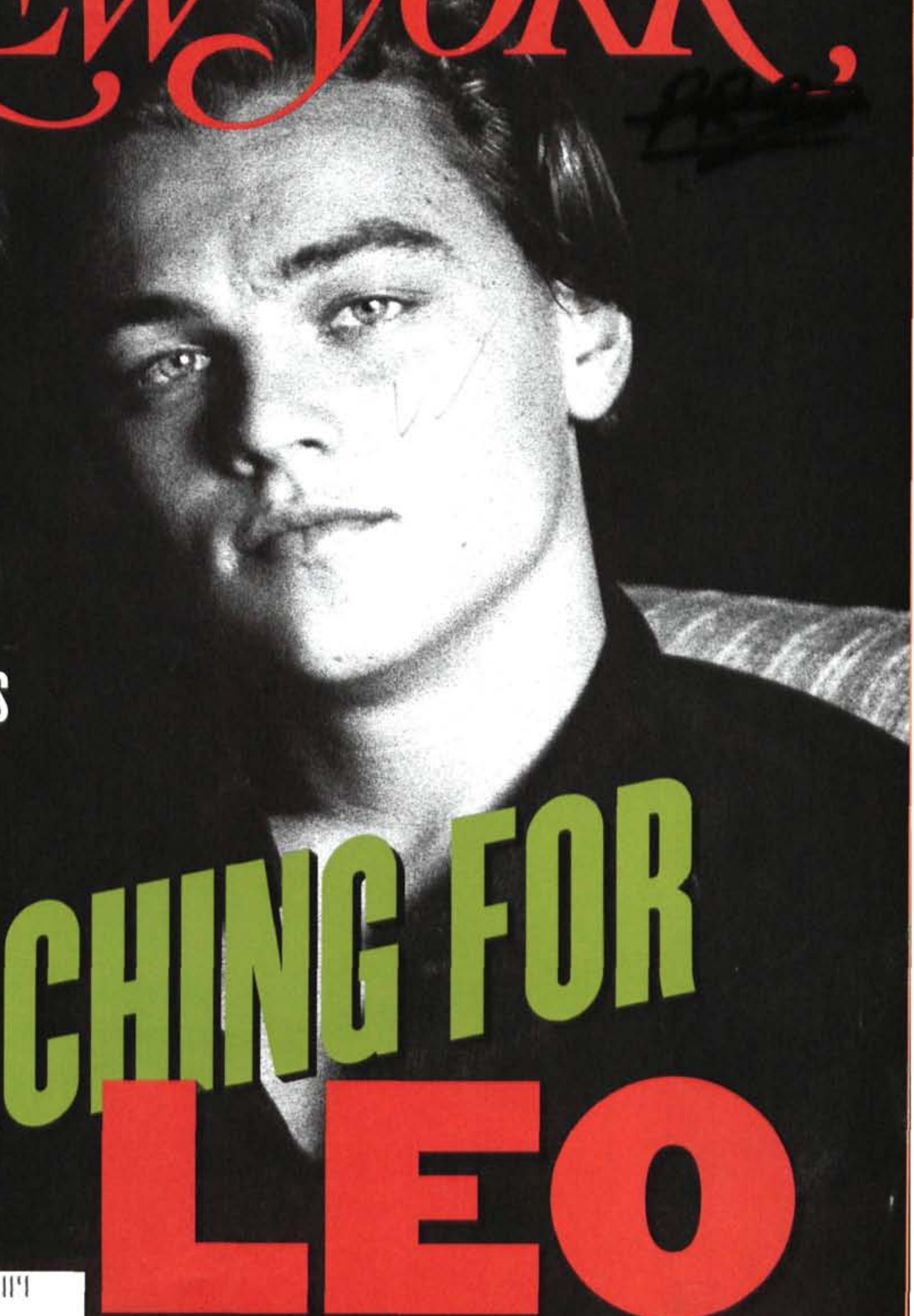

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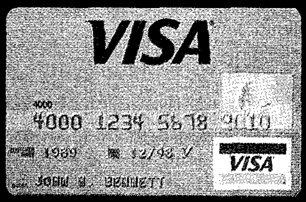

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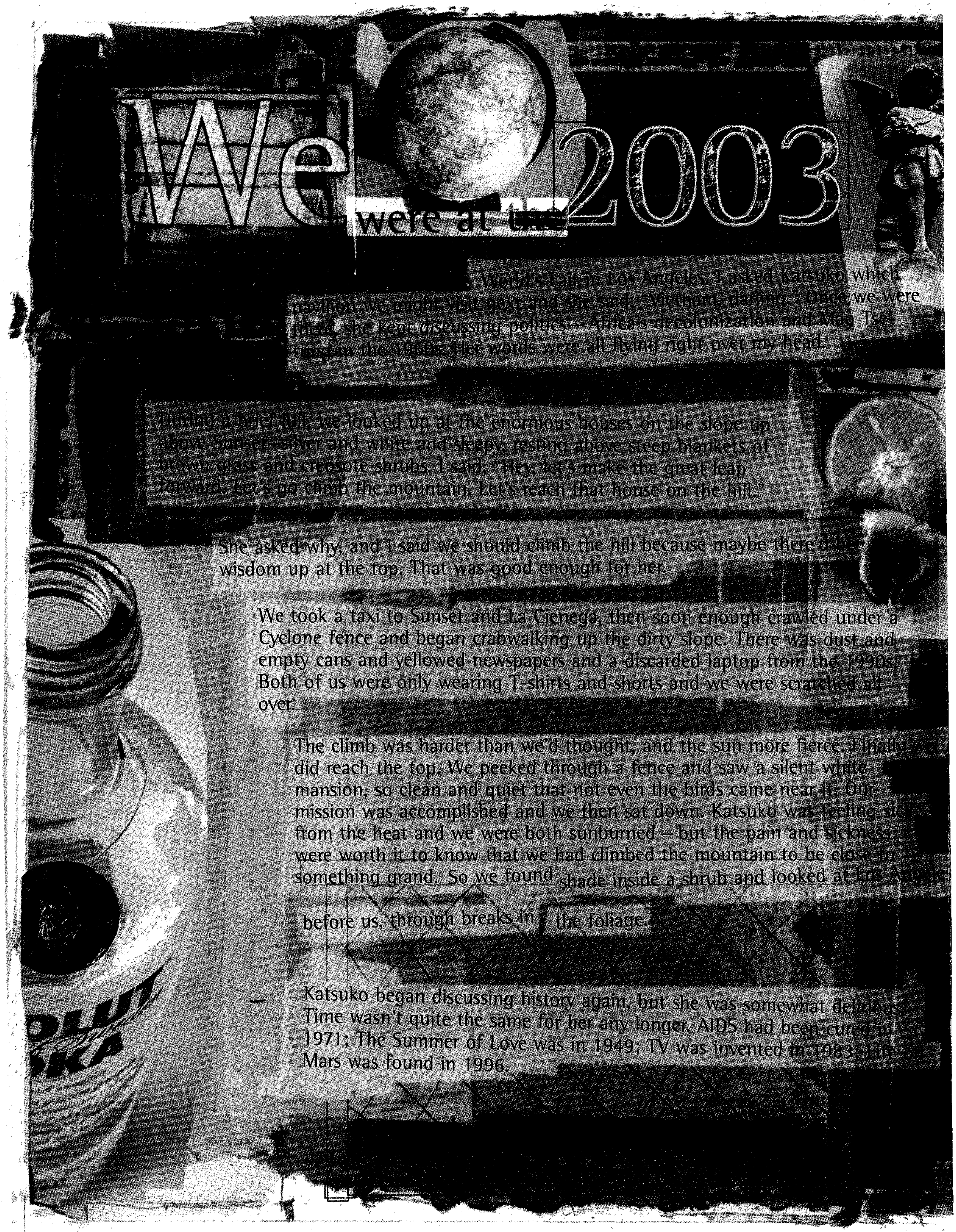

We were at the 2003

World's Fair in Los Angeles. I asked Katsuko which pavilion we might visit next and she said, "Vietnam, darling." Once we were there, she kept discussing politics – Africa's decolonization and Mao Tse-tung in the 1960s. Her words were all flying right over my head.

During a brief lull, we looked up at the enormous houses on the slope up above Sunset–silver and white and sleepy, resting above steep blankets of brown grass and creosote shrubs. I said, "Hey, let's make the great leap forward. Let's go climb the mountain. Let's reach that house on the hill."

She asked why, and I said we should climb the hill because maybe there'd be wisdom up at the top. That was good enough for her.

We took a taxi to Sunset and La Cienega, then soon enough crawled under a Cyclone fence and began crabwalking up the dirty slope. There was dust and empty cans and yellowed newspapers and a discarded laptop from the 1990s. Both of us were only wearing T-shirts and shorts and we were scratched all over.

The climb was harder than we'd thought, and the sun more fierce. Finally we did reach the top. We peeked through a fence and saw a silent white mansion, so clean and quiet that not even the birds came near it. Our mission was accomplished and we then sat down. Katsuko was feeling sick from the heat and we were both sunburned – but the pain and sickness were worth it to know that we had climbed the mountain to be close to something grand. So we found shade inside a shrub and looked at Los Angeles before us, through breaks in the foliage.

Katsuko began discussing history again, but she was somewhat delirious. Time wasn't quite the same for her any longer. AIDS had been cured in 1971; The Summer of Love was in 1949; TV was invented in 1983; Life on Mars was found in 1996.

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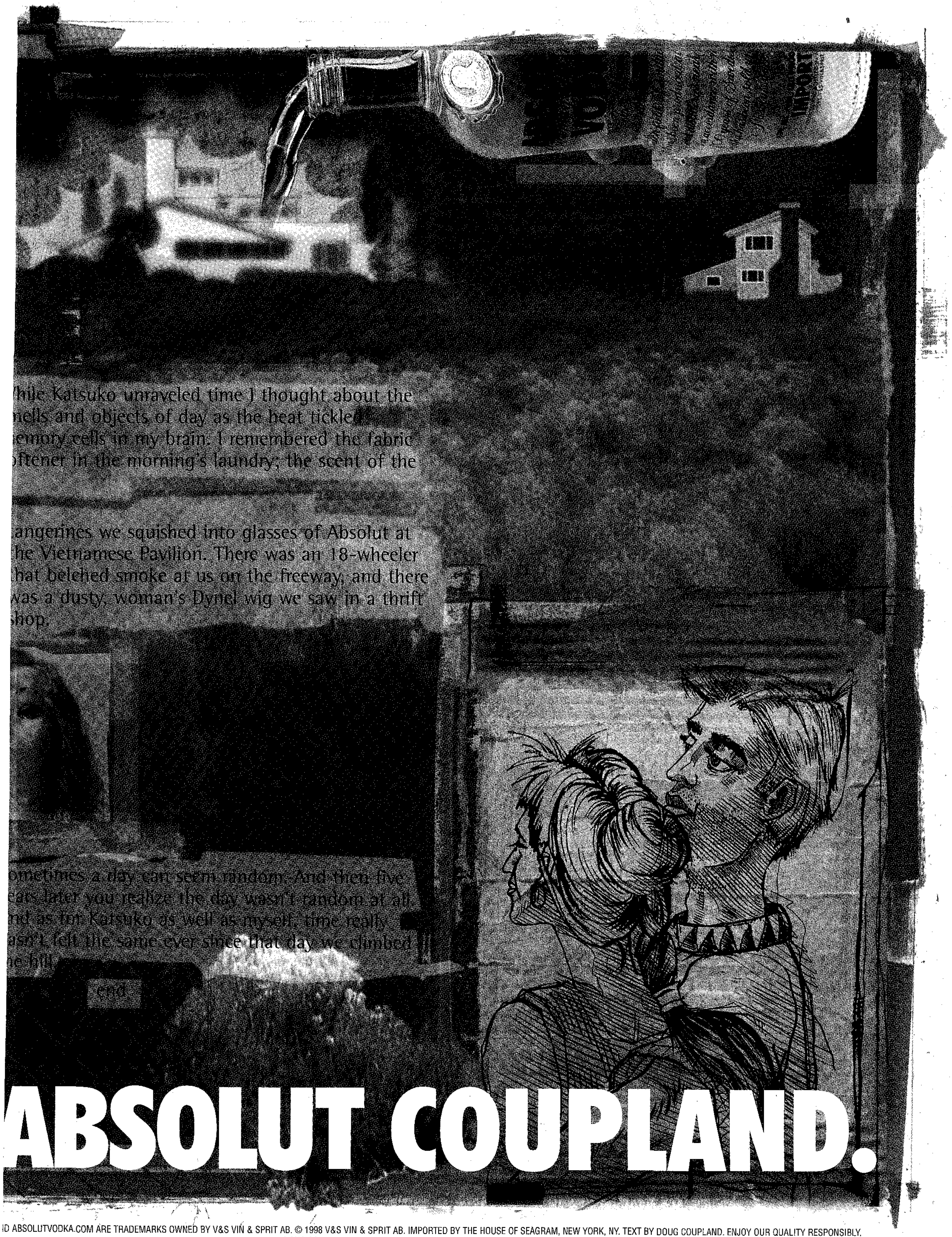

hile Katsuko unraveled time I thought about the nells and objects of day as the heat tickled emory cells in my brain. I remembered the fabric oftener in the morning's laundry; the scent of the

angerines we squished into glasses of Absolut at he Vietnamese Pavilion. There was an 18-wheeler hat belched smoke at us on the freeway, and there was a dusty, woman's Dynel wig we saw in a thrift shop.

ometimes a day can seem random. And then five eats later you realize the day wasn't random at all nd as for Katsuko as well as myself, time really asn't felt the same ever since that day we climbed he hill.

end

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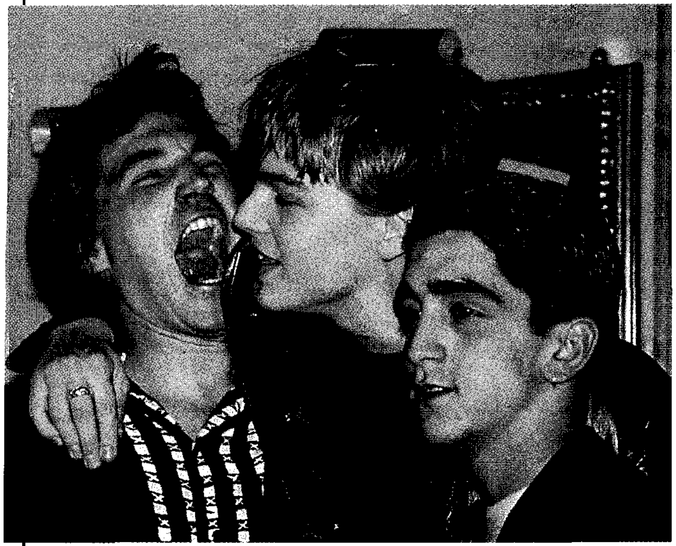

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In Hollywood, titanic teen icon Leonardo DiCaprio is surrounded by slick handlers. But in New York he travels with his posse, closing clubs, hitting strip joints, flirting with models, and abusing paparazzi. One writer's adventures on Leo's trail, and a brush with Leomania.

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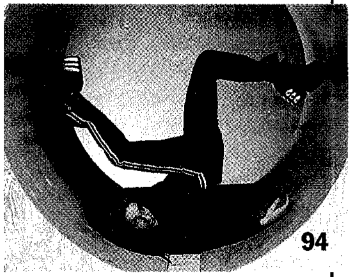
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JUNE 22, 1998—VOL. 31, NO. 24. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York,* Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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LETTERS JUNE 22, 1998

Life Savers

Joy for the Herceptin team's breast-cancer breakthrough; praise for the 92nd St. Y's nursery school; a beloved pooch's last shampoo.

I WANT TO THANK THREE INDIVIDUALS who have truly made a difference ["The Cancer Killer," by Craig Horowitz, May 25]. Thank you, Lilly Tartikoff, for your passion and determination in seeking funds. Thank you, Dr. Dennis Slamon, for your devotion toward achieving the goal of killing cancer, and thank you, Ron Perelman, for your extreme generosity, which has helped make all this possible.

I am a 33-year-old new mother who was diagnosed with breast cancer shortly after the birth of my daughter. I'm halfway through the standard regimen of chemotherapy and am scheduled to start radiation within a few months. Although my cancer was detected at an early stage and my prognosis is excellent, there isn't a single night that I lay my head down on my pillow when the word *recurrence* doesn't come to mind. Thank you so much for helping me. I'm sure many, many other women sleep a little bit easier at night.

Lisa Sasso-Rosati
RUTHERFORD, N.J.

IN MARCH OF THIS YEAR, MY BEAUTIFUL 34-year-old daughter was diagnosed with breast cancer. She has had surgery and is currently undergoing chemotherapy. The shock and pain for a mother is almost unbearable, but the good news about the advancement toward a cure gives me courage. I hope that Dr. Slamon continues his research and good work, and that Mr. Perelman knows his generosity is appreciated by all the women and their families whom this disease has affected.

Dolores G. Solano
YONKERS, N.Y.

BRAVO TO LILLY TARTIKOFF, RON PERELman, and Dennis Slamon for their roles in jump-starting the research on a drug that has the potential to save or prolong the lives of hundreds of thousands of women afflicted with breast cancer. It is an inspiring story that can serve as a reminder to each of us that with desire, persistence, and a sense of responsibility, wonderful breakthroughs can occur.

Now that Perelman has opened his pockets to breast-cancer research, what would it take for him to look at another pervasive killer—anorexia? He is in a unique position as head of Revlon to tackle this issue and save thousands of young women's lives.

Fran Sorin Jungreis
BRYN MAWR, PENN.

I WAS PLEASED TO SEE *NEW YORK* PROFILing Ron Perelman in a good light. Perelman has never sought media or society attention, but for years he has been providing the fuel for not-for-profit organizations. Perhaps members of the *Forbes* 400 should take note of this billionaire role model.

Carmela Santucci
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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92nd Street Support

WE FEEL COMPELLED AS 92ND STREET Y PARents to rebut a clearly skewed and one-sided view of a wonderful school in general and an extraordinary teacher in particular ["Gotham: Class Action," by Sarah Bernard, May 25]. As parents of children in the same classroom, we have found the 92nd Street Y Nursery to be the most supportive, nurturing, professional, and human environment imaginable. The head teacher in this room has seventeen years of experience and is one of the smartest, warmest, most caring education professionals you could ever meet. Additionally, there are at least three teachers per class, other specialists in the classroom, and many parents who are constantly in and out throughout the day. Had any of the ridiculous events in the article occurred, they would have been seen and heard by many other adults, not to mention 21 children who are at an age when they tell everything to everyone.

Concerned Parents of the Red Room
92nd Street Y Nursery School
MANHATTAN

Tastemaker

AS A CLOSE FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE OF Scott Rudin's, I can attest to his passion for great material and his commitment to producing movies and plays that matter ["Gotham: Literary Lion," by Sarah Bernard, April 27]. It is Scott's enthusiasm, drive, and perfectionism that get eclectic, often difficult, projects made, and made well. With regard to *The Alienist,* it often takes years to successfully translate a good book into a good script, and Scott is the last person to go forward with a project unless he thinks the script is excellent. I hate to dignify Caleb Carr's comments about Scott by responding to them, but I must. No one is more generous, warmer, or more a man of his word than Scott Rudin, but I guess those qualities don't sell magazines or newspapers.

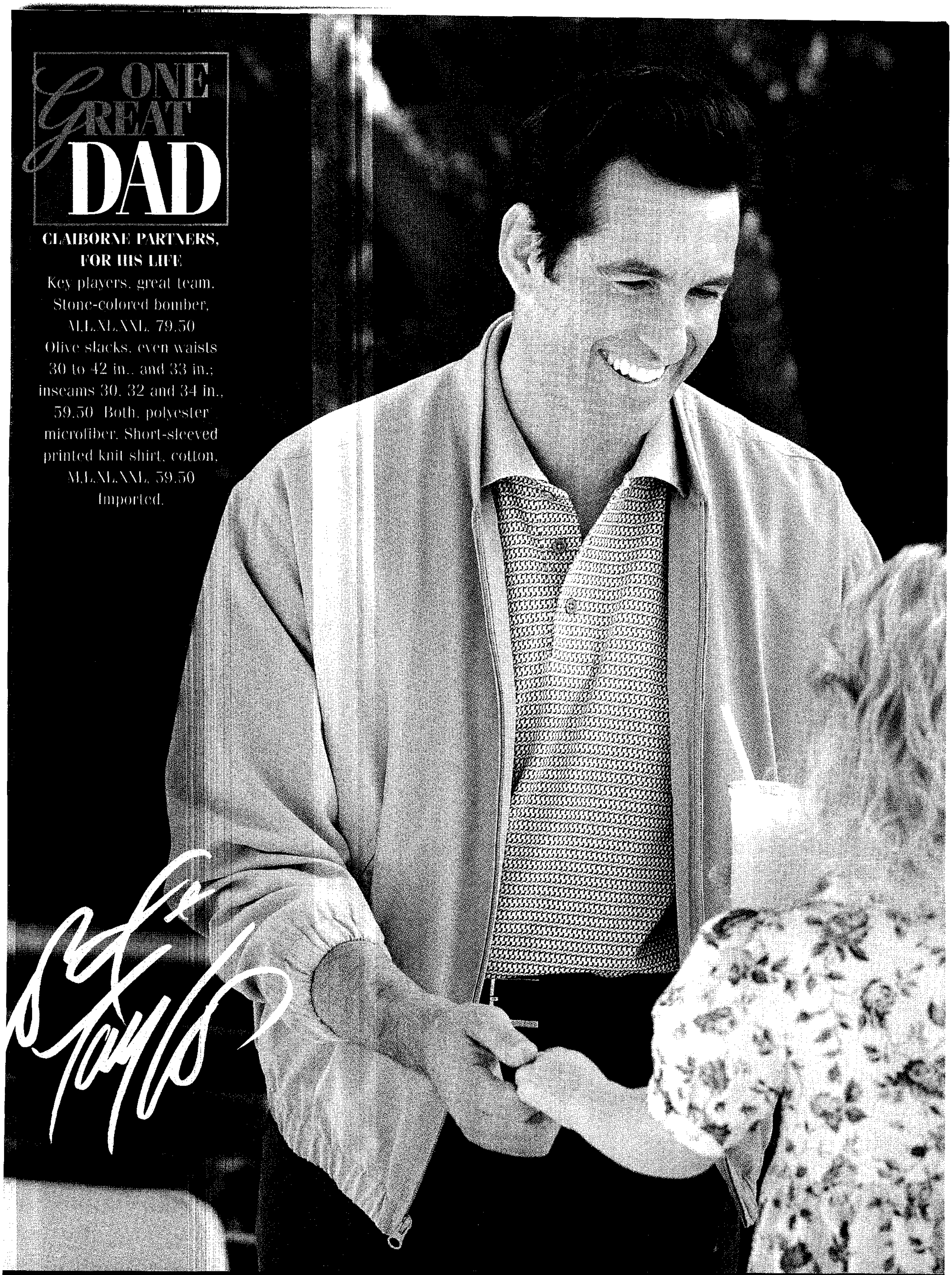
Ilene Starger
MANHATTAN

In Memoriam

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN, UPON TURNing to "Extreme Care" [by Ondine Cohane, May 18], I was face to face with a photo featuring my own dog, Whitney, being beautified at Beverly Hills LaunderMutt! One month ago, she was diagnosed with severe kidney failure. After much thought, it was decided that she should be put to sleep. The decision was the hardest I've ever made, but now I realize that she is much happier spending her days running in the grass, eating treats, and being brushed while in Doggy Heaven. Having her photo published was a tribute to Whitney I will never forget.

Dale J. Saylor
MANHATTAN

Corrections In "Best Doctors of New York" (June 8), Dr. Maria New, a pediatric endocrinologist, was incorrectly listed as a primary-care physician, and Dr. Joan Kent, an OB/GYN at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, was incorrectly listed as being at NYU. Dr. Paul Brisson, listed as a surgeon, is an orthopedic surgeon, and Dr. Richard Rosenfeld, listed under general pediatrics, is a pediatric otolaryngologist. On March 8, after the survey was completed, Dr. Michael Patrick Moore, a surgeon at Columbia-Presbyterian, had his medical license revoked by the New York State Department of Health, and he should not have been included on the list. And Dr. Michael Gruber's reference to a stage I brain tumor in "Brain Trust" should have read "grade IV tumor."



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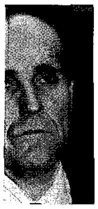
INTELLIGENCER

THE MAYOR'S RUDE SIGN LANGUAGE



Rudy: Resists?

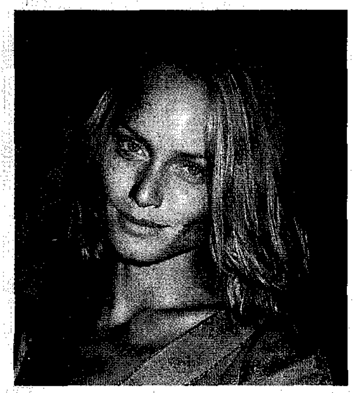
Ruth Messinger is still Manhattan's borough president as far as **Rudy Giuliani** is concerned, at least in some parts of the city. To this day, the Brooklyn Bridge has a WELCOME TO MANHATTAN sign with the names of the mayor and Messinger, who is identified as borough president. Manhattan's current borough president, **Virginia Fields,** was elected in November, but she has yet to welcome anyone to her borough. Her office pointed the oversight out to the city's Department of Transportation last March, according to an inside source. "We asked that the sign be updated or changed," confirms Fields's spokesman. "We were advised that the wheels were in motion." Three months later, a DOT spokesman says the signs should go up by the end of July, explaining that traffic signs take precedence. Another Fields sympathizer thinks there's nothing accidental about the delay. "The Giuliani people were clearly irate over Fields's opposition to the West Side Yankee Stadium," he explains. The mayor's office characterizes that theory as "insulting to the mayor as well as the borough president."

BAD BOY STUCK WITH TOTAL BILL

A recent court ruling won't take the shirt off Puffy's back, but it will take the pants off some of his ingenues. Clothing designer **Carla Dawn Behrle** says that a stylist for the rap impresario borrowed some of her dramatic leather outfits just before the Grammys for the all-female group Total, an act **Sean Puffy Combs** produces. Behrle happily provided what she estimates was $4,000 worth of garments, which were taken off for fittings. Getting them back proved problematic. "They said the outfits were in Bermuda, they couldn't find them, I should just bill them," Behrle says. "I got bounced from person to person." After some clothes were returned, she sent Combs's company, Bad Boy Records, a bill for $2,500 and got a check for only $1,400. Behrle won a judgment in small-claims court, which she faxed to Bad Boy to no avail. "I'm a struggling businesswoman, and they have more money than God. I think it's disgusting that they treat small businesses like this," says Behrle. But a Combs spokesperson insists that Behrle didn't contact the right people, because Puffy and his gang don't know anything about this. "Why would Puffy let someone to go to small-claims court for $1,100? It doesn't make sense," says the spokesperson.

AN EVEN MORE EMACIATED ELITE

Is Elite coming apart at the seams? Industry sources say the model agency is bringing in forces from its Parisian office to replace top booker **Ann Veltri,** who left the firm two weeks ago in the culmination of what appears to be an alarming exodus. According to the sources, more than a third of the employees have departed from the company, along with supermodel clients **Claudia Schiffer** and **Shalom Harlow.** Now Elite's powers that be are scrambling to ensure that Shalom's close companion **Amber Valletta** (right) doesn't follow suit. Says a source, "Because Ann was pretty much running the place after **John Casablancas** moved to Brazil, they are in a panic that Amber will leave. So they've rushed in this guy **Didier Fernandez** from their Paris office, who is very close to Amber." Didier, former director of Elite Paris, and John Casablancas, president of Elite Group, have now formed a new venture that will specialize in the management of celebrity models. Didier says he looks forward to focusing his efforts on advancing the "illustrious careers" of three of his "favorite models, Amber Valletta, **Linda Evangelista,** and **Nadja Auermann.**"



MICKEY TAKES OUT HIS MICROSCOPE

The Mouse House is stocking up on magnifying glasses. Nervous execs at Disney have issued an edict that every frame of the *Lion King* sequel, *Simba's Pride,* go under the microscope so that no embarrassing bloopers wind up on the video. Subliminal messages hidden by bored or angry animators have embarrassed Disney before, but this year the suits are particularly worried because of problems with their animators, according to a Hollywood insider. The studio's last two animated features—*The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Hercules*—weren't runaway hits, which always makes things tense in the animation department, according to a former Disney animator. But a Disney spokesperson insists that the scrutiny is just business as usual. "It's a matter of course for us to screen our videos frame by frame," she says. Guess they just missed that erect penis nestled among the spires of a castle on *The Little Mermaid's* cover, the dust clouds spelling out the word SEX in *The Lion King,* the panty-less Jessica Rabbit in the laser-disc version of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?.* Not to mention the home phone number of Disney chief **Michael Eisner** that was disguised as graffiti on a brothel wall.

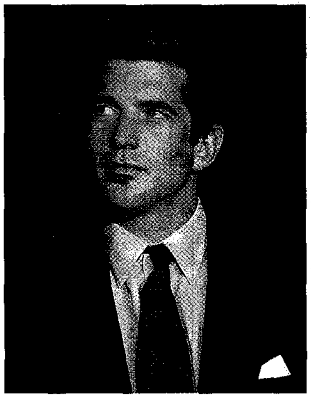
GEORGE GORE'D BY KENNEDY KIN

Though **Gore Vidal** has bashed **John Kennedy Jr.**'s parents as "an amoral" couple in a "marriage of convenience," it

otographs: top, John Van Hasselt/Sygma; bottom, Gregory Pace/Sygma.

A REALLY BAD HAIR DAY AT *SELF*

Just how well does *Marie Claire* know its *Self*? The current issue of *Marie Claire* includes a feature that showcases the many hairstyles of movie stars such as **Uma Thurman** and **Kim Basinger,** with a small cutout hole in place of the famous faces. Into these holes, readers are instructed to slip a "passport or driver's license photo" of themselves, enabling them to envision what they would look like with the star's glamorous do. The idea could be described as novel and creative, except for one thing: Back in February 1997, *Self* ran a surprisingly similar piece, which featured mannequins wearing various wigs. Again, small cutouts were used and readers were advised to "place a passport or driver's license photo" behind the holes. *Self* editor-in-chief **Rochelle Udell** says, "They crossed the line. This was a great, original idea of ours that was clearly imitated. Right down to the copy. Clearly, they know a good idea when they see it." When asked about the similarities, *Marie Claire* editor-in-chief **Glenda Bailey** responded first by laughing out loud, then exclaimed: "How totally self-delusional. My executive editor did this at *Hair Now* back in Britain ten years ago. This idea has been around for years and has been done dozens of times. And we're the only ones using celebrities."



John F. Kennedy Jr.: No Vidal signs

was his opinion of a different political icon that nearly caused a new rift. Some time ago, Kennedy contracted Vidal, a cousin by marriage (both Vidal and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had magnate Hugh Auchincloss as a stepfather) to write a story for *George.* What Vidal turned in, however, was a less-than-flattering portrait of George Washington, which included, in part, the detail that our first president was something of a womanizer—information Kennedy apparently wasn't anxious to air about the magazine's namesake. "Gore knew when he wrote it that it might not work out," explains Vidal's agent. "He thought *George* might not take it." But the editors did try: Kennedy apparently wanted to rework the piece, but Vidal refused. The Washington profile did make it into print eventually, however: Vidal included it in his recent collection of essays, *Virgin Islands.*

BABY NEWS; RICHARD'S REVIEWS

CYNTHIA'S SHOWER: The socialites outnumbered the newscasters when **Louise Grunwald** and **Liz Smith** threw a baby shower recently for ABC's *PrimeTime Live* correspondent **Cynthia McFadden. Annette de la Renta, Amanda Burden, Rose Styron, Joan Ganz Cooney, Ruth Friendly,** and **Lauren Bacall** were at the event, along with **Diane Sawyer, Barbara Walters, Deborah Roberts,** and **Lesley Stahl. Nora Ephron** is filming and couldn't make it, but she sent five pairs of baby shoes, in five little boxes. Some guests took the opportunity to promote their own babies: **Ellen Levine** sent a *Good Housekeeping* T-shirt, Smith gave the baby-in-waiting a *Lethal Weapon 4* T-shirt, and **Linda Fairstein** brought along a baby T-shirt that says ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Richard Holbrooke: Politically incorrect?

DIPLOMATIC DISTINCTIONS: Writing books can be a tricky occupation for diplomats. Just as **Richard Holbrooke**'s firsthand account of the crisis in Bosnia, *To End a War,* is getting rave reviews—and even, surprisingly, beginning to hit some best-seller lists—a new crisis in Kosovo has put the Balkans back in the news. Holbrooke didn't pull his punches in his narrative. Even though he's reportedly a leading contender to replace **Bill Richardson** as the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations (if, as expected, Richardson becomes the new secretary of Energy), Holbrooke wrote bluntly about the failings of the U.N. policy. True, he was kind enough to the new U.N. head, **Kofi Annan,** calling his arrival in Zagreb "good news" that "delighted" the United States. The tough passages are reserved for Annan's predecessor, **Boutros Boutros-Ghali,** who, according to Holbrooke, "had disdain for the fractious and dirty peoples of the Balkans. Put bluntly, he never liked the place."

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne.

SAKS RU'S CHOICE OF BILLBOARD

Los Angeles may be home to a wide range of entertaining people, but not everyone in town appreciates them. Saks Fifth Avenue arranged for **Patrick Demarchelier** to shoot **RuPaul** for its billboard campaign, along with such stars as **Jean-Claude Van Damme, Evander Holyfield,** and **Raquel Welch.** But when the image of the famous drag queen was about to go up, according to fashion-world sources, executives at Saks's Beverly Hills store put the kibosh on it, fearing that 90210 residents would disapprove. Saks maintains that it made an eleventh-hour decision to replace RuPaul with a more timely house ad. "When the time came to decide, we chose to promote the new sixth floor of the L.A. store," says a Saks spokeswoman. Says a source: "Considering the amount of gay dollars spent at the store, pulling that ad seems like a terribly homophobic reaction to something so innocent." The billboard did make a brief appearance in Las Vegas, a market Saks appears to deem more appropriate.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Brooks Kraft/Sygma; Wally McNamee/Sygma; Walter McBride/Retn

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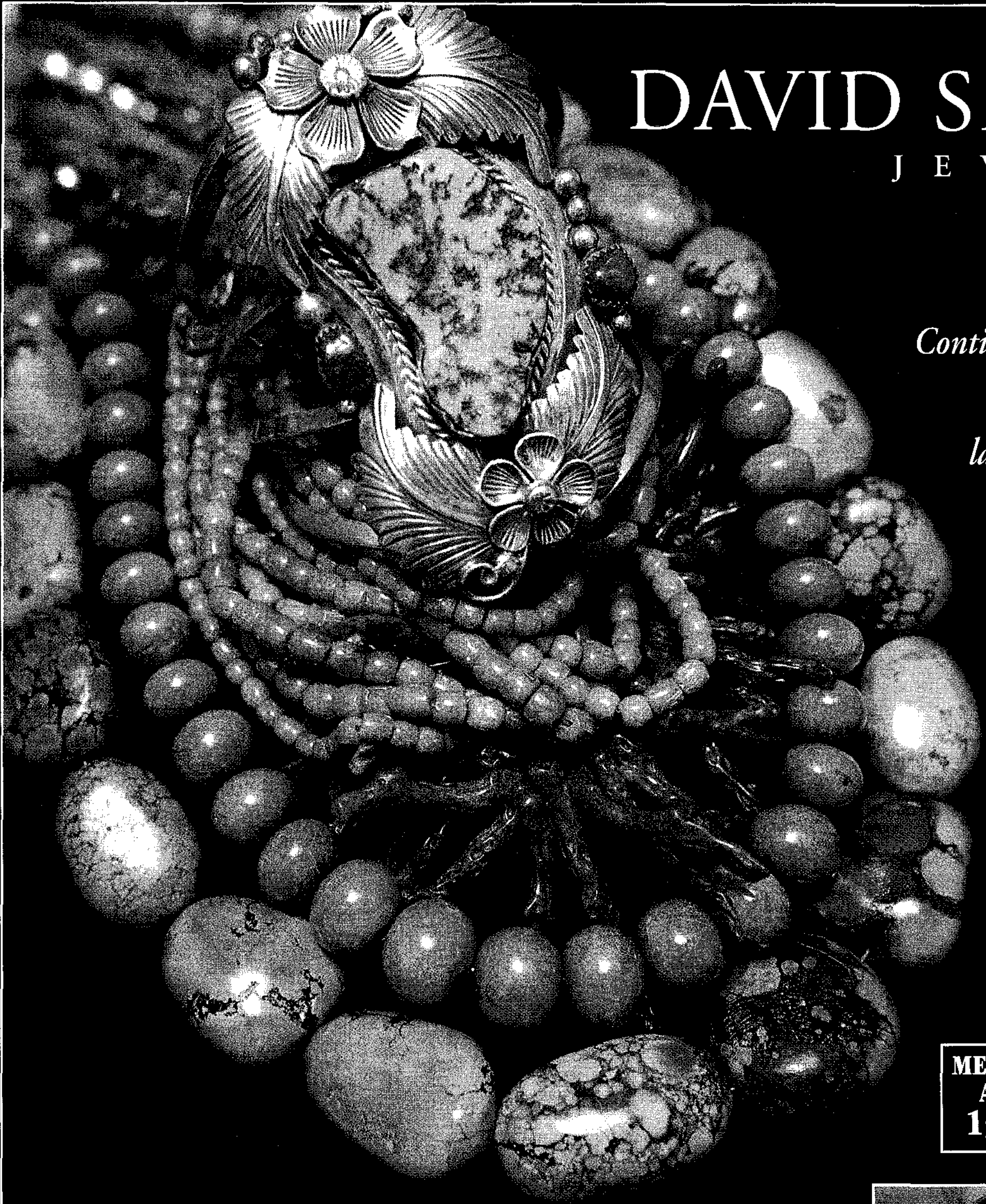

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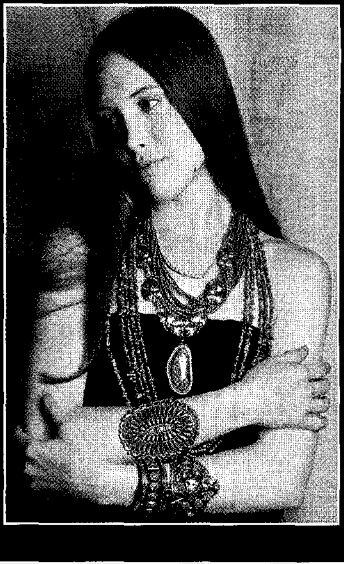

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SENSATIONS OF PERSONAL DELIVERANCE—*ALFRED KAZIN*

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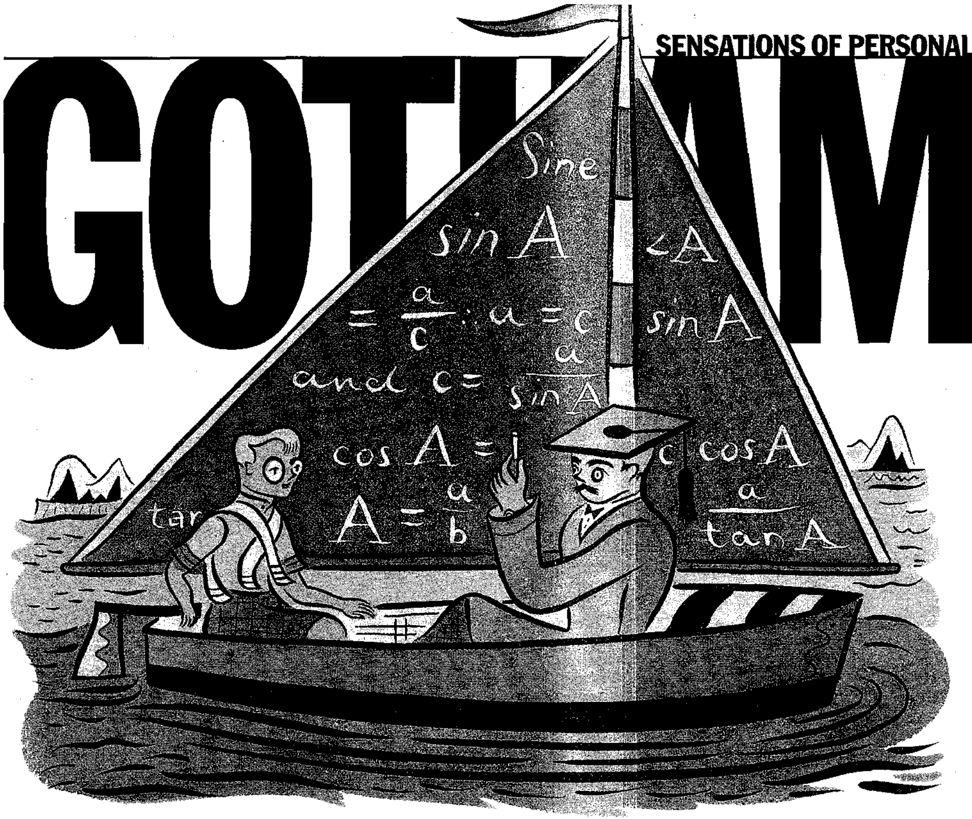


Calculus by the Sea

For the city's high-end tutors, it's "Have flash cards, will travel."

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Andrew Peek gets good marks at the famously rigorous Hotchkiss School and edits the science magazine. Not a shabby andidate for college admissions, He likes Duke and Princeton. But fter scoring 1,380 on his first practice SAT exams, he decided he had to make sacrifices in his ummer plans. Nothing too rash: He didn't lock himself in a library; he went to Nantucket with his family, as planned. But like an ncreasing number of summer-esort-bound students, he hired a private tutor and hit the books while his family hit the beach. All the other people I knew were getting it done as well," he explains. "So I felt like I would've been at a disadvantage f I didn't."

According to college-admisions counselor Frank C. Leana, at least a third of Manhattan's privately educated high-schoolers will steal time away from the ennis court or the beach club to study, many with private tutors. The demand is such that Princeton Review, the well-known test-prepping service, has built a prosperous business out in the Hamptons. And this summer, Stanford Coaching (which does only one-on-one tutoring) will dispatch its troops to 33 locations outside the city. "We just took the seaboard," says executive director Anita Brownstein, who has also established outposts in the South, mostly for local kids who attend boarding schools in the Northeast and have picked up the habits of their New York friends.

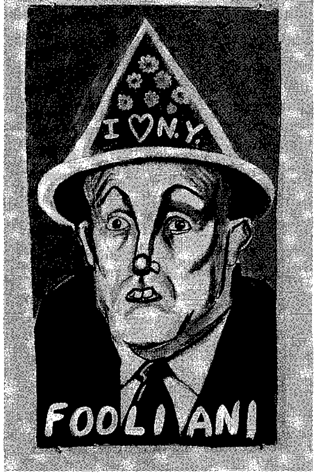
"Kids do it because they know the stakes are high," Leana explains. As for why the tutors are doing it, well, that doesn't take an expert to explain. Scores of city-based educators are now gearing up to spend parts of the summer in some of the East Coast's most exclusive destinations, from Bar Harbor to Hilton Head, where their services are billed out at rates that rival those of corporate lawyers.

(continued on page 16)

GALLERY

How Much Is That Rudy in the Window?

● Having made a name for himself as SoHo's most frequently arrested street artist, Robert Lederman is an unlikely sight in a midtown office lobby. But that's where he's installed his newest show of anti-Giuliani paintings, at the invitation of the building's similarly disgruntled owner. The artwork—with slogans like GIULIANI POLICE STATE—lacks subtlety, but it's commanding attention. Office workers stop to gawk, and sometimes congratulate him. An elderly man threatened to call the cops. "They beat him to it," says Lederman. "They were here the first day." Though the Supreme Court ruled in his favor, Lederman still must fight: "Part of my message is, if you keep harassing us, I'm going to be right on your ass."



CAMEO

Do You Believe in Magic?

MAGIC JOHNSON, TV'S NEWEST TALK-SHOW host, might be well advised this weekend to rent *Requiem for a Heavyweight,* in which a dignified and worthy boxer, overtaken by age and circumstance, finds work wrestling in an Indian costume in front of screaming crowds. Reinvention as a late-night presence is a particularly cruel pension for any retired athlete. The talk-show format has become so reified that it accommodates only the most minuscule variations, which therefore take on outsize meaning. So in addition to the obligatory vulgar second banana and overly social bandleader, the furniture on Magic's stage set is so gigantic it made even him look small. The sketches—gruesomely contrived exercises in make-pretend merriment—just made him look sad. It wasn't polite to watch. You did the right thing by flipping back to the Bulls game.

tration by Michael Klein. Photograph by Chris Martinez/AP/Wide World.

Tutors *continued from page 15*

A two-week Stanford course, which includes four hours a day of instruction plus time for homework (as diving lessons and court times permit), costs a staggering $5,400. The price for tutors who accompany families on vacation abroad averages about $1,400 a day.

And business is booming. "I don't want to say it's a status thing," says Princeton Review's top biller, John Sheehan, who has clients in the Hamptons and recently spent two weeks in Paris tutoring two kids for $1,000 a day, based on his $250-an-hour rate. "But it's almost become the thing to do. You have your lesson with your tennis pro, and then you have your SAT tutor." It's makes good sense, says Stanford founder Lisa Jacobson, since high-school students have much more time for tutoring in the summer. "These are the kids with the ten-pound Filofaxes who run their lives like CEOs," she says.

Stanford sends its tutors—many of them grad students or Ivy-educated performers with flexible schedules—off in teams, arranging group housing and renting them cars to share. Greg Lynch, a songwriter who last year shared a quite nice Martha's Vineyard garage apartment and the summer before lived in a small Southampton hotel with eight others, reminisces fondly about big pasta dinners and late afternoons at the beach. But what made it particularly memorable was the lucrative workload. "On location, it's a solid block of work," says Lynch, whose Stanford income helps to support his artistic pursuits year-round.

New York's priciest tutor, however, not only won't tutor on foreign tours; he won't even go to the East End. "You mean like predators following the migrating herds? No, we don't do that," says Arun Alagappan, the 38-year-old founder of Advantage Testing and also its highest biller, at $415 for a 50-minute session. "We take our work very, very seriously, and the seriousness of the occasion requires the students to come to our offices and do their work in appropriate study settings. Which is hard to do in Hawaii, or on Fishers Island."

SUSAN BRENNA

PUBLISHING

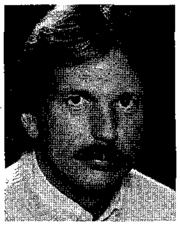
Crack Reporter

The return of journalist Gary Webb.

By now, the list of reporters who have thought they've landed the next Watergate is long enough to wallpaper Ben Bradlee's summer house. A lot of those stories have fizzled; just as many have gone unnoticed. But no investigative reporter in recent memory has been quite so publicly and loudly discredited as Gary Webb. That dubious honor already cost him his reputation. Now it could make him a best-selling author.

Webb, you may recall, was the reporter behind a three-part series of articles that appeared two years ago in the San Jose *Mercury News*. Titled "Dark Alliance," the series alleged that a "cocaine-for-weapons trade supported U.S. policy and undermined black America" and that California cocaine dealers took "millions in drug profits" from sales of crack and gave it to CIA-backed rebels in Central America. Webb also strongly implied that the CIA knew of and condoned the drug trafficking.

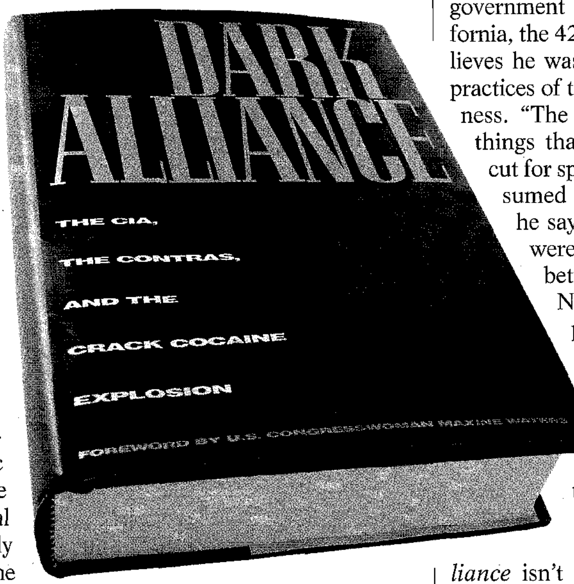
On the Internet, the articles' conclusions were distorted into a full-blown conspiracy theory, in which the U.S. government was directly responsible for the spread of crack. Responding to the public outcry that ensued, the CIA launched an internal investigation. But shortly thereafter the author came up against an unlikely detractor: Jerry Ceppos, the executive editor of the *Mercury News*, announced that the articles were oversimplified and failed to meet the paper's standards. Numerous critics voiced their agreement. The CIA swiftly announced that it had turned up nothing to substantiate the allegations. Webb, facing a sea of suspicion, left the paper and was "too disillusioned" by the backlash to look for another reporting job.



Author Gary Webb.

Still, as Dick Morris and Mark Fuhrman can attest, a soiled reputation can often lead to a high-profile publishing deal. Webb, however, had a hard time finding takers for a book version of his newspaper series. "I got something like 25 rejections," Webb says. "No one wanted to touch this."

An editor at a large publishing house says that though discredited politicians or entertainers might be book-worthy, discredited writers are, by definition, not: "Would you want Mark Fuhrman investigating a crime at your house? Or Dick Morris to be your political adviser? Then why would you want a potentially shady journalist to write you a book?"



Seven Stories Press, a small, independent house that usually publishes left-leaning essayists, saw it differently. Publisher Daniel Simon says he bought the manuscript for "a mid-five-figure" advance, one of the highest in the company's history, and scheduled an initial print run 50,000 copies—"huge for us Copies of *Dark Alliance: Th CIA, the Contras, and the Crac Cocaine Explosion* hit the store this week. "This isn't a questio of publishers' thinking this untrue," says Simon. "It was question of them being uncon fortable with the possibility this being true," he insist adding that Webb's clair "were never disproven."

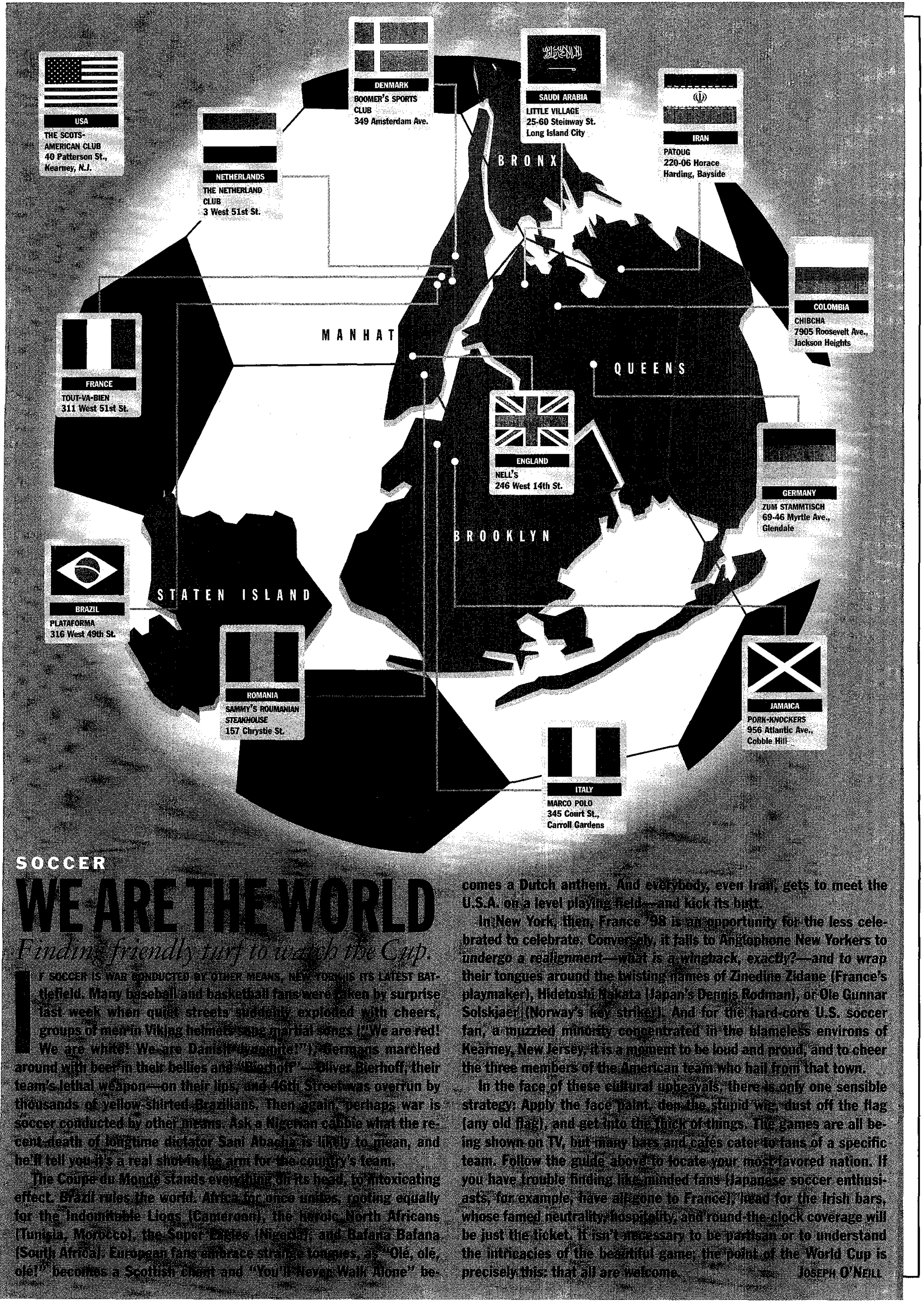
Mainstream book publishe beg to differ. "That like saying it's neve been 'disproven' tha Clinton is actually ga and Monica's just beard. It's easy t speak in double nega tives," says anothe editor at a majc house. "This is a gu who was totally hu miliated, and he still thinks he both Woodward and Bernstein.

Whatever his reputatio among his colleagues, howeve Webb has counted among hi supporters Jesse Jackson and Lc Angeles congresswoman Maxin Waters, who wrote the book foreword. Now working as government consultant in Cal fornia, the 42-year-old Webb be lieves he was victimized by th practices of the newspaper bus ness. "The critics looked fc things that were omitted c cut for space reasons and as sumed they didn't exist, he says. "In actuality, w were trying to fit stuff i between the bra ads. Now Webb has 54 pages all to himse (no bra ads "This is histor we're talkin about," h says. "I'm nc trying to put an spin on it."

Even if *Dark Al liance* isn't taken seriously i journalism schools, there's a ways Hollywood. "Nonfictio has to have an impeccabl provenance, or it's a tough sell, says film producer Scott Rudir "But given that Monica makeover is on the cover of th *Daily News* these days, who's t say there's anything the publi *isn't* interested in?"

KATE COYN

Photograph by Steven Freeman (b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SOCCER

WE ARE THE WORLD

Finding friendly turf to watch the Cup.

IF SOCCER IS WAR CONDUCTED BY OTHER MEANS, NEW YORK IS ITS LATEST BATTLEFIELD. Many baseball and basketball fans were taken by surprise last week when quiet streets suddenly exploded with cheers, groups of men in Viking helmets sang martial songs ("We are red! We are white! We are Danish dynamite!"), Germans marched around with beer in their bellies and "Bierhoff"—Oliver Bierhoff, their team's lethal weapon—on their lips, and 46th Street was overrun by thousands of yellow-shirted Brazilians. Then again, perhaps war is soccer conducted by other means. Ask a Nigerian cabbie what the recent death of longtime dictator Sani Abacha is likely to mean, and he'll tell you it's a real shot in the arm for the country's team.

The Coupe du Monde stands everything on its head, to intoxicating effect. Brazil rules the world. Africa for once unites, rooting equally for the Indomitable Lions (Cameroon), the heroic North Africans (Tunisia, Morocco), the Super Eagles (Nigeria), and Bafana Bafana (South Africa). European fans embrace strange tongues, as "Olé, olé, olé!" becomes a Scottish chant and "You'll Never Walk Alone" becomes a Dutch anthem. And everybody, even Iran, gets to meet the U.S.A. on a level playing field—and kick its butt.

In New York, then, France '98 is an opportunity for the less celebrated to celebrate. Conversely, it falls to Anglophone New Yorkers to *undergo a realignment*—what is a wingback, exactly?—and to wrap their tongues around the twisting names of Zinedine Zidane (France's playmaker), Hidetoshi Nakata (Japan's Dennis Rodman), or Ole Gunnar Solskjaer (Norway's key striker). And for the hard-core U.S. soccer fan, a muzzled minority concentrated in the blameless environs of Kearney, New Jersey, it is a moment to be loud and proud, and to cheer the three members of the American team who hail from that town.

In the face of these cultural upheavals, there is only one sensible strategy: Apply the face paint, don the stupid wig, dust off the flag (any old flag), and get into the thick of things. The games are all being shown on TV, but many bars and cafés cater to fans of a specific team. Follow the guide above to locate your most-favored nation. If you have trouble finding like-minded fans (Japanese soccer enthusiasts, for example, have all gone to France), head for the Irish bars, whose famed neutrality, hospitality, and round-the-clock coverage will be just the ticket. It isn't necessary to be partisan or to understand the intricacies of the beautiful game; the point of the World Cup is precisely this: that all are welcome. JOSEPH O'NEILL

stration by Anton Ioukhnovets.

ENTERTAINMENT

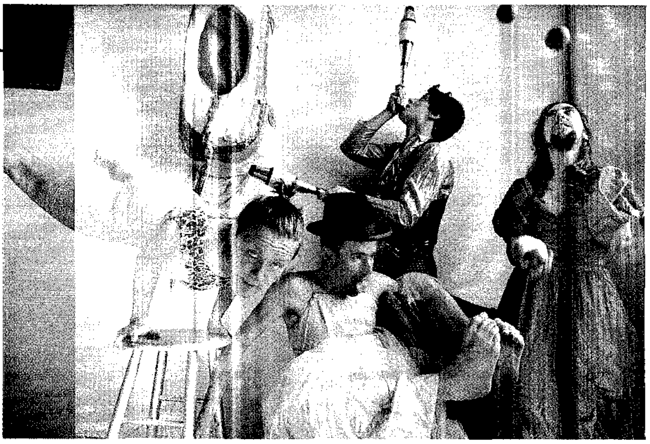
Going for the Juggler

A circus for kids and Ruth Messinger voters.

BOB WRITES FOR THE *Times*. Jenny's a music archivist. Adrian teaches gymnastics. But like Burt Lancaster, Federico Fellini, and George Plimpton before them, they've all run away to join the circus.

Or, more specifically, to start a circus. Along with a dozen or so other artists, performers, and assorted slackers, they are Circus Amok, a one-ring hodgepodge of goofy antics and irreverent politics that was founded in 1989 at P.S. 122. The show was such a hit, they took it on the road, to audiences of all ages in public spaces around town. And last year, they hired professional fund-raisers, who failed to generate even a dollar in contributions—a fact they blamed on the group's lefty politics—and left the circus too broke to perform last summer.

But Circus Amok is regrouping with a full schedule of appearances this summer, from Manhattan's Riverside Park to Padre Plaza in East New York. Though a significant departure from the usual performance spaces, these outdoor shows in far-flung neighborhoods have come as a welcome relief to all involved. "Getting the community out and performing outdoors is both more political and more spectacular than other venues allowed us to be," says ringleader Jennifer Miller, otherwise known as the Coney Island Sideshow's bearded lady.


Members of Circus Amok rehearsing in Williamsburg.

The show has the same delightfully unpolished feel that it always did, but it's picked up some new acts, such as a paean to jaywalking, a Hula Hoop sketch about petty crime, and a clown act with insurance agents and asthmatics on unicycles. But the social commentary is all done in the spirit of rec-room fun. Besides, there's always a carload of jugglers and clowns, a family of cross-dressing stilt-walkers, or a pride of lions (the Julie Taymor kind, not the Siegfried and Roy kind) just around the corner.

Putting it all together witl tiny grants and donations isn' easy, but getting approval t perform such work in publi parks, considering the curren political climate, is something o a miracle. As Miller puts it "With the hand of Giuliani coming down on everyone, it jus seems important to keep ou voices raised. So why not rais them on stilts, juggling, witl some of the most fabulous drag divas in town?" JOHN BOWI

THE SCENE

Acting Up

Photographs by Patrick McMullan
Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

"IT WOULD BE HORRIBLE TO lose the victory over AIDS when it's just in sight," said Chris Eigeman. "Kind of like the Utah Jazz did last night." With the pretty setting and the great music at the American Foundation for AIDS Research's annual Boathouse Rock benefit, it was easy to forget that life's struggles ever get scarier than a tense basketball game. In fact, it was easy to forget what the struggle was in the first place. "Any organization that seems not negative is okay by me," said Wyclef Jean. "I support AIDS whenever I can," said model Chandra North, wiggling to the beat. "There are all those conspiracy theories about it and I've entertained the same ideas, like maybe it's the government developing the virus. If that's true, it's a pretty friggin' sad statement." Then they all danced to "I Will Survive."

Nick Scotti, Carmen D'Alessio, and Tracy James at Boathouse Rock 7, a benefit thrown by Young Executive Support for the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR).

Photographer Lynn Goldsmith, Griffin Dunne, and Kelly Lynch at Prav-da following the opening of Roots New York on Lafayette Street.

Producer Jean Doumanian, Joe DiMaggio, and Woody Allen at the opening of the musical *Dinah Was* at the Gramercy Theater.

Scott Mitchell and Sandy Gallin at an *Architectural Digest* party held at the home of Preston Phillips.

Brooke Hayward Duchin and Cerruti's Peter Speliopoulos at the Four Seasons for the New York City Opera's A Night at the Auction benefit.

Suzette de Marigny Smith and former senator Joseph Tydings at the New York Botanical Garden's Conservatory Ball.

Photograph by Evan Ka

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Hot Spot of the Week

Il Cantinori—or Il Can't Affordy, as its less liquid patrons have taken to calling it—is not a newcomer. But having long since taught Wall Street how to appreciate Tuscan cuisine, it's recently been born again as the fashion crowd's favorite regular spot. They don't come here to chart unknown culinary terrain; they come for the familiar warm setting and their favorite dishes. On any given night, one can find Calvin Klein nibbling on the insalata tricolore and roasted fish, Carolyn Bessette lighting into her rib-eye steak with herbs, and Uma eating for two: pasta with white truffles (when in season) or with broccoli rabe and radicchio. "I was there the other night with Tom Ford," explains Patrick McCarthy, who favors the endive salad and grilled chicken breast. "The place is great because there's no scene, but then again there is scene. It's discreet."

lere Comes the Son

he name on the lineup at the
nitting Factory and Brownies may
ing a bell, but the face is hard to
lace: Eric Mingus, the youngest
on of jazz giant Charles, has
tarted playing in New York after
ears of carefully avoiding the
lace. He spent some time per-
orming in London and on the
oad; he built houses and remod-
led apartments, and he worked as
doorman. But now, he says, he's
alling in love with the city—even
ising before dawn just to walk
round. The feeling is mutual: A
urprisingly eclectic mix of down-
own club kids, investment-banker
azz aficionados, and sixties throw-
acks have been following him
rom show to show, intrigued by a
tyle that defies easy categoriza-
ion, even by Mingus himself. "I
as calling it 'word music' for a
hile," he says, sitting at a mid-
own café dressed in a Bill Blass
uit and black turtleneck. "But
ow I have a hard time defining
." Whatever they're called, Min-
us's lyrics are extremely wry;
ombined with the trio's neo-soul
roove, they call to mind Gil Scott-
leron. And that stand-up bass
hat Mingus plays was a gift from
is father. His first single, "How I
liss My Gun" (Some Records), a
wisted ballad about New York that
e composed at a London pub, is
lue out this week.

MARTINE BURY

BODY TYPE

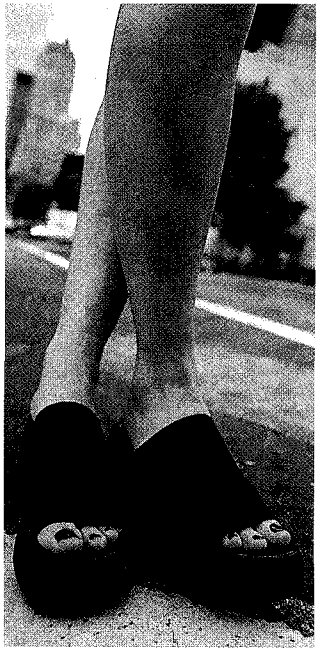
Galloping Consumption

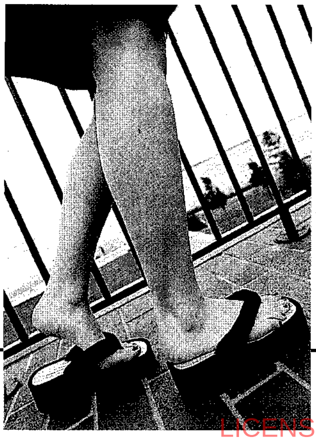
Those horsey girls who trotted primly through your childhood—running off to dressage class, or just pretending to, in ponytails and navy blazers—have grown up, but the cosmetics industry hasn't forgotten them. A few years ago, Mane N' Tail Shampoo, which was originally developed for horses, acquired a devoted following among human beings, too. Now, just in time for *The Horse Whisperer*, Awake Cosmetics has launched the Equestrian Color Collection, featuring eye shadows with names like Bridle and Stirrup, and lipsticks called Pirouette and Canter. The Miraval spa in Arizona promises to help clients "capture some of the horse's strength and nobility and embody it ourselves" through an "Equine Experience" package that includes not only riding and touching the horses but also—why not?—whispering to them. And a staff person at Hermès, where a popular top-of-the-line saddle costs $3,600, says, "Our sales for equestrian-themed items have definitely increased since the film. Everyone wants that look, if not necessarily that lifestyle. Too much manure, you know."

KATE COYNE

Ubiquitous Footwear Report

That *clippity-clip* sound you're hearing on the street signals it: The contest for the summer's preeminent affordable shoe is over. Last year, it was Patrick Cox's jelly sandal. This year, it's a tie: Steve Madden's $59 "slinky" shoe and the only slightly crippling $24.99 Rocket Dog thong sandal (carried by Urban Outfitters, Raspberry Sport, and the countless 8th Street shoe shops).





THE BODY POLITIC DAVID FRANCE

Cocktail Hangover

Alarming new problems with the miracle protease inhibitors suggest that the euphoria over the end of the AIDS epidemic was premature.

IT WAS JUST 6:45 A.M. WHEN TWO dozen people mounted a bus outside St. Vincents hospital, with their coffees and placards and memories of Steve Michael, the AIDS activist whose body now lay in a satin-lined box in Washington, D.C. Michael had once run for president on a ticket he called "The AIDS Cure Party," and he actually made it onto the ballot in Tennessee. His final request was that comrades confront the White House with his corpse—an activist even beyond death. In silence, his pallbearers carried him across Pennsylvania Avenue under a cottony sky, and at precisely 12:30 they swung open the casket lid. He was wearing an ACT UP T-shirt and a dozen KS lesions.

It was a scene right out of an old AIDS playbook. But it took place two weeks ago—the same day, coincidentally, that news of a preventive-vaccine trial was on the front page of the *Times*. The funeral was a grim signal that at a time when AIDS is supposed to be in full retreat, all is not what it seems.

In fact, when the curtain lifts on the International AIDS Conference in Geneva later this month, there is going to be some surprisingly gloomy news. Researchers will present evidence that not everybody taking the new protease inhibitors is responding miraculously. According to two surveys, more than 50 percent still have detectable virus. Even many of those who saw an initial drop in their viral load and an increase in their T-cells are now watching that progress slowly reverse itself. "Christ Almighty, we had people thinking the cure was in hand," says Dr. Bob Gallo, the co-discoverer of HIV. "This is wrong."

The perception of a bright future has plunged the AIDS infrastructure into disarray. Fund-raising at major organizations like GMHC has fallen off, forcing large-scale cutbacks and layoffs, and the media have focused on other crises. The news from Geneva, then, could come as a much-needed shock. What seemed like the end of the AIDS epidemic may only have been the eerie eye of the storm.

THERE ARE MANY REASONS THE COCKTAILS have been failing. They require dozens of pills on punishing schedules—some every eight hours, some every twelve; some on a full stomach, some after fasting. In its July issue, *POZ* magazine reports that 18 percent of HIV-positive people surveyed got so bollixed in the past six months that they declared a "drug holiday" ranging from several days to a month or longer. But even a few missed doses can allow HIV—cunning, ruthless HIV—an opportunity to mutate. There is no surer cause of drug resistance.

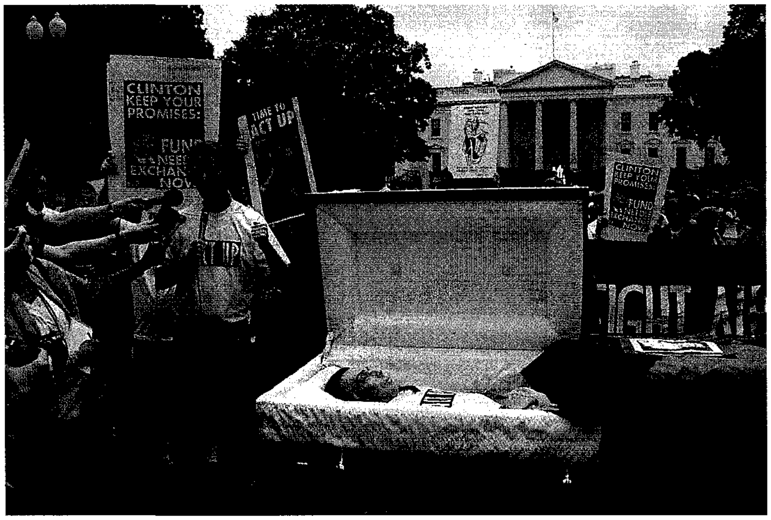
Resistance to one protease inhibitor may mean resistance to others. The study of pill progression—sometimes called salvage therapy—is one of the vaguest areas of AIDS treatment. And to make matters worse, according to a Harris poll of doctors conducted earlier this month, fully one in four physicians doesn't prescribe the drugs properly.

Other patients are forced off their cocktails because of bizarre new side effects, from heart disease and diabetes to "lipodystrophy"—a nasty accumulation of fat on the back and stomach, accompanied by wasting of the arms and legs. Even among the most successful population—people who have never taken a single anti-viral agent—there is a failure rate of 20 percent.

Sadly, the rate is highest for people with longstanding infections, those tenacious patients who used every drug in the arsenal over the years, waiting for a breakthrough like protease drugs. In one study, 70 percent of those "pretreated" patients did not succeed in suppressing their virus to below detectable levels, which is how success is measured.

Probably the grimmest revelation is that the virus continues replicating even in people whose viral load has remained below detectable levels for years. It had been hoped that the cocktails were eliminating all virus from the blood, leaving only inconsequential amounts inside immune-system cells. Since these cells die every few years, in theory the patient might eventually be entirely virus-free. But on May 26, the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences reported that HIV easily hides in previously undiscovered crannies of the immune system. These "reservoir cells" allow it to replicate continually, and they can take ten or twenty years to die. There are no new drugs in the pipeline capable of attacking those remote bunkers.

As a result, no one can safely stop taking the medications without fear of a recurrence of the lethal virus. But the medications may be too toxic for lifelong use. "Even if they want to stay on drugs that long, we don't know if they can," says Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and



Eighties redux: The June 4 funeral of AIDS activist Steve Michael also served as a rallying cry.

Photograph by Bill Bytsur

Infectious Diseases. "It's sobering."

This is not to dispute the fact that the cocktails—introduced so stunningly at the last world AIDS conference in Vancouver in 1996—have changed the course of the epidemic entirely. Opportunistic infections that had once defined the disease are disappearing: 70 percent fewer cases of AIDS-related pneumonia; 83 percent reduction in CMV retinitis; Kaposi's sarcoma practically vanished. Death rates have plunged, and Lazarus stories have literally reached biblical proportions (last month, Magic Johnson's wife told *60 Minutes* that prayer, not protease pills, had "cured" her husband).

Dr. William Paul, chief immunologist at NIAID, even expects to see reports in Geneva of rare patients who, thanks to a mysterious immune response in their own bodies, have gone off the pills and remain free of HIV. "I have heard of such spontaneous responses," he says. Yet, despite recent headlines about a large-scale vaccine trial, most researchers remain deeply skeptical, especially in the short term. "I don't think there's going to be any earth-shattering kaboom," says Gregg Gonsalves, the policy director of Treatment Action Group who sat on the basic science planning panel, "nothing like the giddy days of Vancouver."

THE NEW REALITY HIT WILLIAM CULLUM like a heart attack. Actually, it *was* a heart attack, and it struck just before last Thanksgiving as he was walking his dog along Greene Street. Cullum, a board member of Visual AIDS, was just 39 and appeared to be in peak physical shape. But one side effect associated with protease drugs is dangerous triglyceride levels. Cullum's cholesterol was through the roof—he had a blockage in one artery. (He also smoked and had a family history of heart disease.) And the spark that ignited the heart attack, according to his doctor, was probably another component of his cocktail, the steroids prescribed for depression and low testosterone, a common symptom of HIV.

Cullum survived, but right after Christmas came another, more painful—and far more common—side effect: kidney stones, reported regularly in people taking Crixivan, one of the most popular protease inhibitors on the market. A jagged stone seven millimeters wide was lodged in his urethra. "The heart attack was oddly, deeply uncomfortable," Cullum says, "but the kidney stones were horrible; I can't begin to tell you." He was kept in the hospital for another two weeks, this time on morphine. The hospital took him off Crixivan, creating the risk for mutation. "Practically half my friends have had kidney stones. Everybody has these horror stories," he says.

Becky Trotter was a strong and healthy 29-year-old when she went on her first protease inhibitor a year and a half ago. It did only harm. "From the moment I started taking them, I had every side effect in the book," she says. "I was blacking out, I had these amazing fevers; it was just unbelievable. I felt like such a failure." Ultimately, diarrhea and vomiting sent her to St. Vincents for two weeks in January. By the time she took herself off the pills, she had lost 20 percent of her body weight, was on a feeding tube, and was confined to a wheelchair. Today, Trotter, an artist, is on a drug holiday—she's taking no medications whatsoever. "If I had stayed on them, I believe, I would have died," she says.

"I THINK AIDS WILL COME BACK; I THINK this is really a false honeymoon period," says Eric Sawyer, the executive director of the HIV Human Rights Project. Sawyer himself is on a drastic six-drug salvage therapy. "If that's true, what's going to happen when we all get to the end of the line on protease? Will there be anyone around to care?"

That's the concern that seized him as he marched ahead of Steve Michael's coffin on June 4, pounding a doleful drum eight blocks down E Street, from Freedom Plaza to Pennsylvania Avenue. The marchers hoisted a banner, OVER OUR DEAD BODIES. But there were only 200 people in the procession. Six years ago, during the dramatic "ashes action" on the Capitol, more than 5,000 showed up to dust the White House lawn with the powdery remains of their lovers, parents, children, and friends.

"I felt like this was not just a funeral for Steve but for activism too," Sawyer says. When they reached the White House gate, they placed their friend's casket on a stand and opened it up. Reporters who had covered some of Michael's causes—needle exchange, medical marijuana—cried openly.

But they did not all publish their stories. The action garnered little attention beyond a touching article in the Washington *Post*. "We still think we're dealing with a huge crisis, and the rest of the country seems to have decided otherwise," says Ann Northrop, Michael's vice-presidential running mate, who traveled from New York to eulogize him. "It's discouraging to think you can bring a dead body to the White House and not have the whole country stand up and pay attention." ■

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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

White-Shoe Shuffle

J.P. Morgan has recast itself as the blue chips' one-stop shop. But can the once-invincible bank prevail now that corporate loyalty is passé?

AT A TIME WHEN BANKING MEGAmergers have become de rigueur—last week's proposed $34 billion union of Wells Fargo and Norwest is just the latest such deal—J.P. Morgan & Co. stands out because of its quaintly old-school commitment to its own independence. At a time when the idea of "universal banking" is all the rage, Morgan stands out as a pioneer in that field, having over the past decade transformed itself from a commercial bank (which did mainly loans and trusts) into a high-powered investment bank that can offer its corporate clients everything but a shoe shine. And at a time when many large banks are raking in unprecedented profits, Morgan stands out all the more—but in this case because its earnings have hardly budged since 1993. Morgan investors are now wondering when re-invention will translate into results.

Morgan's basic problem is simple enough: It's spent too much money reinventing itself, so that in three of the past four years its expenses have actually grown faster than its revenues. For a while, Morgan was able to argue plausibly that it had to spend in order to gain a foothold in markets where it had never been before. But after ten years, that argument is wearing a bit thin. Its profits have been stagnant, its return on equity is actually below what it was before the move into investment banking, and it recently announced it was cutting 5 percent of its 16,534-person workforce. The company has been especially hard-hit by the crisis in Asia, which put a severe dent in the revenue Morgan gets from trading securities. But the company has greater long-term concerns than whether the baht is about to rebound, as the business press has been more than happy to point out over the last few months.

While Morgan's problems are real, though, there is something unsatisfying about all of the heat the bank has been taking. The criticism leveled against Morgan has been so wide-ranging—everyone thinks Morgan's doing something wrong, though no one argees about what, exactly—that at times the bank itself seems to be nothing more than a handy screen upon which anxieties and concerns about the turmoil in the banking industry as a whole can be projected. This is a world in which, as former Morgan CEO Dennis Weatherstone has said, "there is no banking industry. Today the label means nothing." It's not too surprising that everyone is still groping for answers.

Morgan has thus simultaneously been criticized for being too exclusive, for being too wrapped up in the mystique that's still attached to its name, and for being too big and growing too fast. Some on the Street see it as too white-glove and not aggressive enough, but Morgan has been more than willing to get its hands dirty by underbidding its competitors. And while the company has gotten little of the lucrative business that comes from working with highly leveraged companies that can raise money only by issuing high-yield securities, CEO Sandy Warner earlier this year described Morgan's strategy as having been "Chase anything that moves." (Of course, he then went on to declare that the company needed to be more selective about where it was directing its resources.)

When bankers ruled the earth: J. P. Morgan Sr.

At the same time, the fact that Morgan continues to treasure its independence at a time when merging is the hip thing to do has made it an easy target. The constant swirl of merger rumors that surrounds it—in the past year alone, Deutsche Bank, Chase, and Travelers all reportedly came a-courting—ends up making a merger seem like not just something Morgan *may* do but something it *should* do. Like kids at a keg party, everyone would be happier if the holdout started drinking.

THE VIRTUES OF BIGNESS—OR RATHER OF monumentalness—remain unproven, though, and in the case of Morgan, which is already the nation's fourth-largest bank, with $272 billion in assets, it's not exactly clear what a merger would add. Retail banking, which is the one thing Morgan has never engaged in and which a merger with a bank like Chase would enable it to do, is becoming less important to the industry as a whole, and Morgan has a significant foothold in almost every other part of the business. More important, mergers are always in some sense about the union (or collision) of corporate cultures, and here Morgan's vaunted sense of its individuality would probably make any marriage a stormy one at best. Even if Morgan's decision to buck the conventional wisdom is the right one, of course, that doesn't mean that staying its current course will be enough to succeed, which is why over the past year the bank has done a much better job of reaching out both to potential clients (who are looking for signs that Morgan has moved beyond its white-shoe roots) and to its shareholders.

In some important sense, Morgan is still very much a product of its past. In the almost 60 years since its debut as a stand-alone commercial bank, Morgan has done business mainly with high-end corporate and government clients. (Even in the past, paradoxes abounded: Morgan actually became a public corpo-

Photograph from Corbis-Bettmann

ration in 1942, and it was ahead of the times in the aggressiveness of its trading operations.) The core of Morgan's business—and its identity—was its relationship with America's most important corporations. In the sixties, for instance, 97 of the country's 100 largest corporations had accounts with Morgan, and it was by an overwhelming margin the largest corporate lender in the country. Today, even after its reinvention, the blue chips are still at the heart of Morgan's business. As analyst Marni Pont O'Doherty of Keefe, Bruyette & Woods puts it, "For the blue-chip companies, Morgan's trying to be the one-stop shop. They want to be the first place these companies call whenever they have any kind of business to do."

The problem is that General Electric or Ford can call pretty much anywhere and have the person at the other end of the line snap to attention. And while Morgan's name is good, it's not any better than, say, that of Morgan Stanley. That means, in turn, that blue-chip companies are able to—and, in fact, do—play banks against one another. As with everything, competition drives prices down, so that even if you get GE's business, it's probably going to be less profitable than a smaller company's junk bonds would have been.

The rumors that surround Morgan end up making a merger seem not just like **something it *may* do but like something it *should* do.** *Like kids at a keg party, everyone would be happier if the holdout started drinking.*

There's something painfully ironic about all this. For most of this century, Morgan constructed an entire business around the assumption that you worked with the biggest companies because they were the most reliable, the most loyal, and, to be sure, the most profitable. And as long as Morgan was the dominant player, and as long as big corporations thought they needed banks like Morgan to fund their operations, that assumption was true enough.

But Morgan isn't the dominant player in investment or commercial banking, and blue-chip companies don't need banks—of any stripe—that much anymore. In the first place, their revenues are now so vast that they're able to fund almost all their investment needs from the money they make. (If you're General Motors and you have $15 billion in cash, what, exactly, can a bank really offer you?) In the second place, blue chips that do want to raise money can, if they want, go straight to the markets. Using an investment bank often seems to be more a courtesy than anything else. And what all this has meant is that the biggest companies turn out not to be particularly loyal and not particularly reliable.

Morgan recognizes this, on some level at least, which is why it's begun reaching out to clients it previously wouldn't have gone near, including growth companies like computer Zip-disk-drive maker Iomega. Smaller companies, after all, have fewer places to go and are generally more grateful. The same is true of companies in emerging markets, where Morgan has established a huge presence from which it should reap real rewards once Asia and Latin America rebound. Unfortunately, smaller companies are more likely to end up embarrassing you, as happened when Morgan served as banker for Bre-X Minerals, a Canadian mining company that concocted one of the great hoaxes of the century around an imaginary Indonesian gold strike.

The truth is that if you look hard enough at Morgan, which quite capably transformed itself into a competitive investment bank, and you look at its struggle to convert its strategic success into bottom-line profits, you start to wonder how profitable the future of investment banking itself will be.

To be sure, that may *seem* like a ludicrous concern at a time when the merger-and-acquisition market is booming, when investment banks are raking in hundreds of millions in underwriting fees, and when the average return on equity of investment banks is sky-high. But investment banking is at heart a business of middlemen, people who buy things—stocks and bonds—from a company in order to sell them to customers. And we do seem to be living in an economy in which the middleman is gradually being pushed aside. Morgan may have done an excellent job of reinventing itself for a world that has already raced beyond it. ▬

NEW YORK
ON THE AIR

Is Rudy turning into a dictator? Join *New York* contributing editor **MICHAEL TOMASKY** as he discusses the mayor's rising belligerence and the start of the Rudy Backlash.

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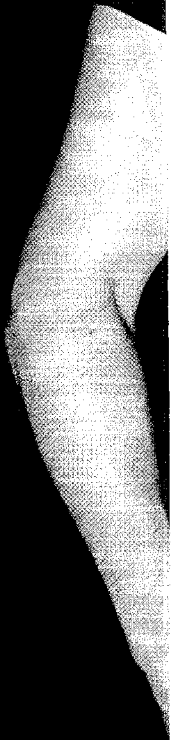
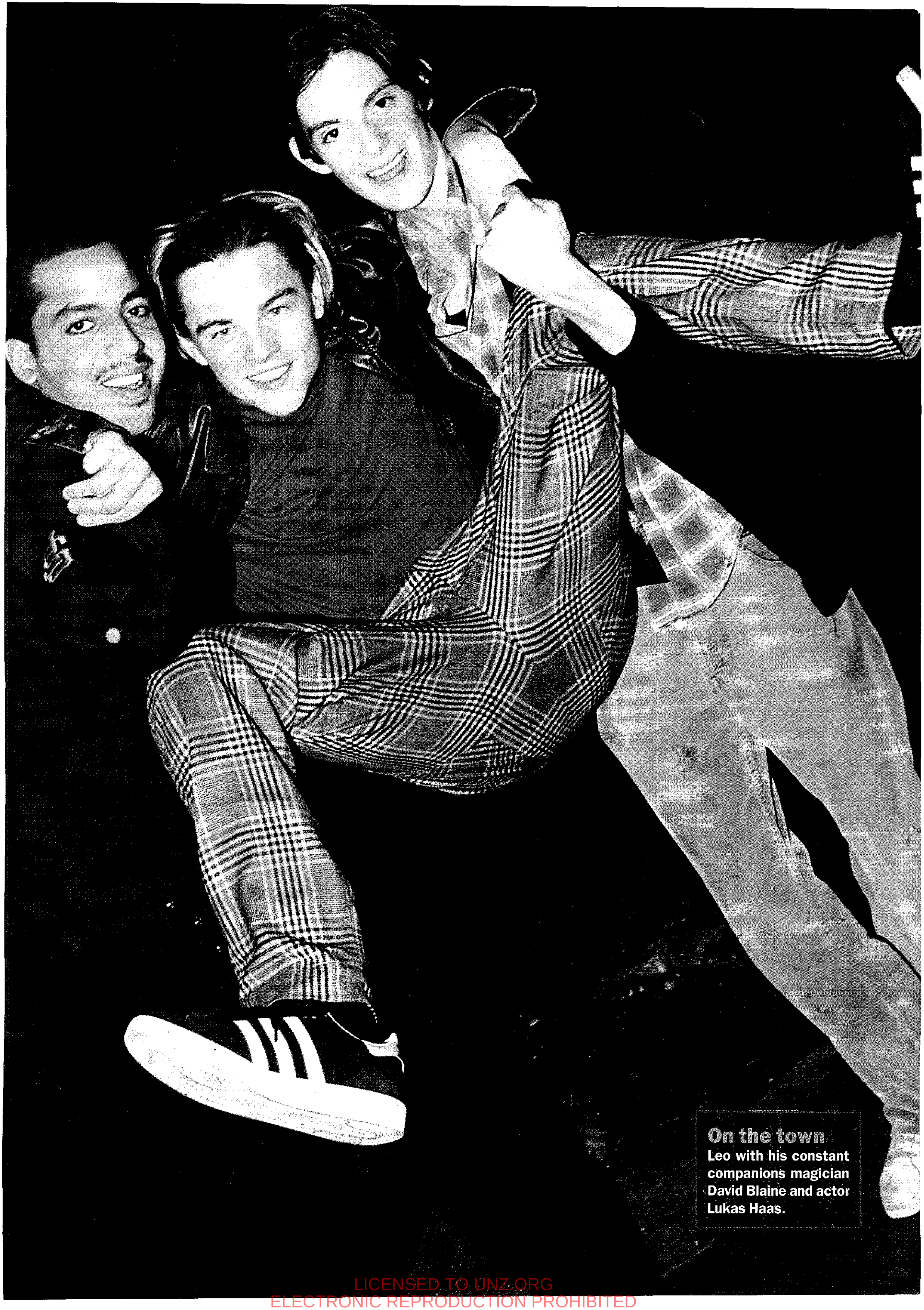
The hottest young actor in America and his rowdy friends have made nighttime New York their playground, creating havoc and leaving in their wake a trail of awestruck fans (and often, no tip).

LEO
PRINCE OF THE CITY

BY NANCY JO SALES





On the town
Leo with his constant companions magician David Blaine and actor Lukas Haas.

Leomania

Hi Leonardo! You just seem to drain all my worries out of me when I'm watching one of your movies. You are a hell of a better actor than Brad Pitt and all those other shitty actors that some girls love to death. All I want to say before I sign off is that I don't think you are gay or bi and when some of my friends say they don't like you I am not ashamed to say that I am deeply in love with you. (Oh, and by the way, I'm a Calvin Kline [sic] model and I'm 21 years old!)
—posted on the "Leonardo DiCaprio Is a Hot Babe!" Website, May 31

THE FURTIVE TYPING OF TEENS IN the Heartland is only the rawest expression of the global passion focused on the 23-year-old Hollywood actor Leonardo DiCaprio (named after Da Vinci, and with a Mona Lisa smile). What can Leo's life be like at the center of this raging obsession? I went looking for Leo to find out—on the town in New York, where he can still be found most nights, as always, having a hell of a time.

I didn't find Leo at Jet 19, reportedly one of his hangouts, but I did meet a stockbroker named Ted who said he'd seen Leo at the Bubble Lounge recently. "I literally bumped into him," said Ted, laughing modestly. "I made a big impression on him."

Leo is six feet tall, according to the best-selling *Leonardo DiCaprio, Modern-Day Romeo*—Ted is five foot three. But he was wearing a very expensive suit. "I know if he saw me again, he'd remember me," he said, convinced. "I was like, 'Yo, Leo, dude, whassup?' And he was, like, sooo down-to-earth. We talked about chicks, y'know? He was just a regular guy, sipping Stoli-and-soda. Talking about chicks." Again he gave a dry little laugh.

At Shine, the hot new club on West Broadway—so hot, Leo goes there—I met a slinky 40-year-old woman in false eyelashes who was dancing with a 24-year-old man. She told me, "I will have him, one day. I will see him here, and he will make eye contact with me, and he will know that we were meant to be together for a brief affair. Because he is so sensitive."

The actress Susan Sarandon, who lives in New York, recently pushed her way through hordes of Leomaniacs at the premiere of *The Man in the Iron Mask* to get an audience with DiCaprio for her teenage daughter, Eva, and seven of her closest school friends. "He was totally adorable," said Sarandon. "I humiliated myself."

Leo's been making the scene in New York for so long, he was already becoming a sort of tourist attraction, like South Street Seaport; but it was never anything like it is now. "I remember him and Juliette Lewis outside a *Saturday Night Live* party at Rockefeller Center a few years ago, begging the clipboard troll-ettes, 'Come on, please let us in,' " gossip columnist Anita Sarko says. "Even at the *Basketball Diaries* party at the Hard Rock Cafe, no one was paying much attention to him."

But then came the billion-dollar-grossing movie, the 500 Leo Websites, the plethora of hype and the attentions of the rich and powerful ("Leonardo DiCaprio . . . is an androgynous wimp," Senator John McCain grumbled recently), and Leo turned into "Leo." Now, venturing out at night with him feels like climbing onto the set of the *Jerry Springer Show*, says one of his close friends. "When he goes to a club, people start screaming and jumping over the security guards and elbowing and pushing t get near him."

And that's not just the civilians. "Th models are all over him," says Jeffrey Jah director of the club Life. "He's got roc stars, Puff Daddy, Donald Trump, goin over to his table to sit with him. Leo jus comes in to hang out with his friends."

Jah adds, "They never act up in here.'

LEONARDO
LEONARDO
WE LOVE YOU

Teen angel
Young Leo fans at the premiere of *The Man in the Iron Mask* at the Ziegfeld theater.

The Posse

'THEY" ARE THE FUN-LOVIN guys you always see Le around with. Even befor there was Leomania, Leo al ways traveled with his pac of devotees, known in Hollywood circle as "The Pussy Posse." "They're all abou seeing the girls," says a magazine pho tographer in New York who once had t sneak Leo and his boys, then the uninvit ed, into a Victoria's Secret event.

The group's core members constitut a frat house of young men, some o whom are actually famous, like Leo There's Lukas Haas, who has not yet be come Leo, and Tobey Maguire—th pensive youth in *The Ice Storm*—who is perhaps, waiting to. There's Harmon Korine, the *Gummo* boy auteur, an David Blaine, the levitating magician who was recently spotted zippin around town on his new motorcycl with Leo—they hit Moomba, Chaos Veruka, *and* NV, where Mariah Care had to wait in line to get a meeting. " have fun with him, that's for sure," Le said of Blaine two years ago when I wa doing a story on the magician. "He'll d some pretty fucking crazy things. He' like a monkey with elec trodes stuck to his head!"

And then there are th other guys in Leo's pack who make up a kind o former-child-actor brigade There's Jay Ferguson, onc Burt Reynolds's wisecracking son on *Evening Shade* Josh Miller, who played Keanu Reeves' little brother in *River's Edge* but never be came Keanu Reeves; Ethan Suplee, wh appeared briefly in *Chasing Amy;* Kevi Connelly, who has appeared on the WB Scott Bloom, another aspiring acto Justin Herwick, with whom Leo almos got himself killed over the Californi desert in 1996, when his parachut failed to open (his instructor released a emergency cord). The Leo men seem t like to play rough. "I like to do thing that scare me," said DiCaprio.

An adjunct member of the pack i the heavy-haired Sara Gilbert o *Roseanne*, who was starring in *Poiso Ivy* when Leo was just "Guy #1" in th script. "If they're a new Rat Pack, she'

Photographs: preceding page, Patrick McMullan; this page, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos

the Shirley MacLaine figure," says a young actor who's hung out with the crowd in L.A. "A lot of them have known each other a long time; they started out as child stars together." (That was back in Leo's *Growing Pains* days, during which "he was becoming a bit of a misfit in his classes," the best-selling *Leonardo DiCaprio, Romantic Hero* reports gently. 'Leonardo alarmed his teachers . . . when he drew a swastika on his head as part of his improvised imitation of mass murderer Charles Manson.")

The posse "used to see each other at auditions all the time," says their young actor friend, "and a little competition rose up between them." In fact, Haas lost out twice to DiCaprio for plum roles—in *This Boy's Life* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape,* for which DiCaprio won a Best Supporting Actor nomination. ("Why should I want to be him?" Haas snapped to *Texas Monthly* in 1996.)

"They were always betting on who would blow up first," says the actor friend. "Tobey was into more of a Tom Hanks track. Leo was modeling his career after Nicholson and De Niro." ("Portraying emotionally ill characters gives me the chance to really act," DiCaprio said in the best-selling *Leonardo DiCaprio Album,* which also recounts an early Leo memory—killing a pigeon—as well as the time his father, George, a "bohemian" comic-book trader, urged his son to go off and lose his virginity. Leo, then 6, declined.)

As the years went by, however, Leo was always the one getting the best parts, the best reviews, the most heat in the teen magazines. And now *this.* "The *Titanic* stuff has caused this big identity crisis. Some of them have completely lost their careers," the young actor says. "All they do now is hang out with Leo. If Leo wants to go to Paris, it's let's go to Paris. Las Vegas? No problem." DiCaprio was heard exclaiming to his table at Tomoe on Oscar night, "Let's rent a plane! I want to go to India!" "The people closest to him have Leomania worse than anyone," the actor says.

"They're like, 'How come he's getting all the attention and no one's paying attention to me?' " says another member of the group who's observed their "sibling rivalry"—which he says Leomania has made chronic. "They want to be with Leo like 24-7."

Some posse members even accompany DiCaprio on movie sets. In New York, they act as unofficial bodyguards, although it's unclear sometimes whether this is for his benefit or for theirs. "They get off on protecting him—they're always ready to start yelling and swinging," grouses paparazzo John Barrett, who admits to having chased Leo around town on several occasions. "They were rushing me outside Moomba" on the night of James Toback's after-party for the premiere of *Two Girls and a Guy,* says the photographer, sighing, "Here I am at my age dealing with a pack of little brats like that."

The posse even carries Leo's cash. Earlier this year, when DiCaprio rented a house in South Beach, "he trusted his entourage of friends to deal with his expenses, not carrying any money himself," confides *The Leonardo DiCaprio Album.* "According to his pal Ethan Suplee, 'Leo's cheap. . . . He'll look for a place in the street to park rather than use valet parking.' "

"I'm the cheapest bastard in the world," the ever-frank DiCaprio has said. "You never know, I may go bankrupt, or lose my career, or have a Hugh Grant situation."

Boys' town
Leo and friends hit the streets of SoHo last April.

Leo Takes New York

LEO DISCOVERED NEW YORK IN 1994, when he came here to shoot *The Basketball Diaries.* In New York, "you could sit in a corner all day and probably have a more fulfilling time than traveling all over L.A. and seeing all the sights," said DiCaprio. How true. But Leo hardly sat watching the city pass him by; he jumped right in, and the press followed, naturally. "He hits Manhattan clubs . . . and brawls with the locals," said *Rolling Stone.* "He seldom sleeps, so intense is his partying," Liz Smith wrote.

"We don't have gossip columns in L.A. watching everybody's every move," complains DiCaprio's publicist, Cindy Guagenti. "If people want to know something, they call the publicist."

"He started acting like an idiot," says one highly placed New York publicist (who wouldn't allow me to use her name because, she says, "everyone fears his power"—as if Leo were Louis XIV, whom he recently played). "He made a joke out of it, going to everything all over the place. He was like Sylvia Miles, except young and beautiful and talented."

"New York is like Leo's playground, his Disneyland," says an aspiring director who says he's frequented strip joints with Leo's posse in L.A. "They used to set off stink bombs at Sky Bar. But Leo's not going to act up out here now. Anyone in the [of course, movie] industry could be sitting at the next table. No one in the industry cares what he does in New York."

"They're kids. They act like kids," the redheaded hostess at Moomba told me, with a curling little frown. At Spy, where Leo has become what Liza once was to Studio 54, or Henny Youngman was to the Carnegie Deli, the French bartender griped, "He does not teep! He gets his friends go to the bar for his drinks. He was in here with Julie Delpy—I could not understand it. She's a very nice girl—French. He is cheap."

Leo worries about his image: "I don't want to be thought of as a party animal," he has said. Most of what gets reported about him hardly rates as Rat Pack behavior, however; it's more like *Romper Room* (which he appeared on at the age of 5). This March, Leo and the posse reportedly bombarded paparazzi with grapes from upstairs at the Mercer Hotel. ("That doesn't sound like Leonardo," Guagenti told the *Daily News.* "Does it?" asked the paper.) And Leo was spotted throwing litter off the Brooklyn Promenade onto cars traveling below on the BQE ("before speeding away in his chauffeur-driven Mercedes," said the New York *Post*). In April, Leo was seen sporting a shiner. "He got it

Photograph by Marcel Thomas/Sipa Press.

horsing around with his friends," said a beleaguered-sounding Guagenti.

But DiCaprio's reputation as a true bad boy has become widespread enough for it to be made a joke of: Two weeks ago at the MTV Movie Awards, DiCaprio accepted his honor for Best Male Performance by video; the spoof that followed featured a crew swaddled in bandages, all saying DiCaprio had freaked out and assaulted them. Uh, ha, ha. And DiCaprio has said that in *Celebrity,* the next Woody Allen movie (where art always mocks life), he plays "a cocky young Hollywood actor, the stereotype of what a disgusting young actor should be."

The currently suppressed indie film *Don's Plum*—originally called *Saturday Night Club*—may provide an inadvertent glimpse behind the curtain shrouding the secret society of Leo and his friends, mostly because it was made and largely ad-libbed by Leo and his friends. The characters "sit around, smoke, talk, say 'bro' a lot, insult the waitress, try to have sex with girls in the back room, fight," says one person who has seen it.

Don's Plum was directed by former posse member R. D. Robb—also a former child actor—who has recently been "expelled" from the group, according to someone still inside it, for attempting to spin the film's straw into the Leo gold of a commercial release. DiCaprio and Tobey Maguire, who in 1995 put up a scant amount of money to get the movie made, said no way.

Maguire, according to the $10 million lawsuit filed in L.A. Superior Court in April by David Stutman, the film's producer, became concerned that "improvisational comments he had made during the Film revealed personal experiences or tendencies that would undermine [his] public image," and so he leaned on his "longtime friend," Leo, to block it, although DiCaprio allegedly didn't much care whether anybody saw it or not. At one screening, DiCaprio said he " 'really, really liked the film,' " says Stutman's suit. "He jumped out of his seat several times, laughing, clapping, and high-fiving his friends."

"Do you girls masturbate at all?" Leo asks in one scene. "Stop looking at me like that—I'll fucking throw a bottle at your face, you goddamn whore."

The film was pulled from Sundance. Miramax is no longer interested in investing. Maguire and DiCaprio's "campaign" against the movie makes "potential buyers, distributors and others afraid to offend DiCaprio," say court papers.

Leo and the Ladies

"THE PUSSY POSSE" DIDN'T GET its name for nothing. "When you're my age," DiCaprio says in *The Leonardo DiCaprio Album,* "your hormones are just kicking in and there's not much besides sex on your mind."

The gossip mill has produced a *Cannonball Run* of beauties supposedly "linked" to Leo: Alicia Silverstone, Juliette Lewis, Kate Moss, Kate Winslet (who said, "To me he's just smelly, farty Leo"), Demi Moore (Bruce was in Delaware shooting a movie), Claire Danes (who called him "immature"), Bridget Hall (who told me, "Nothing happened," refuting the *Globe,* which quoted her as saying, "He was lousy in bed. The sex was bad"), Sharon Stone (Leo said, of their screen kiss, "I was expecting a little more from ol' Sharon y'know? Actually, she hurt my lip").

And yet DiCaprio still can't seem to shake the rumor he's less than interested in the company of women. "If I want to go to a party with a few male friends, i doesn't mean I'm gay!" Leo has said. Totally, dude. After all, Sinatra hung ou with Don Rickles, but that doesn't mean he was having sex with him, either. "Leo is not gay," laughs still another young L.A. actor who has hung out with his crew. "Leo's *all* about girls."

But no wonder if Leo's had it with al the young ladies trying to get their names in bold print next to his. Take the case of Vanessa Haydon, the 20-year-old blonde Wilhelmina model and New York native who caused a mini-sensation after she was seen nuzzling Leo at that premiere party at Moomba for James Toback's *Two Girls and a Guy,* in May.

Star, May 26 (breathless): "Leonardo DiCaprio has fallen hard for a stunning young model—and pals say this time it's love. The superstar is so smitten with blonde beauty Vanessa Haydon that he's now a one-woman man."

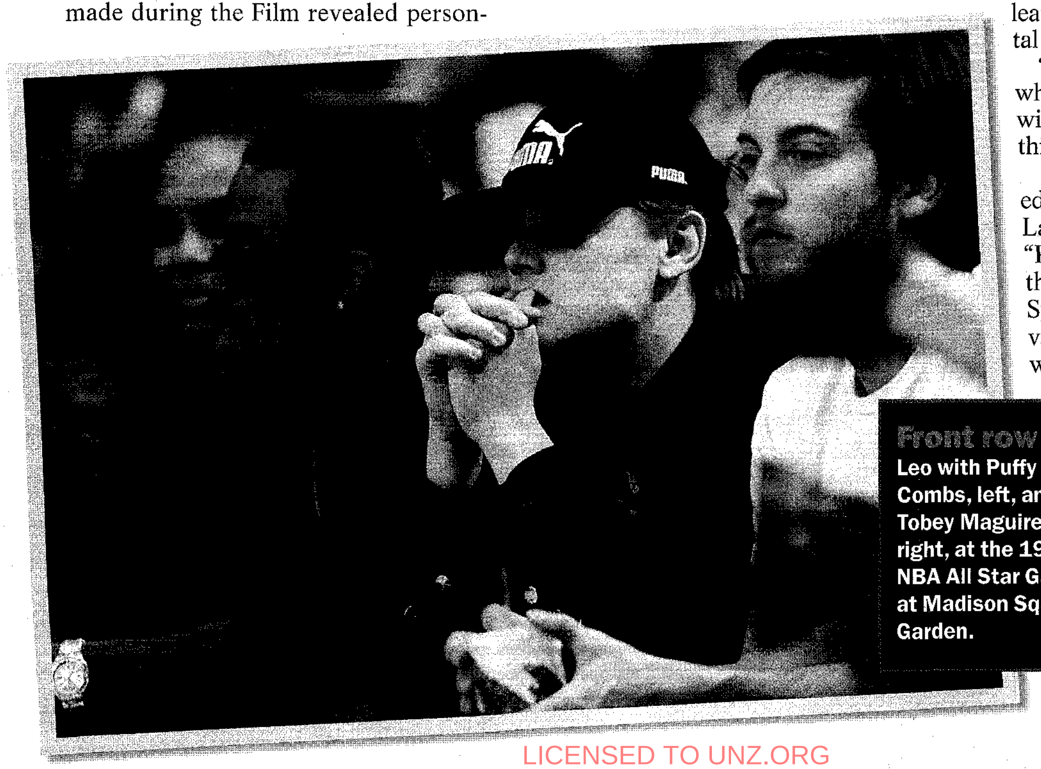
"He never dated her," Cindy Guagent says flatly. At least one person saw DiCaprio walk out of an after-party for a Tony Shafrazi Gallery opening at BondSt just as Haydon was striking up a conversation with a gossip columnist about how happy Leo was to finally be with someone as "down to earth" as she.

"Vanessa played the media really well," says a young man who has known Haydon since they were going to "teenyboppers" (or teen nightclub events) together. "Now she's all dolled up and ladylike and shit, but she used to be this hard-rock in leather and baggy jeans. She was a total gangster bitch."

"She was an ill thug," says a girl who attended the Dwight School with Haydon. "She went out with this Latin King for like three years."

In her yearbook, Haydon was voted Most Likely to Wind Up on Ricki Lake. Instead, she made it into "Page Six," which reported in May that her handlers were charging Sydney newspapers $15,000 for advance publicity stills while Haydon was Down Under shooting the cover of Australian *Harper's Bazaar.* "Vanessa Haydon got game," says another former schoolmate.

But no matter. Leo's supposedly on to an 18-year-old Russian modelette from Moscow, Alyssa Sourovova; or at least he was for a night—again, at Moomba. Later



Front row
Leo with Puffy Combs, left, and Tobey Maguire, right, at the 1998 NBA All Star Game at Madison Square Garden.

Photograph by C. Martin/Star File

hat same week, however, he was with avid Blaine at Ten's, the strip club on Vest 21st Street. I just missed them, but dancer whispered hotly in my ear: "He omes in here with all his friends and sits ack like the Mack Daddy—he doesn't ven tip!"

At Life, where I also did not find Leo, talked to a drag queen named Meeka vho looked exactly like Naomi Campbell with whom Leo also reportedly had a lalliance this year). "He's cute! He's ight now!" Meeka shouted thoughtfully ibove the theme to *Titanic*, which had een set to a pounding disco beat. When all the 17-year-olds become 22-ear-olds, he'll have faded, but right iow, he's *right now*."

"And that's," she added, "what it's all ibout."

One night when I got home after ooking for Leo, there was a message on ny answering machine. A group of oung guys—they all sounded drunk—vere laughing and cutting up in the ackground. It was kind of strange. The peaker was telling me that if I wanted in interview with him, I'd have to make a deal" along the lines of doing omething for him that Monica did for Bill. "Then *maybe* we'll talk!" he aughed.

I'd been trying to get in touch with Leo. But nah, I thought; it couldn't be Leo.

Leo and the Law

IT WAS THE KIND OF NIGHT THE POSSE should love: It was all about them—or, that is, Leo. The premiere of *The Man in the Iron Mask* was showing at the Ziegfeld Theiter; Leo entered to the tearful wailing ind undergarment-pelting of hundreds)f teenage girls. The after-party at the New York Public Library was attended)y everyone who was anyone—but even nost of *them* couldn't get upstairs into he extra-exclusive chamber where Leo ind some of his entourage, which in:luded Jay Ferguson and David Blaine hat night, puffed on imported cigars. They'd just been down to Cuba.

Elizabeth Berkley made it into the ipstairs party on the invitation of an .A. publicist named Karen Tenzer, a artner in the firm Michaels, Wolf and Tenzer, which counts among its clients Gabriel Byrne, who co-starred in *Iron Mask* as Leo's Musketeer. Not long af-er Berkley, best known for her flashy ole in *Showgirls*, started mingling, Tenzer took her aside. "She said, 'Jay Ferguson] and Leo are going crazy for ou, and they want you to come to Elaine's after this—without Roger,' " ays Berkley, whose hapless boyfriend, ictor-director-whatever Roger Wilson (he starred in *Porky's* I *and* II), was nearby, getting some food.

Berkley asked, was this some kind of joke? Tenzer, she says, knew she lived with Wilson here in New York; the couple had recently had dinner with Tenzer and Byrne while in Utah for the Sundance Film Festival. " 'They're going nuts for you,' " Berkley says Tenzer laughed.

Berkley had also seen DiCaprio and Ferguson around for years. When DiCaprio was on *Growing Pains* and Ferguson on *Evening Shade*, Berkley was a *Saved by the Bell* cutie. "The last time I saw Jay, I was probably 17," says Berkley. "In L.A., you just see everybody around at events and auditions." However, she declined what seemed a rather odd request. Berkley says, "I told Karen I'm in love with Roger."

But that, apparently, wasn't the end of it. "The next morning on my voice mail," says Berkley, "there was a message from Jay, saying, 'Hey, baby, Karen gave me your number, we're going to dinner later, we want you to come.' " Throughout the day, Berkley says, she also received around seven messages from Tenzer, which she ignored, until finally, around midnight, there was one from Tenzer's assistant saying "Karen needs you immediately," giving Tenzer's cell-phone number, which she dialed.

"The first thing Karen said was, 'Why didn't you call Jay back?' " says Berkley, with quiet outrage. "She said, 'Your presence is requested here.' Her tone was very impatient. And I said, 'What, are you trying to deliver me to these guys, Karen?' And she said, 'Well, you know.' "

"Really upset," Berkley went to Wilson, who was in their living room watching sports. Hearing what had gone on, Wilson (who's from Brooklyn) asked for Tenzer's cell number and got Jay Ferguson on the phone. "I said, 'Look, Jay,' " says Wilson, " 'I know you guys are having a great time and the town is your apple—but not this part of town. I don't know how this got started, but I'm just asking you please not to call my home again, and Elizabeth has asked please that you not call her again. . . . Okay?' "

"And then I heard a lot of profanity," says Berkley.

Mixed company

Top, Leo with drag queen Brandywine in 1995; bottom, arriving at Moomba with Vanessa Haydon.

"There was a two-second pause," Wilson says, "and then it's, 'Fuck you, you fuckin' faggot, fuckin' motherfucker, we'll call whoever we want and if you don't fuckin' like it, why don't you come down here and tell us to our face?' "

"Thus," Wilson says with a sigh, "I put on my shoes and went to the Morgans hotel," where Leo and friends were dining at the restaurant Asia de Cuba.

The back table was full: DiCaprio was there (he had nine rooms booked at the hotel), as were Ferguson, Tenzer, Julia Ormond, Byrne, and about eight other posse members (no David Blaine that night). At the appearance of Wilson, the table fell silent. Wilson demanded of Tenzer why she was calling Berkley so late. "And then Jay Ferguson jumps up and says, 'I'm the one who called you, fuckface, and it's time for you and me to go outside,' " says Wilson. (Ferguson did not return phone calls from *New York*.)

Wilson went. Ferguson went. And then, according to a sworn statement reportedly given to police by the restaurant's chief of security (who, three weeks later, was no longer employed there), DiCaprio said to the others at the table: "Let's go kick his ass." And

hotographs: top, David Allen/Corbis; bottom, Dennis Van Tine/London Features.

the rest of the table, minus Byrne and Ormond, followed.

Wilson claims two hotel security guards stood on either side of DiCaprio, who was smoking a cigarette, as he and Ferguson squared off on the sidewalk outside the entrance. "I'm facing Jay Ferguson, two feet in front of me," says Wilson. "The other guys are yelling at me, 'Fuck you, faggot! Go home, you fuckin' wimp, you're pathetic.' You know, all this."

Tenzer was also outside, according to Wilson, attempting to make peace; she held up her cell phone, saying, "I think this is all my fault. I can explain." Just then, as Wilson was momentarily distracted, someone—not Ferguson—punched him in the Adam's apple. He doubled over. And suddenly, the posse "went crazy, saying, 'Oh, no, oh, no, this can't happen!' And they jumped on the guy and threw him back in the hotel. They were protecting him," says Wilson. "And I never saw the kid again."

Wilson's larynx was damaged. His attacker still hasn't been identified. For now, the D.A.'s office isn't talking about the case, but Roger Wilson "was definitely assaulted," says Detective George Wich of the 6th Precinct, who's heading the investigation. "We're taking it seriously."

Karen Tenzer, contacted at her office in L.A., denied any involvement in the curious scenario. "I was just having dinner," she said. "Leonardo DiCaprio is not my client." "I can't answer whether any of Leo's friends called Elizabeth," Cindy Guagenti told me; elsewhere, Guagenti has said, "Leo's friend did call Elizabeth, but it was to invite her to dinner with them."

"That girl"—meaning Berkley—one of Leo's friends says lightly, "would have come in a second if we'd wanted her to. Any girl would."

Faux Leo

WAS THERE SOMETHING about being Leo that attracted trouble? Do these sorts of things just happen to you if you're the most sought-after young man in the world?

I was at Ñ on Crosby Street, not looking for Leo, when I thought I saw him. I jumped out of my chair. "That guy doesn't look like Leo," said my friend Greg, pushing me down. "Maybe Leonardo Smith."

It turned out the young man's name was Troy Allen, and he was a recruit from Detroit for a large brokerage firm. He was the same age and height as Leo, had the same paleness, the same loose-limbed, lanky look. The fires of Leomania licked at my brain. "How'd you like to be Leo for a night?" I asked him.

"Well, sure!" he said.

Only acting
Top and bottom, on the set of Woody Allen's *Celebrity*, in which Leo plays "a cocky young Hollywood actor."

Photographs: top, John Barrett/Globe Photos; bottom, Steve Sands/Outline

My worst fear for this experiment wa that nothing would happen, and I'd hav wasted everyone's time on a harebraine scheme. Quite the opposite occurred which turned out to be much scarier.

I brought along a photographe (Catherine McGann) and a bodyguard (large fellow who goes by "Brick"), and rented a limo, white stretch, from the Yellow Pages. It was all at the last minute and the car was not exactly prime; i looked like the limo of losers.

The driver, Raymond, had a long shin ponytail under his shiny black cap and Pancho Villa mustache. He was told w were picking up "Leo," to which he stammered, "Oh! I will drive very carefully!"

It was a Friday night. We picked "Leo up around ten. I'd told him to wear sunglasses. "Welcome to my limousine!" Raymond said nervously, throwing ope the back door.

"Gee, thanks!" Troy said.

Three of Troy's friends—Kara, Le Ann, and Steve—came along for the ride They were all in their early twenties, al in marketing and the financial sector, al quite giddy at being part of the stunt Troy confessed he had never been in limousine before.

"How does it feel to be so famous?" asked him.

"It's awesome!" he said, fiddling wit the power windows.

He was taking to his role with alacrity "What's Kate Moss like?" I probed.

"She's gorgeous," said Troy. "And she' a really nice person."

Our first stop was the Virgin Mega store in Times Square. There was a smal crowd on the sidewalk surrounding woman holding a large Gila monster o her shoulder—you could touch it for fee. When the limo pulled up, Catherin jumped out, snapping pictures of "Leo emerging; the onlookers rushed ove leaving the Gila monster in the dust.

"Who's that?" they demanded. "Ou the way!" ordered Brick.

Some of them zoomed after us int the store, where "Leo" pretended t shop for CDs; it was a bit difficult fo him to concentrate, however, as a gaggle of teenage girls and so-excited-they-could-burst tourists were shamelessl scrutinizing his every move. Securit guards were suddenly appearing, hissing at one another on walkie-talkies "Gosh," Troy whispered, growin paler, "they really think I'm him! Let' get outta here!"

Back outside, as we moved dow the street, the number of fans trailin us had tripled; some were runnin around in front of "Leo" taking pictures of him with disposable camera and then dashing away, as if they ha gotten away with something. Bric ɔretended to order back the limo driver ɔn a cell phone. “Where’s the limo at?” ıe barked. “We can’t leave Leo out here ɔn the street!”

While Raymond was circling the ɔlock—perhaps nervous about his pre:ious cargo—he had gotten into an accilent; a tow truck had hit the limousine. We were now driving “Leo” around in a lented limo. “Once you go down with he *Titanic,*” “Leo” said magnanimously, ‘you can deal with just about anything.”

But “Leo” was getting antsy; he decid:d he had to have something to eat. “I’m ıungry!” he moaned, at which we all umped, making suggestions. After all, he was the star. “I wanna go to Planet Holywood!” he said.

Troy was not aware of it, but the real ꓡeo has been talking to the owners of he wildly popular snack joint Schwarzenegger, Bruce and Demi, et ıl.) about becoming a shareholder. I lidn’t think this would be a problem; in act, I thought it might be a good cover or why “Leo” would have nothing bet:er to do on a Friday night than go :heck out the movie-star tchotchkes at Planet Hollywood. I called ahead: ‘We’re coming with Leo,” I said.

“Oh, okay!” said the maître d’, Kathy, ıer voice taking on a solicitous tone. Would Leo be comfortable in the main lining room—or would he like them to set up the function room? “Leo” said to ell her he wanted to eat with everybody else, just like “regular people. Just be:ause I’m a star, I don’t think I’m better han anybody,” Troy said sincerely.

Outside Planet Hollywood, a wait staff of about seven was waiting for us on the sidewalk. “They look like they should be ıolding up *swords,*” Lee Ann observed. We all peered out the windows timorousy. “Uh, this looks serious,” Troy said.

Raymond flung opened the door. “Come ɔn, *Leo*!” Brick boomed. Catherine started snapping pictures. “Leo” climbed out, ɔaseball hat pulled down low.

They’d arranged for us to enter through ı side door. Maître d’ Kathy and Brett, the ıight manager, were following along beıind us, peppering me with questions ıbout Leo’s visit. “Well, frankly, I was surɔrised he wanted to eat at Planet Hollywood,” I said fishily. “Well, frankly, so were *we,*” Kathy said.

As soon as we were in the main dining room—packed with patrons devouring nounds of fried food—heads began swiveling around; people were talking hrough their hands, mouthing “Lee-Oh,” :yes wide, mouths full. Waiters from all ɔver the restaurant were rushing into the room to get a look. “They on him,” whisɔered Brick.

It all felt very dicey. I began to panic. ‘What do we do?”

His homies

Left to right, Harmony Korine, David Blaine, an unidentified cohort, DiCaprio, and Lukas Haas.

“Talk to me. I’m the star!” hissed “Leo.”

We sat down. I pretended to conduct an interview. “Uh, so you’re thinking about becoming a shareholder of Planet Hollywood?” I asked.

“I don’t want to disclose anything right now,” muttered “Leo,” sinking down behind his menu.

We had sent Kara and Lee Ann to the front to take the temperature (where, little did we know, Leo’s tuxedo from *Titanic* is hanging in a large glass case; apparently, his legs are several inches shorter than Troy’s). Later on, they told us that just then, a waiter passed by them announcing: “You girls are gonna pass out in a few seconds—I’m gonna pass out, too!”

On our side, the room had become strangely loud and animated, everyone showing off the way people do when they feel they’re in the presence of someone known. “They *on* him,” Brick said again, in disbelief.

“Can I get a picture?” said a portly woman who had appeared beside our table, flashing us with a disposable camera before we could answer.

A sweet-sixteen birthday party was already in progress. Long Island girls in short, sleeveless dresses and chunky heels were whipping out cell phones, mouthing “Lee-Oh!” excitedly into receivers.

Two 12-year-old girls in jeans came right up to us, arms crossed, faces drenched with disgust. “That’s not *Leo*!” one said, turning on her heel.

But others weren’t sure; a line of maidens was now circling the room like little Nerf sharks, in Gap shirts.

Brett was back. “Can you come with me?” he asked, in a high, pinched voice. Uh-oh, I thought; I telegraphed alarm to my tablemates, but they were transfixed by the weird swelling of the room. “Don’t let them tear my hair out or anything,” Troy was imploring Brick.

Brett and Kathy led me to an empty back office, where I expected to be dipped in batter and fried.

Instead, I was handed a telephone. Patty Caruso, the publicist of Planet Hollywood, had been called on Long Island (it was midnight). “How long is he going to be there?” she asked urgently. “Because I know Keith Barish”—the principal owner of Planet Hollywood—“will want to come down and meet with him. Would that be all right? He could be there in fifteen minutes—”

“Uh, I’ll have to ask,” I said, handing back the phone.

“We have to go,” I told our party through clenched teeth.

Things were getting out of control. We got up. Brick had to wave people out of the way. “Leo just wanted to come down here and have a few drinks, get something to eat,” he was shouting, “and look what y’all did! Y’all fucked up! We outta here! Come on, Leo, let’s go!”

“Just let him know Eric took care of him,” the waiter informed me politely.

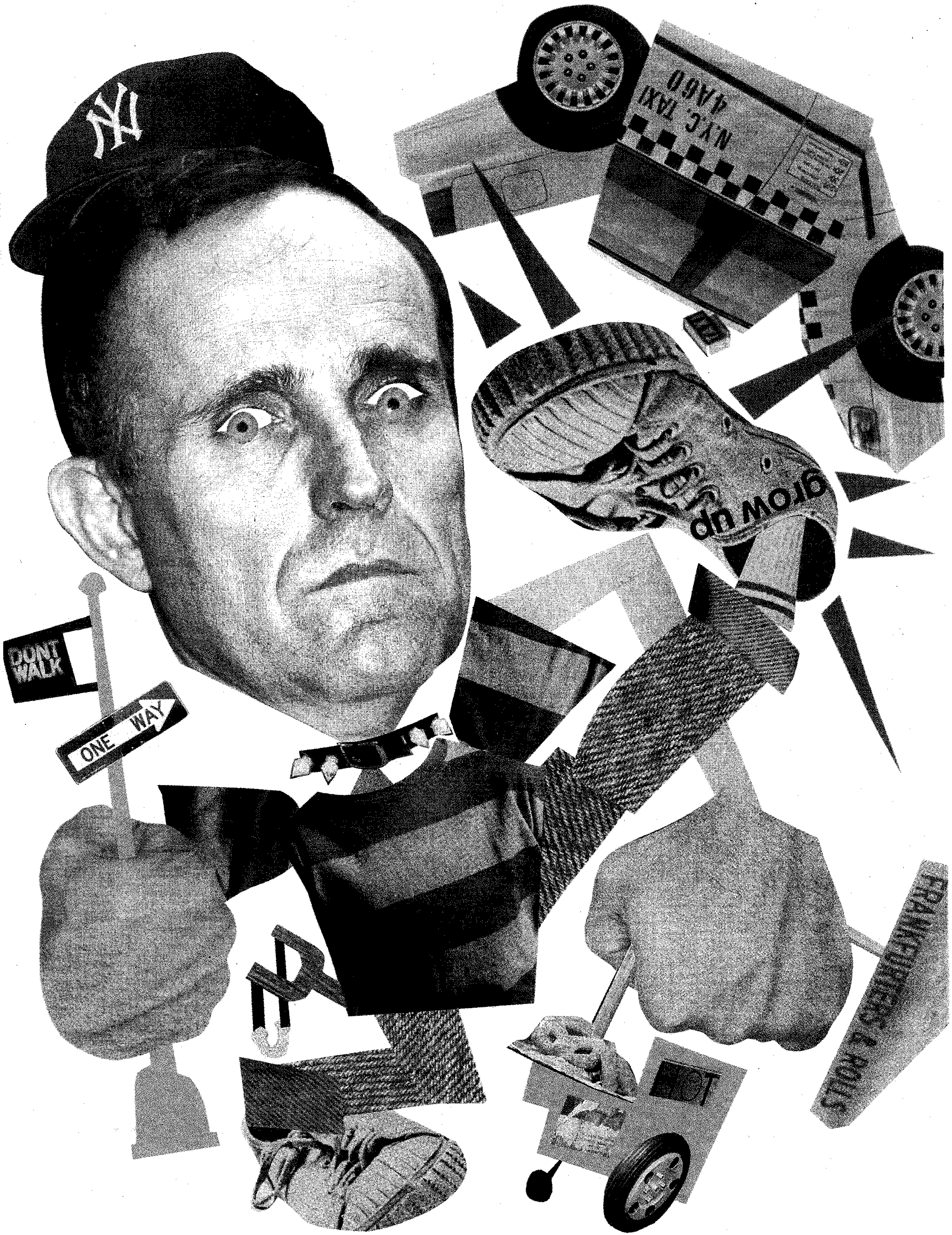
We ran out to the limo. People were running after us, smashing their faces against the windows after “Leo” climbed in. “It’s her 16th birthday; can’t we get a picture?” People were taking pictures—of the *car.*

Back inside the car, Troy said, bewildered, “I’m a superstar. I can’t believe what they did to me.”

We took off into the night. The limo phone rang. Brick informed “Leo” that Raymond wanted his autograph.

Troy took off his sunglasses; he looked dazed. “Being in that situation is really stressful,” he said unhappily. “I don’t like being Leo anymore.” ▬

ʼhotograph by Caroline Torem/London Features.


NY
N.Y.C. TAXI
4A60
grow up
DONT WALK
ONE WAY
FRANKFURTERS & ROLLS
HOT

We loved Giuliani for his ferocious pursuit of the lawless. Now that same vengeful passion is directed against the merely powerless, from cabbies to vendors to street artists. Even his supporters wonder what's happened to the mayor. Of course, they're afraid to say so.

Rudy's Rules Of Order

A JOURNALIST I KNOW drove into lower Manhattan to attend Rudy Giuliani's inauguration last New Year's Day. He didn't flash his press pass for access; he wanted to watch it as a citizen, as he had every one since Abe Beame's on New Year's Day in 1974. He recalled that at Giuliani's first inaugural, in 1994, the new mayor led a march down Chambers Street to a free and festive party at the Borough of Manhattan Community College. • This year, though, as my friend walked down Broadway toward City Hall, he was stopped at Reade Street. "Sorry," cops said. "Can't go in." He walked east toward the courthouses. No admittance. He kept trying. *What do you mean it's closed to the public?* he asked. *I've come to every one since Beame.* "Yeah, I know," replied a cop, genuinely apologetic. "It's this guy." • A small thing, maybe; how many New Yorkers want to attend an inauguration anyway? But turning an inauguration into a coronation, sealing a huge area around the reviewing stand, provides a useful image of what this city is becoming under Giuliani. As a prominent His-

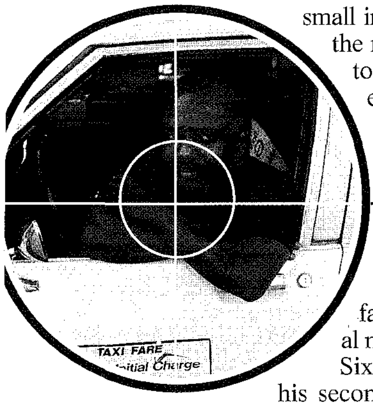
By Michael Tomasky

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN KRONINGER

panic leader put it recently: "We always had guys like this in South America. There was always a dictatorship between two democracies."

During his first term, Giuliani devoted much of his energy to marginalizing the criminals. So far, in his second, he's putting most of his energy into criminalizing the marginal. He's doing it the only way he knows how to do anything, like a careering train. And if you disagree with him, you're incompetent or corrupt or, more likely, both.

WE KNEW WHAT WE WERE getting back in 1993, when Rudy Giuliani was first elected: a tough-minded, often bullheaded prosecutor who felt, as many New Yorkers did, that the city had spun out of control and that daily living, even in New York City, should meet some definition of order. For all his bombast and intolerance, he was, even the old-school reform liberals had to concede, getting some important things done. There were issues to go after him on, and they were real and serious—police brutality, most notably—but the critics remained fairly small in number, and the mayor was the toast of the city's elite and a fawning national media.



Hack attack: **An easy target, but by and large the kind of hardworking immigrants Giuliani once celebrated (rhetorically, at least)**

Six months into his second term, however, with the successes fewer and the excesses accentuated, his relentless bullying is driving people to the breaking point. Most pols and insiders are still afraid to say so publicly, because the Giuliani team is so expert in the art of recrimination, but more and more, privately, you hear people complaining about or even vilifying the mayor: that he's focusing on minutiae while ignoring big problems; that he's an insufferable boor; and that he and his loyalists behave like a secret-police force, threatening and punishing all those who dare to question or disagree. And this is the term that he promised, last Election Night, would be kinder and gentler, during which he'd reach out to the New Yorkers who hadn't shared in the bounty of Term One.

The policy initiatives, such as they are, that constitute the bulk of his second term are out there in full view. It has been fascinating to see how quickly and with what resignation New Yorkers (New Yorkers—resignation!) have adapted to the bothersome midtown street barricades, and how little discussion there's been about the piles of taxpayer money being wasted on using cops as crossing guards.

But much of Giuliani's heavy-handedness takes place out of view of the average citizen. There have been press accounts of the lawsuits news organizations have had to resort to just to get information that was once public, and of the number of times the administration has been sued—six and counting—by other officials and organizations seeking access to budget numbers and figures (it has lost four, and the other two are still pending). But people immersed in local politics trade increasingly disturbing accounts of the humiliations suffered at the hands of the mayor and his minions, who cavil and carp at everyone who doesn't display absolute fealty. Last month, Giuliani told City Council Speaker Peter Vallone that he would "ruin" him if Vallone pressed ahead with his proposed ballot referendum on moving Yankee Stadium to Manhattan.

"Nobody's going to say anything on the record except that he's a wonderful mayor," says one business leader. "But the basic opinion is that we really are somewhat surprised at the ferocity with which the mayor is going after some of these things."

"Like Clemenceau and Churchill, Rudy's personality is tailored to crisis," says Fred Siegel of the Cooper Union. "His outsize personality and emotions are too large for the problems he's tackling. It's overkill."

When he was first elected, the city had one pressing issue: the safety of its streets. That was something Giuliani could understand, something he'd studied, something for which he had enthusiasm. It was the first, most obvious theater in the war to restore public order.

The downsides—political, moral, and otherwise—in going after murderers and rapists and thieves are minimal. But once crime is cut back to pre-*Miranda* levels, what comes next? Here, quality of life gets more nebulous. When you declare, as Giuliani has, that mostly law-abiding people are part of the same problem, you're heading down a road that makes a lot of folks uncomfortable, and you're making decision about the city's fabric and how to manage it that speak volumes about you prejudices and priorities.

The problem with the mayor's approach is both practical and theoretical In practical terms, it's worth ticking off list of the interests he has attacked so fa in his second term, and those he has defended. He has attacked:

•*Taxi drivers.* The butt of jokes fo decades, and an easy target, but by an large the kind of hardworking immigrants Giuliani once celebrated rhetorically, back when he was angling for reelection by a huge margin.

•*City University students.* CUNY ha been overdue for reforms for some time but Giuliani, in his usual apoplectic fashion, pushed a premature vote on sketchy and ill-conceived measure to en remedial classes aimed at struggling students, most of them minorities, many o them immigrants.

•*Street vendors.* More immigrant working long hours for low pay.

•*Street artists.* Giuliani wants to limi their space on the streets, a battle that' now in the courts.

•*Patients at city hospitals.* This spring Giuliani laid off 905 city-hospital workers, whom the poor and uninsured mus look to for care (some were reassigned and the final number is being negotiated). Nearly 6,300 hospital-system workers had left over the previous two years.

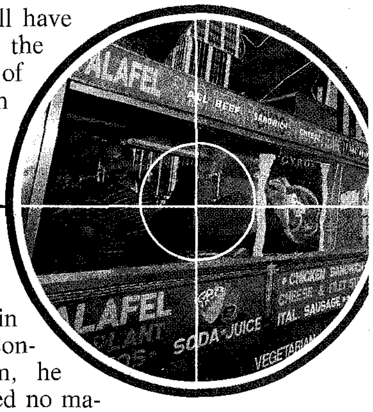
•*Political dissidents.* Repohistory, a artists' group that planned to put u street signs on lampposts commemorating civil-liberties cases, was denied it permit by the Department of Transportation. Some of the posters highlighted cases against the Giuliani administration (By the way, the MTA is still using taxpayer money to pursue the case agains this magazine's bus advertisements tha used the mayor's name in jest, a case i which the taxpayers' interest is awfull hard to make out.)

•Finally, he has attacked the opportunity of the people to register an opinio about Yankee Stadium. This one wa nifty footwork. Vallone floated his referendum idea. But under an arcane law, i the mayor appoints a commission to submit to the voters that the City Charter b changed, then no other referenda are permitted to muddy the ballot. So Giulian named a Charter-revision commission Even its chairman, longtime Giuliani pa Peter Powers, has acknowledged th

Photographs: preceding page, John Van Hasselt/Sygma (Giuliani); this page, Serge Attal/Sygm commission will probably recommend changes of no moment; the commission exists solely to put a meaningless measure on the ballot, thereby blocking a vote on the stadium, on which Giuliani knows he'd get drummed.

Which brings us to the interests he has defended: George Steinbrenner's. That's about it, really. And taxi passengers', although that one's far less clear, and anyway, the real improvements, like mandatory air-conditioning and the flat fare from Kennedy, happened during the first term.

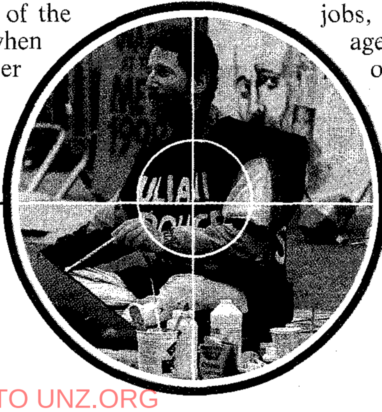
ot dogging: To city dwellers and tourists alike, street vendors are a big part of New York, but to the mayor, they're just a nuisance.



Now let's consider what the members of each of these groups have in common. Most taxi riders are not mercurial, felonious multimillionaires, but most are white professionals—who would, like Steinbrenner, benefit from the stadium's being downtown so they wouldn't have to dirty themselves with a trip to the Bronx. Most taxi drivers, CUNY students, political dissidents, and the rest are black or brown, powerless, unorganized, on the fringes, struggling for their daily bread, or some combination thereof. Is there a pattern here?

There is, and it's an ugly one. A quality-of-life campaign pursued with Rudyesque avidity and the mayor's brand of overheated rhetoric is bound to smear decent people; to erase, over time, the difference between the lawless and the merely inconvenient. But that difference is a pretty fundamental one. A drug dealer—let's put aside the question of whether we choose to sympathize with the circumstances that put him in the narcotics business—has declared himself by virtue of his vocation to be outside civil society. A cabdriver with a handful of summonses or a welfare recipient who's trying to better her station by going to a CUNY school has not. True, Giuliani doesn't seek jail time for errant cabbies and students on welfare, but he invariably seeks the most punitive justice he can wheedle the body politic into agreeing to mete out, and seeks it in the harshest way. The punishments vary as society will permit, but the approach is undifferentiated.

ortrait of a control freak: Giuliani's plan to rid the city of street artists is another move that's got even some supporters worked up.



Seeing citizens as lawbreakers-in-waiting: This is a manifestation not of fascism, a word some Giuliani foes still toss around too flippantly, but of totalitarianism. Laugh if you like. I confess it sounds silly and overblown, and of course it is: Totalitarian regimes visit suspicion on everyone except those lucky few who possess the right papers (though even they, too, get it when the time is right). And nobody's slaughtering any political opponents here.

But in Giuliani's city, suspicion is regularly visited on powerless people. Suspicion that they will commit a crime someday, that they'll mooch off the state for as long as they can get away with it, that they'll enroll at CUNY and be too lazy to go to class, that they'll drive their cabs wantonly, or serve their hot dogs at a recklessly unsanitary temperature. It may be too much to give that mind-set a name that puts Giuliani on the same level as history's mass murderers, but one thing we can call it is anti-democratic, in the sense that democracy is predicated on the rationalist belief that people in civil society (excluding the drug dealers, etc.) are the foundation of government, not its potential targets.

But this is how Giuliani governs. Not because he's thinking about the presidency or the polls, but because it's the only way he can see the world. As a prosecutor, he saw plenty of evil, and because it was his job to investigate it, he knows more about its particulars than most of us do. But as a mayor, he has to see some good as well. And it's along these lines that his second term, if the first six months provide the template, is destined to fail.

There are many who support the mayor or who agree that even if he turned every cabdriver into Dale Carnegie tomorrow and had the street vendors selling steak au poivre, it wouldn't add up to much of a second-term legacy. "Here's a case where it'd be better for him to rest on his laurels," Siegel says. "He's trying to squeeze too much out of the quality-of-life agenda when he should be on to other things."

A mayor can use the pulpit to focus public attention, stir debate, and bring about change on one or two things during a four-year term. Ask New Yorkers which issue they find most pressing, and they'll say education. But Giuliani has hardly even mentioned the public schools in the past six months. He announced a plan to revamp special education last week, which is needed; but it will have no effect on the seven eighths of the children who aren't in special ed. Concerning them, he has announced no major initiatives in his second term.

THEN THERE IS THE MATTER OF jobs. We heard regularly during last year's campaign that New York City's unemployment rate, then 9.5 percent, was the highest of twenty major metropolitan areas'. The rate is now 8.1 percent—better, but still well above the national average. The recent tremors in the overextended stock market give us reason to worry that a moment of reckoning on Wall Street may be on the way (and that unemployment will go back up as people in the financial services face layoffs). If the mayor has plans for this, or ideas about spreading the largesse from Wall Street's success across the boroughs, he hasn't shared them. In fact, with respect to the stadium, he's doing the opposite—moving it to Manhattan would have a horrendous impact on the Bronx.

What happened to the freight tunnel? This was a genuinely courageous idea from the first term, to turn 30 years of commercial un-wisdom on its head and fight to bring the container-shipping business, and tens of thousands of jobs, back to Brooklyn. City agencies are still working on it, and funding for studies will materialize. But a project this immense can't happen if a mayor isn't constantly cheerleading for it, making people understand how vitally important the proj-

(continued on page 93)

Photographs: top, Suzanne Plunkett/AP/Wide World; bottom, Bebeto Matthews/AP/Wide World.

DAY FOR KNIGHT

BMCC's chess team, the best in the country, has players from Ukraine, Kazakhstan, and Egypt. But Kasaun Henry may have come from the greatest distance: a crushingly poor background in Harlem.

By Steve Fishman

HE GOT GAME Kasaun Henry, here at the Marshall Chess Club, started as a street player in Harlem's Marcus Garvey Park.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANNY CLINCH

ON THE DAY THAT 21-YEAR-OLD KASAUN HENRY's team played the top-ranked University of Toronto, Kasaun went with his thug look. Other competitors at the fifty-second annual Pan-American Intercollegiate Chess Championship appeared as usual, scrubbed, tidy. Day in and out, they'd slipped on colorful school jackets or else nifty sweatshirts with seals and Latin words. Kasaun, captain of his team, had packed complete outfits in his luggage. He *needed* luggage—two thick suit bags and a carry-on case for the four-day tournament. He was representing himself and also, perhaps, confusing the enemy. One day, he dressed in an Italian suit, a green-and-white check so loud he figured it could be seen a mile away. On the day his team played the top seed, Kasaun transformed his look. Tommy Hilfiger jeans. Mountain Gear boots. A hooded gray sweater three sizes too big. A gang-style scarf. A brown Fubu stocking cap. Had the nation's most prestigious college chess tournament ever seen the likes of him? Kasaun looked like he might rob the place, he thought happily.

There are two ways to win a chess match. You can checkmate an opponent or force him to use up his time. Kasaun glanced at the clock. Not only was he in a winning position, but he had five minutes remaining. His opponent had just four seconds. Spectators circled the board, itchy for the New York thug to finish off the nice young man from Canada. Kasaun twisted his scarf over his mouth, leaned back into his hood. You could barely see his face. Then he plunged in, picked up his pace.

"It was a miracle," Kasaun would say of what happened next. The unhappy kind. In a blur, his opponent picked off Kasaun's queen, his most powerful piece. "I lost my cool," he'd say. It was a fatal blunder, the worst he'd ever committed. "I was embarrassed," Kasaun would say. And defeated.

"IF I FEEL BAD, I GO PLAY CHESS," KASAUN SAYS. "I FEEL GOO

Kasaun and his teammates are an unusual bunch, in part for their diversity. The team—an Egyptian, a Ukrainian, a Kazakhstani, an African-American—can barely communicate with one another. More unlikely still is that their school, Borough of Manhattan Community College—the type of two-year college recently disparaged as an academic backwater—has emerged as America's dominant collegiate chess power. Three times in the eighties, Harvard won the Pan-Ams, the only college chess tournament that matters; Yale won twice. By the time of Kasaun's match, however, BMCC, a school whose student body is more foreign and less affluent than almost any other in America, had also won twice. In 1993, BMCC's first year in the tournament, it bumped off Harvard, most of whose team had never heard of BMCC. (That was the year one BMCC player trained at the Blimpie's near City Hall.) This past year, BMCC aimed for a record third title in five years.

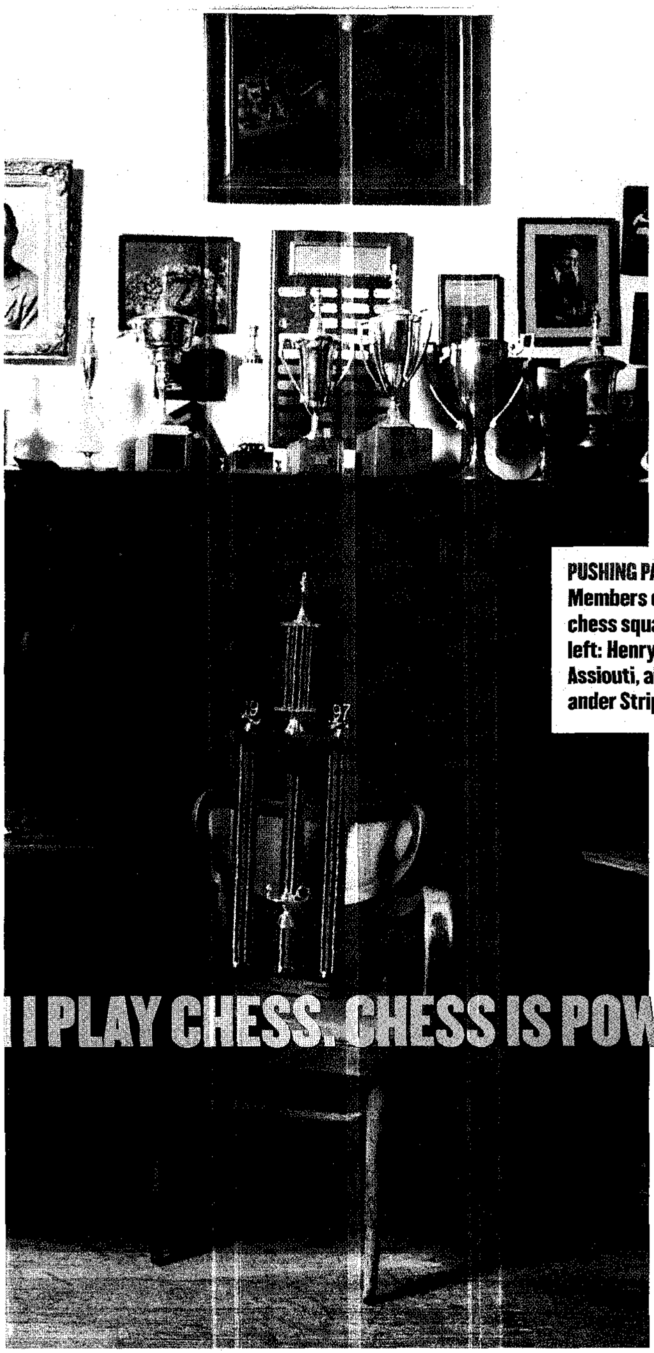
Of course, if that was to occur, Kasaun had to get on track. BMCC's top player, Ukrainian-born Alexander Stripunsky, 27, a grand-master candidate, was prevailing, but in grueling six-hour matches—twice a day at times. Also winning was the smiling Akhjan Esjamov, 21, from Kazakhstan, who'd recently metamorphosed into John Easton. ("Call me John; it's easier," he'd say, and he had business cards printed with his new name.) But Egyptian Sherif El-Assiouti, 37, an international master, the rank below grand master, had a throbbing earache. He mustered only a few hours' sleep a night and played quickly, intent on holding his own. Kasaun's games were thus essential and, now that he'd squandered one, precarious. After all, he recalled that in a previous tournament, a single los had bedeviled him, a precursor to three more defeats. For tha to happen again would be disastrous for the team's hopes an for Kasaun's.

Alex might say, in rudimentary English, "I love chess," an dream of being world champ, which some thought he could accomplish. To hear Kasaun talk, chess *was* love. He'd bee homeless, impoverished, physically threatened. In all those situations, he'd counted on chess. "If I have chess, I don't have t depend on people," Kasaun would explain: "I have somethin people can't affect or change."

The night of his blunder, Kasaun thought he'd never been s exhausted. He returned to the University Plaza Hotel in Bowling Green, Kentucky, site of the tournament. He shared a roo with Sherif, a soft-spoken engineer who smoked Marlboros until the room clouded over. "Try to remove any bad feeling i your heart," Sherif told him. "We need you."

"Keep fighting," Kasaun told himself. "Keep fighting."

"You have to fight," Sherif agreed in his enthusiastic ne English. "Without fight, forget about it."



PUSHING PAWNS
Members of the BMCC chess squad, from left: Henry, Sherif El-Assiouti, and Alexander Stripunsky.

KASAUN TOOK UP CHESS AS A 12-YEAR-OLD STUDENT AT ADAM Clayton Powell Jr. Junior High School on West 129th Street—one of the first students to learn the game through a then-new inner-city program, Chess-in-the-Schools. Looking for someone to practice against, he wandered into Marcus Garvey Park, where one player proclaimed "I'm the best here" and took Kasaun under his wing. He'd teach him rough, fast street chess and keep him safe. At first, Kasaun was a laughable competitor. One friend would finish a game of baseball and call out, "Let me go beat Kasaun real fast at chess before I go home." ("I'm going to crush you," he'd tell Kasaun, as he did just that.)

Soon, though, Kasaun had joined the Raging Rooks, the chess team at Adam Clayton Powell. School intimidated Kasaun. Nearby crack houses were one fearful element, his fellow students another. "We"—the chess team—"had an underlying fear of being jumped," says Kasaun. "We wanted chess, so we went to school." He reached school an hour before classes started—to play and also to duck conflict. He played during lunch and then over the phone once he got home—he'd fall asleep playing and wake up with pieces stuck to his face. His mother, a minister in a Pentecostal church, initially worried that chess was "the devil's game"—it did, after all, seem to take over her son. But, says Kasaun, "I realized I had to stay away from trouble. It was easy to get sidetracked."

At home, insecurity came in other forms. "He's from a very poor, a deadly background even," says Maurice Ashley, 32, the Raging Rooks chess coach at the time. Ashley, who's from Jamaica, learned chess growing up in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn before becoming a Chess-in-the-Schools employee and, later, the highest-rated African-American chess player. Kasaun hardly knew his father. When his mother, a teacher, was out of work, Kasaun remembers, he received 25 cents for dinner—and bought five nickel candies. His family must have changed apartments a dozen times, looking for better, safer, cheaper, or just new spots. "I felt like a nomad," he says. After a fire—a fire in which, he says despairingly, he lost twenty chess trophies—he and his mother ended up in the Harriet Tubman shelter. He had no money to wash his clothes and so walked the halls of Adam Clayton Powell smelling like a house on fire.

Chess, though, was lovely and peculiar and different from the rest of life. For one thing, it didn't depend on circumstance. He played at every apartment to which he'd been ferried; he played at the homeless shelter. Sometimes Kasaun played without board or pieces—with a friend, each calling out moves, or even by himself, staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed and happy. "If I feel bad, I go play chess," he'd say. "I feel good when I play chess. Chess is very powerful. Chess is inside me."

When Kasaun was 14, five years after chess was introduced to Harlem schools, the Raging Rooks became national co-champions—the first time in four years that Dalton, a private school on East 89th Street, did not win the title. That same year, Kasaun competed for the Mayor's Cup, awarded to the best players in New York City schools. In the championship contest, he was losing. "Kasaun's talent is that he understands what's presented to him very quickly, assimilates it and diversifies all the [responses], then multiplies them into possible applications," says Ashley. "That's a great gift." Kasaun sacrificed two pawns to a private-school kid, who took them with a patronizing air—as if being ceded the win by an opponent he all along believed inferior—only to fall into Kasaun's "vicious combination."

I PLAY CHESS. CHESS IS POWERFUL. CHESS IS INSIDE ME."

Amazingly, after being a national team champ and individual city champ, Kasaun dropped chess. He remembered why. Ten girls walked down the hall, giddy and with arms linked, and shouted at him: *N-e-r-d.* He'd grown sensitive. In high school, Kasaun stumbled onto more sociable preoccupations: girls and music. He could hear music a couple of times and play it back on the organ at his mother's church. After school every day, he'd head to Sam Ash, the music store on West 48th Street. He'd study sheet music and memorize a melody; if he stayed too long, they'd kick him out. Then he'd skip next door to Manny's Music to try out what he'd learned. Kasaun stayed for hours, practicing on the keyboards, always promising salesmen he'd buy. Eventually, he'd win a scholarship to Harlem School for the Arts.

A study commissioned by Chess-in-the-Schools would determine that playing chess correlated to better reading skills—and, it's fair to imagine, to better grades—but that was only if a student attended class. Kasaun preferred to sneak into empty studios and practice piano. He nearly flunked high school, and didn't know whether he'd attend college.

That's when Maurice Ashley, Kasaun's former coach, called Professor Howard Prince, a chess coach at BMCC. Prince is a chess activist—currently, he's president of the Marshall Chess Club in the Village—and advocate: He'd helped get the Laurence

Fishburne character in *Searching for Bobby Fischer* a teaching spot at BMCC.

For years, he'd dreamed of a BMCC chess team. In this dream, he saw himself, a short, *haimish* chess coach who takes mighty drags on tiny Capri cigarettes, jumping in the air, celebrating a victory—almost in slow motion—glasses bouncing on his nose. He'd awake feeling exalted. Then he'd return to the chess club he'd founded to play with the rest of the patzers—the term a skilled player uses for rank amateurs. In 1992, though, Prince and Vicente Revilla, a library-science professor who became co-coach, were playing speed chess in the cafeteria. A student challenged them. Usually, each player receives five minutes. The challenger set his clock to one minute. Prince, after being crushed, had one thought: "We have a chess team."

The key to winning college chess is recruiting. In this, Prince and Revilla have a few advantages. The primary one is that the New York area probably has the greatest concentration of chess talent in America. And then there's the money. Prince and Revilla control a rare thing in college chess—scholarships financed by a garrulous midwestern millionaire who doesn't know the first thing about chess.

Sherif El-Assiouti, one of Egypt's top players, found BMCC through the Manhattan Chess Club, a building anomalously located a few doors from Orso on Restaurant Row. The club's manager told Prince that Sherif was a strong player embarrassed that his public-school students laughed at his English. (Later, he'd realize students laugh at native speakers, too.) Prince offered him a 75 percent scholarship to study English and play chess.

In Kazakhstan, John Easton worked with computers; when he came to New York at 18, he didn't know how to say, "I'm good with computers." He saw his future on Wall Street; to get there, he thought of his past. He'd been a chess prodigy—at one point third in the Soviet Union in his age group—tutored, in part, by his scientist dad. "I didn't beat my father till I was 11!" he reports in a scandalized tone. He, too, got a scholarship.

At the Manhattan Chess Club, John met Alexander Stripunsky, who will soon officially be a grand master—the highest chess level; there are only about 30 active in the United States. Alex was the toughest sell. "English is important," John told him in Russian; plus, Alex loved Hemingway and Salinger. And he'd have to play only one tournament—that's the entire season. With John translating, Prince hurried Alex through registration in the few days before the Bowling Green Pan-Ams.

When Ashley recommended Kasaun, Prince didn't hesitate. It wasn't as if Prince could try anyone out. Often, he didn't understand what his players were up to. "They'll calculate far in advance of anything I can see," says Prince.

Only after he'd enrolled at BMCC did Kasaun confess to his girlfriend, the first he'd ever had. "I play chess," he told her. "She didn't know about my chess history," says Kasaun. Secretly, though, he'd missed chess. Soon he was again playing for hours. Sometimes he'd stay at the chess clubs till eleven. "Getting in shape," he called it. Days, he worked as a chess instructor, taking a job in the public schools just as his mentor, Maurice Ashley, had. Kasaun had spent high school pining for the attention of girls. In college, when he finally got a girlfriend, he went back to his true love. He liked women, pursued their company: His girlfriend was Japanese, and he was studying Japanese; he'd been interested in Spanish women and had taught himself Spanish. Still, he says, "chess is more interesting than a girl, more emotional, more intimate, more reliable. I enjoy it more. I have a desire for a girlfriend, but it's not a necessity." Clearly, chess is. "Chess connects deep down," he explains.

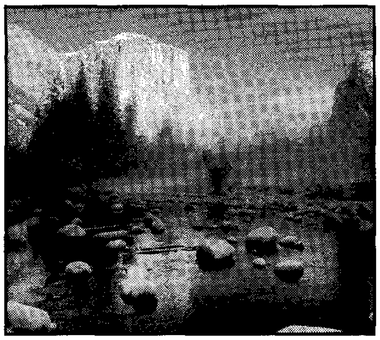
IN KASAUN'S APARTMENT, A ONE-BEDROOM he shares on 113th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, clothes are everywhere, piled like mounds of snow—a small car might be buried underneath—and spread on a couch; in a closet; over a glass table boiling with CDs, sunglasses, Snapple bottle; behind the Yamaha keyboard purchased (finally) from Sam Ash; everywhere, it seems, but in a dresser, where he keeps books: of Japanese, piano sonatas, chess.

Kasaun is handsome and slim, a good fit for clothes. And he's a bit frantic as he talks about them. Emotions move in him. He races around, hunting for a camel-colored vest he says he loves. In seventh grade, when he wanted to be president of the United States, he owned a single suit and wore it every day. Now he'd like to own a hundred. Already he has twelve. He switches from one jacket to another—from a light-blue to a dark-green to a salmon, which is the first suit he bought when he entered BMCC, to a dark one by Oscar de la Renta for which he paid $139, the most he's ever paid—as if he were backstage at a bedroom farce.

These days, Kasaun wears suits everywhere. He teaches chess in inner-city schools wearing suits—he's trying to recreate the success of the Raging Rooks. He shoots pool in suits. "I'm thinking of going three-piece now," he says, and then, grinning wildly: "My goal is cuff links."

For Kasaun, suits are partly dress-up, an impish idea in gangsta times; but they also seem to come from a transformational urge. Suits are there to package a new, emerging Kasaun. Grand masters often

FROM LANDSCAPES TO ESCAPES...



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dress formally for tournaments, he knows. He'd like to be a grand master, but really, he wants the grand master's personality. He's after seriousness, focus, truth even—things he suspects could easily drift beyond reach, the way college almost did. "Suits keep me studious at all times," he says. "If I'm wearing a suit, then I know I will study chess."

THE DAY AFTER HIS EMBARRASSING loss in Bowling Green—during which he'd shown his thug look—Kasaun, perhaps wanting to dip into reserves of purpose, selected one of the two Brooks Brothers suits he'd purchased from a classified ad in *Buy & Sell* magazine. He'd paid $100 to a Wall Street guy, not including alterations. It was an understated gray suit with a subtle maroon pinstripe. He wore a white turtleneck. When he walked into the convention hall at the Pan Ams, people didn't know if he was the same player as the gangsta who'd shown up the day before, Kasaun thought, and he enjoyed that thought.

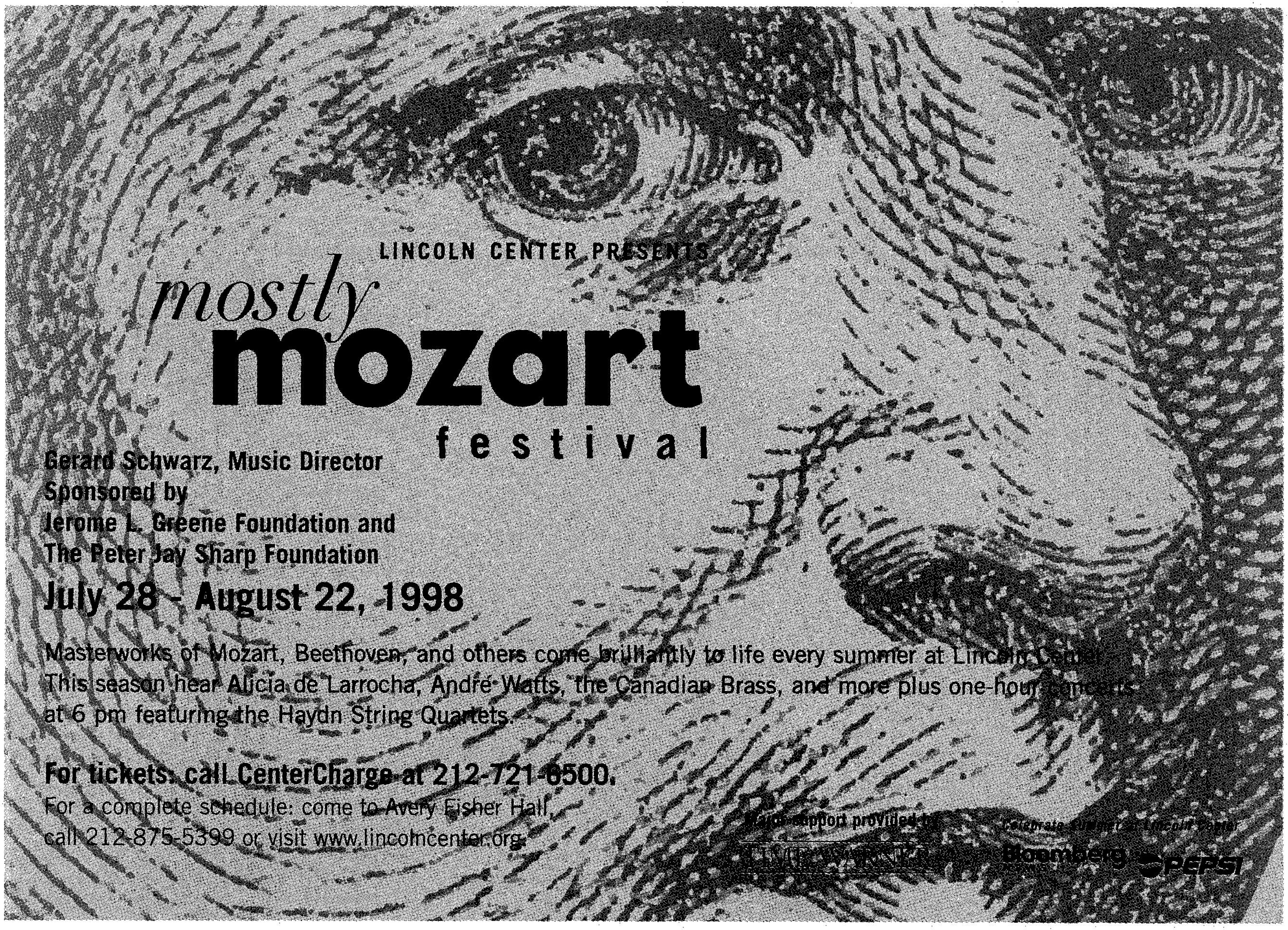
Throughout the tournament, John would handily win his matches. Alex, who'd first hesitated to cast his lot with BMCC, worked hard for the team. A dull pout on his big head, he played long matches. Prince paced off to the side—occasionally sneaking out for tugs on a Capri. "Is he winning?" Prince would ask. During one game, Alex lost his queen in what appeared to Prince a disastrous turn. But a team member explained it was a very clever trap, and in fact, that win would be written up in the New York *Times.*

Still, the day Kasaun wore his gray Brooks Brothers, it would be his game that proved crucial. BMCC played third-ranked University of Texas. Alex drew his match. Kasaun realized his win could keep BMCC in first place; his loss would drop the team to fifth, probably an insurmountable hole.

"The only mistakes that count are my mental mistakes," he told himself as he sat in the conference room, which was silent but for whispering spectators. "Losing, that's your bonus lesson, that's what Maurice taught me," he thought. He knew what had gone wrong before. Chess, the way Kasaun discusses it, seems a course in personality, a challenge in self-control, in inner discipline. "This game is so deep," he says, "it makes me better at life."

Chess, it's sometimes said, is an elegant way of mugging people. Kasaun, suited in the armor of his Brooks Brothers and his studious self, repeated that whatever happened, he'd fight, even if he was down, which he quickly was. Kasaun showed no expression—he'd been schooling himself to do just that. But he thought, "All the games I won, I was losing."

When Kasaun concentrates, he stares at the board as if it were an animal he cares for but doesn't trust. There are different ways of being down, he thought. "Don't panic. To have worse position doesn't mean you lose," he told himself. "Make the position ugly, get crazy." His opponent began making overconfident moves. Kasaun wasn't threatened, not emotionally threatened, which is what he'd say counted. Soon he had a counterplay. And once again, he found himself with a time advantage, ten minutes to his opponent's one. If his moves had proved so time-consuming for his opponent, he should stick with his strategy, he reasoned. "Now when I get the advantage," he says, "I'm tougher because it happened to me in the worst way it ever could." He settled in to play deliberately this time. "I played as hard as I could," he says; all the while he seemed to be thinking of something else, Japanese verbs or major chords. He refused to look at his opponent's clock, which soon expired. Kasaun's game put BMCC in first place—to stay. ■



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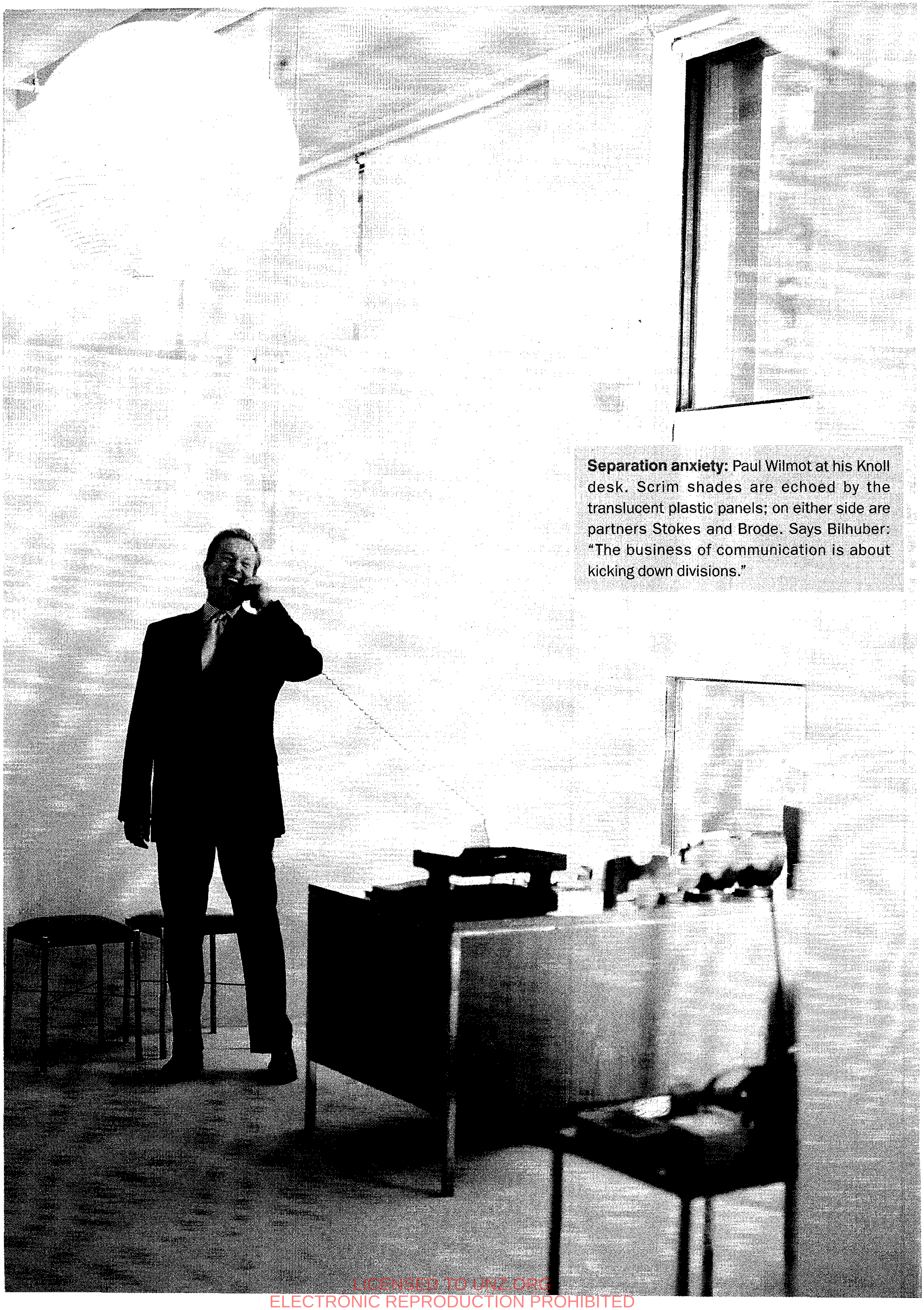
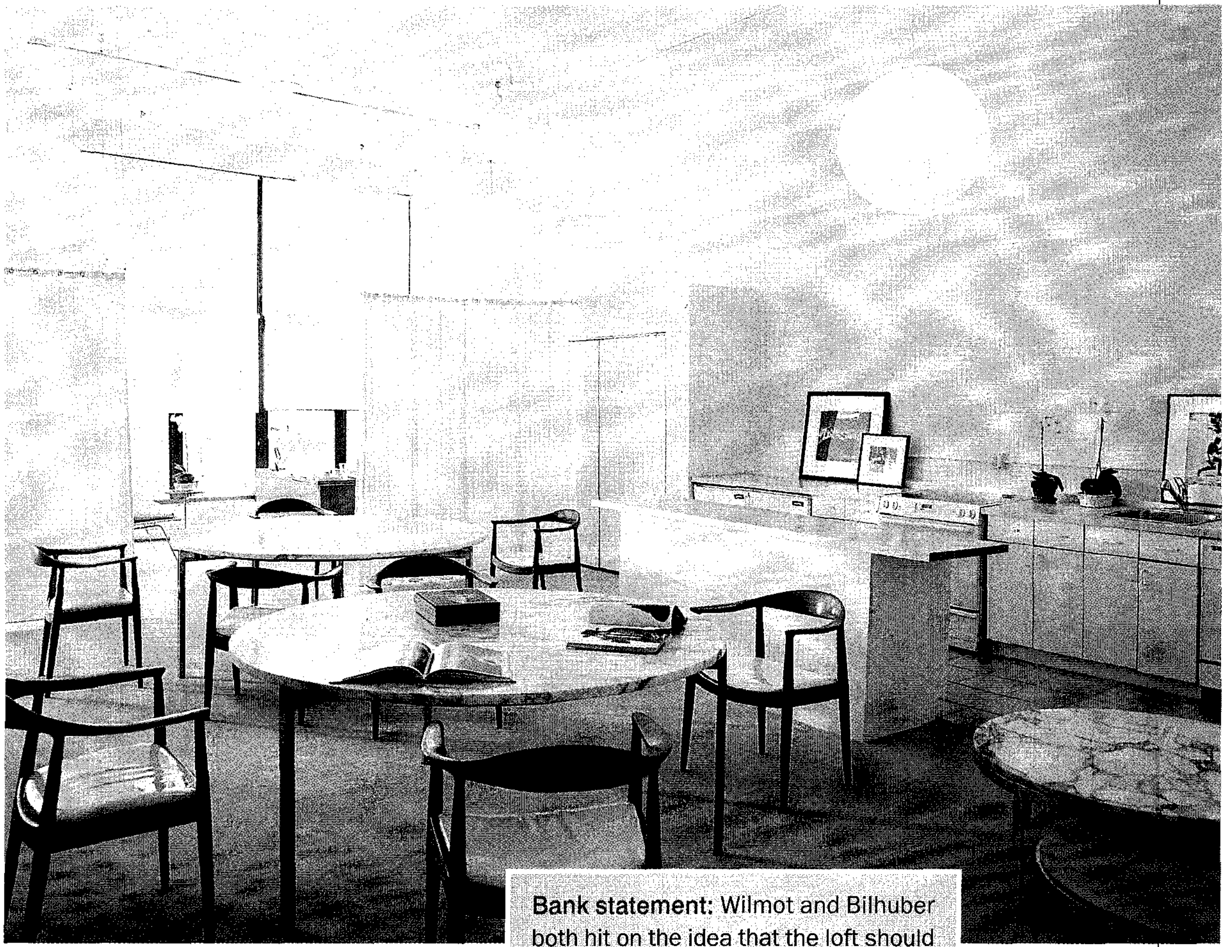


Separation anxiety: Paul Wilmot at his Knoll desk. Scrim shades are echoed by the translucent plastic panels; on either side are partners Stokes and Brode. Says Bilhuber: "The business of communication is about kicking down divisions."

That Lived-in LOOK

It was imperative that Paul Wilmot's downtown P.R. firm look as casually stylish as its clients. (And beige doesn't clash with those people dressed in black who like to hang out in the kitchen.) By Wendy Goodman



Bank statement: Wilmot and Bilhuber both hit on the idea that the loft should have the glamour of a big open bank lobby. Serendipitously, Bilhuber rescued this cache of Hans Wegner chairs from a warehouse; they had been designed in the sixties for Chase Manhattan. Ansel Adams landscapes dress up the kitchen counter.

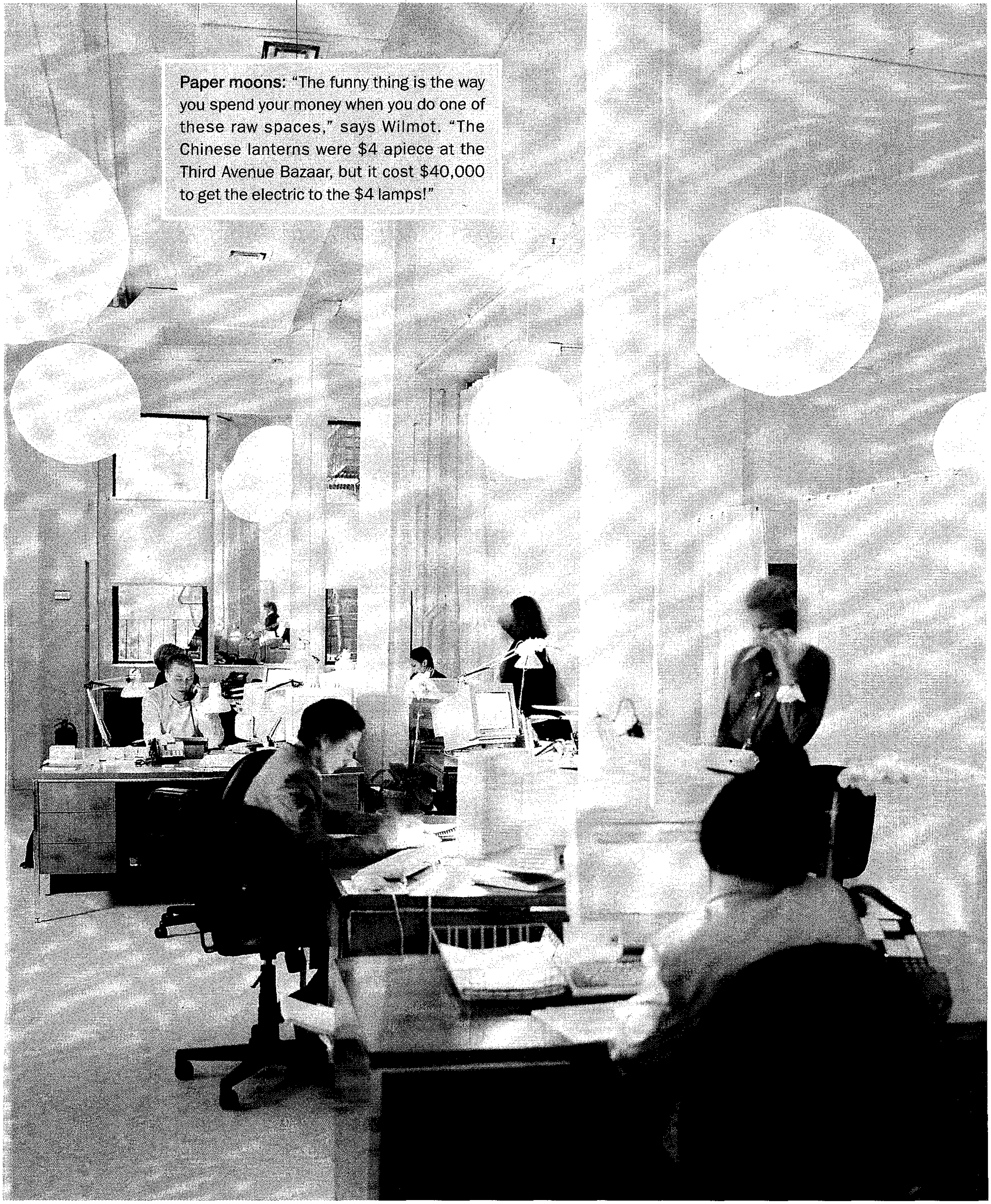
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MUNDY

'WHERE WE HAD THE HOME OFFICE before, I think we're now having the *office home,"* says interior designer Jeffrey Bilhuber. When P.R. supremo Paul Wilmot set up shop with partners Ridgely Brode and Stormy Stokes, they demanded that their new Bilhuber-designed offices in the Flatiron District have a relaxed authority: workstations in a space with the mannerisms of a modern villa. At Paul Wilmot Communications, partners would be able to take meetings with their fashion-world clients, like John Bartlett and Oscar de la Renta, in semi-private offices. But the heart and soul of the firm, Bilhuber decided, would be its open kitchen, inspired by one in Wilmot's Rhode Island beach house.

"Every kitchen in every office I'd ever been to was so off-limits. And when you found it, you encountered horrifying visions like the scalded coffeepot and half-eaten sandwiches," says Bilhuber. "But the kitchen is such a vital function of a productive work force—it keeps people in-house where they can sit around the table and exchange ideas. It should, in fact, be turned inside out."

Opting to keep the 5,000-square-foot space as open as possible, Bilhuber hung translucent corrugated-plastic panels and suspended natural-cotton curtains on wires that would be drawn only when necessary—a lot more humane than cubicles. And when was the last time you saw wall-to-wall carpeting in a loft? The creamy expanse of camel velvet is an ocean of luxe. ▬

Close encounters: Wilmot snared the fabric Florence Knoll armchairs for his office; Brode got an elegant Pottery Barn wicker loveseat with a custom-made squab cushion for hers.

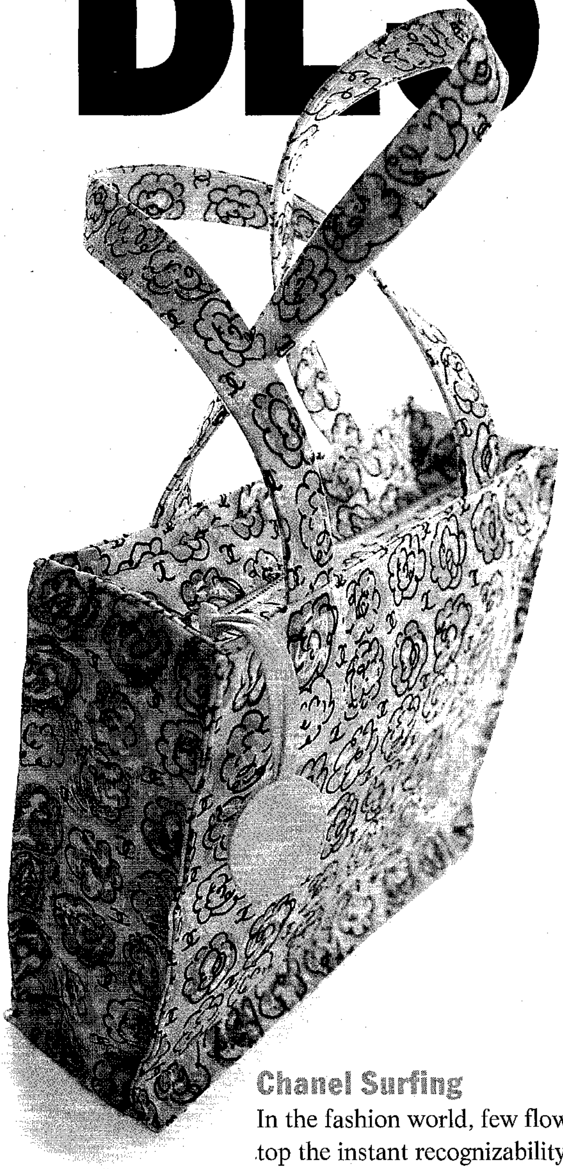


Paper moons: "The funny thing is the way you spend your money when you do one of these raw spaces," says Wilmot. "The Chinese lanterns were $4 apiece at the Third Avenue Bazaar, but it cost $40,000 to get the electric to the $4 lamps!"

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



In a Family Way

The pint-size Stork Club houses a tempting spread of kiddie clothing and vintage toys, all prettily arranged by owner Laurie Della-Femina, a former fashion stylist. Most of the outfits are by Suss Cousins, who matches her Swedish grandmother's old patterns with lush fabrics. But there are also sweet cotton dresses by Change, a tiny New York company. It's a real family affair: Michael Della-Femina—actor, screenwriter, and Laurie's husband and business partner—has tucked his Storefront Films office right behind the store. (From $10 for a cotton T-shirt to $29 for boot-cut leggings to $180 for four-piece infant sets to $650 for a forties pedal car.)

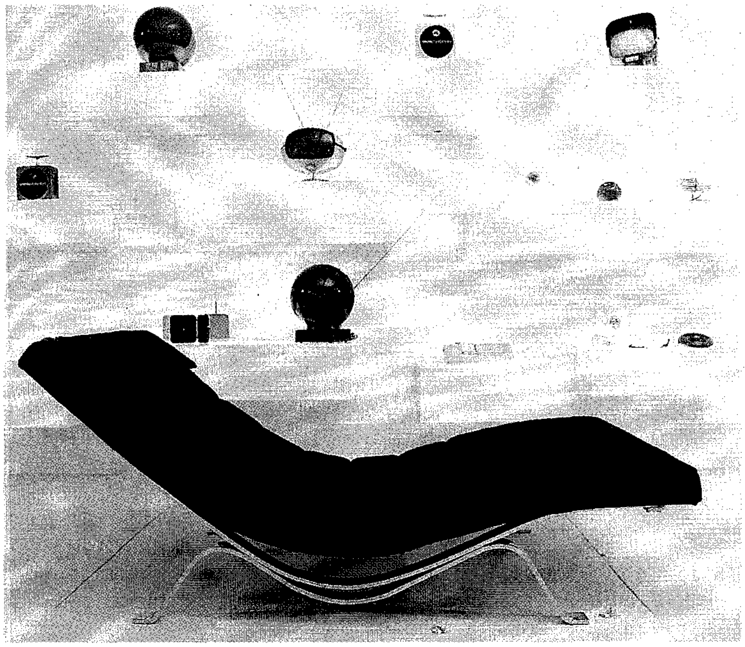
THE STORK CLUB/*142 Sullivan Street/505-1927*

Chanel Surfing

In the fashion world, few flowers top the instant recognizability of Coco Chanel's signature bloom, the camellia. Now Karl Lagerfeld, in a playful mood, has reworked the blossom in sunny colors, splashing it all over T-shirts, bikinis, and tote bags. The camellia has never looked so sassy (T-shirt, $335; bikini, $400; tote, $870).

CHANEL BOUTIQUE/*15 East 57th Street/355-5050*

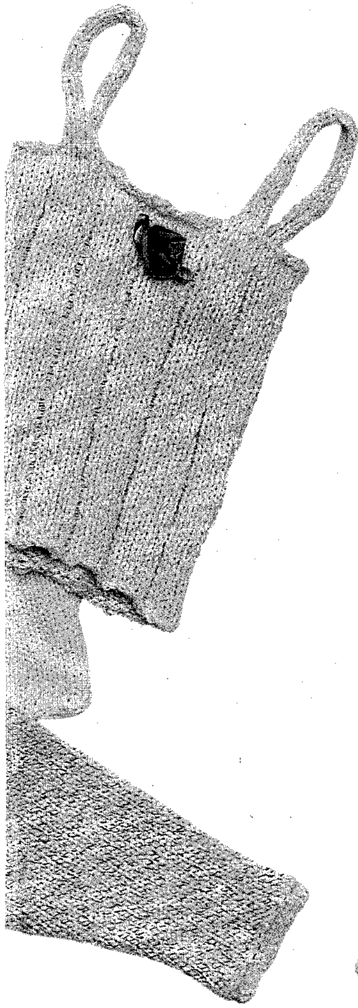
Photographs: counterclockwise from top left, Joshua McHugh (3); Liz Steger.



Mix Masters

Retro furniture stores have sprouted all over the urban landscape, but Form and Function has a unique pedigree. The unlikely trio of owners (B-52's frontman Fred Schneider, songwriter Jack Feldman, and pop-culture junkie Jim Walrod) focus on often-overlooked names (Greta Grossman, Luther Conover, the Heifetz Lighting Company), and the interior is vast, all-white, and gallerylike (the work of innovative designer Lloyd Schwan). Even the usual suspects—Eames, Nelson, Noguchi—are represented by pieces that are hardly ordinary, such as rare George Nelson high-back chairs. Among the other surprises are a stash of vintage electronics (like Dieter Rams turntables, Zanuso radios, and Ettore Sottsas calculators for Olivetti), Arne Jacobsen flatware, and David Anderson jewelry. (From $95 for a seventies Panapet radio to $5,000 for an Eames compact sofa to $14,000 for a George Nakashima cabinet.)

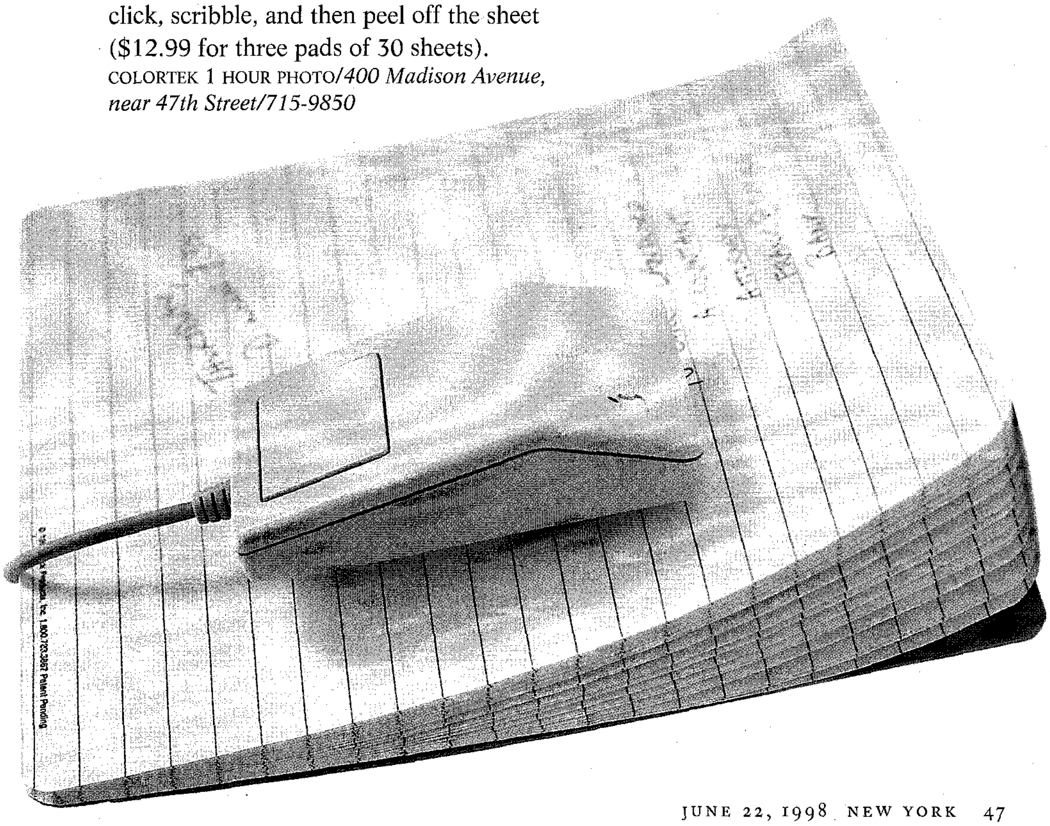
FORM AND FUNCTION/*95 Vandam Street/414-1800*



Paper Pusher

Mouse pads that are writing pads? Definitely an item for the "why didn't anyone think of this before?" files. Click Products, a California company, named its smart new vendible Mousepaper!, since the other name was already taken. These clever pads come in legal, graph, or musical-staff papers and have a textured surface and a nonskid back. You can point-and-click, scribble, and then peel off the sheet ($12.99 for three pads of 30 sheets).

COLORTEK 1 HOUR PHOTO/*400 Madison Avenue, near 47th Street/715-9850*



SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Summer Lovin'

Have yourself a blast: *Tati's Parisian bridalwear; boutique registry through Maxwell-Silver—and maternity clothes* **for *next* June.**

BRIGHT-EYED BRIDES-TO-BE (OR THEIR even more excited parents) are expected to shell out a lot of cash when it comes to dressing themselves for the big day. But we want to ask: Can't they still be on the sharp lookout for a bargain, too? Tati certainly thinks so, and when it isn't sale time, there are still plenty of deals here. But the prices now are even better: wedding gowns, were $240–$590, now $99–$250; bridesmaids' and prom dresses (see photo), were $99–$135, now $75–$99; boys' navy blazers, were $59, now $40. *Tati, 475 Fifth Ave., near 41st St. (481-8284); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6; 6/15–6/28.*

Register Now

SPEAKING OF BRIDES-TO-BE: HUSBAND-AND-wife team Wayne Steinberg and Lisa Blumenthal came up with an innovative idea for bridal registry—after finding that their own selection for gifts was limited. They have organized a gift and registry service with specialty stores all over the city (places like La Maisón Moderne, Shi, Galileo, and Avventura) and combined them into one registry list, so it's convenient no matter where your guests live (they can also choose something with Wayne or Lisa over the phone or on the inevitable Website). Right now they aren't charging for this service, but it'd be worth paying for. *Call Maxwell-Silver for more information at 665-5500.*

Mamma Mia

SO NOW THAT THE WEDDING'S OVER . . . what about some clothes for mothers-to-be? Madison Avenue Maternity is having its spring-summer sale: dresses, were $279–$549, now $99–$279; pants, were $179–$198, now $49–$99; jackets, dresses, and sheer floral shirts, were $279–$498, now $139.50–$249. There's also Italian and French baby clothing at 50 percent off. *Madison Avenue Maternity & Baby, 1043 Madison Ave., near 79th St., second floor (988-8686); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. till 6, Sun. 12–5; 6/15–7/7.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Great Haul

JOHN ROSSELLI'S WAREHOUSE SALE GIVES the public a chance at antiques and reproductions that usually only interior designers get their mitts on. Only drawback is you've got to leave with whatever you buy, no matter how big (bring a delivery truck or a roomy car) but considering the quality of the stuff and the drop in prices, you'll surely find a way to get it home. Sale includes English and French armchairs, were $3,000, now $800; English bamboo desks, were $4,500, now $1,500; lanterns and chandeliers, were $2,700, now $600; painted floor screens, were $7,500, now $2,700. *John Rosselli, 520 E. 119th St. (772-2137); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 10–5; 6/15–6/17.*

Sirene Song

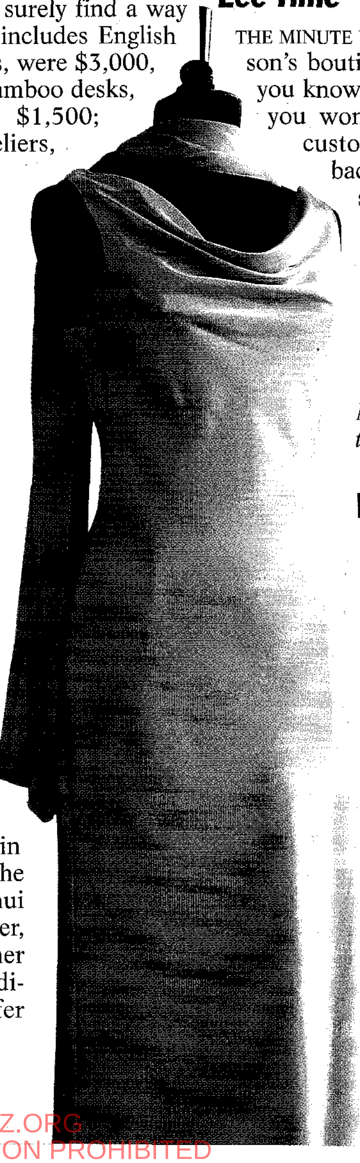
A NEW SALON THAT opened on the upper East Side a number of months ago, Sirene stands out for combining its beauty methods with Chinese health treatments. Even the décor has the Far East in mind (the big fish tank in the center of the main room was put in on the advice of a feng shui master), and the owner, Karen Wu, and her staff of Chinese-medicine specialists offer advice on how best to augment Western treatments. The salon is now offering 20 percent off all its services and a free diagnosis with a Chinese doctor (usually $20). For example, pedicure (with Chinese or aromatherapy massage), was $38, now $30.40; hour-long massage (different kinds available), was $65, now $52; "therapeutic Chinese Beauty experience" (includes acupuncture treatment, massage, facial, and diagnosis), was $175, now $140. *Sirene, 1044 Madison Ave., near 80th St., second floor (737-3545); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 10–8; 6/15–7/30.*

Lee Time

THE MINUTE YOU WALK INTO LEE ANDERson's boutique off Madison Avenue, you know that this is a place where you won't be rushed and where customers have been coming back for years. At the annual sale: sleeveless dresses, were $550, now $250; pedal pushers, were $295, now $150; jackets, were $595–$795, now $125–$175. *Lee Anderson, 23 E. 67th St. (772-2463); M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–6; 6/15 until supplies run out.*

Bay Days

BAY LINENS—A LUXURY bedding company—sells everything that you could need for a comfy sleep. For example, Egyptian-cotton-sateen sheets, were $90–$110, now $45–$60; duvets, were $150–$500, now $50–$200; matching bed skirts, were $100–$200, now $30–$90. *Bay Linens, 152 Madison Ave., at 32nd St., sixteenth floor (725-2002, ext. 24); A.E.; Thurs.–Fri. 10–6; 6/18–6/19.* ■



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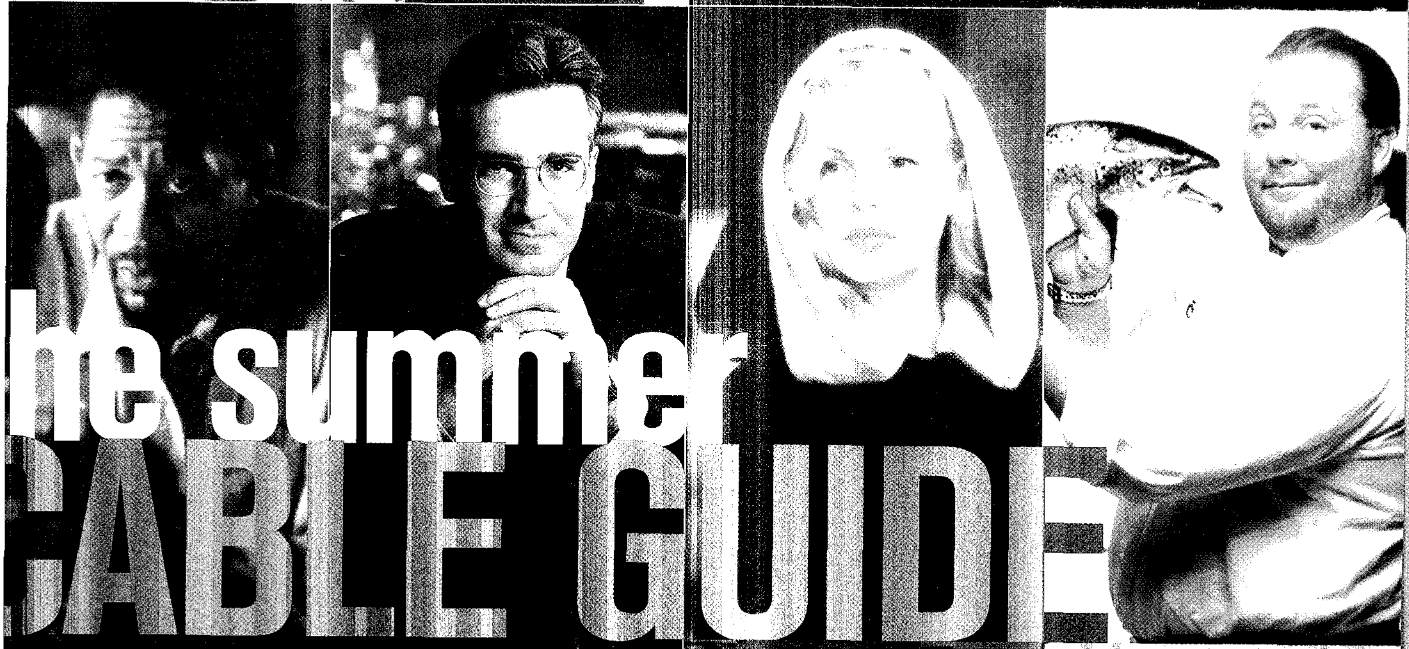

he summer CABLE GUIDE

this season, cable reigns supreme

FOR SPECIAL INTERESTS—FOOD, THE ARTS, THE NEWS, AND LAUGHS—WITH DEPTH AND VARIETY ONCE THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE. THE RESULT? INCREDIBLE ENTERTAINMENT OPTIONS.

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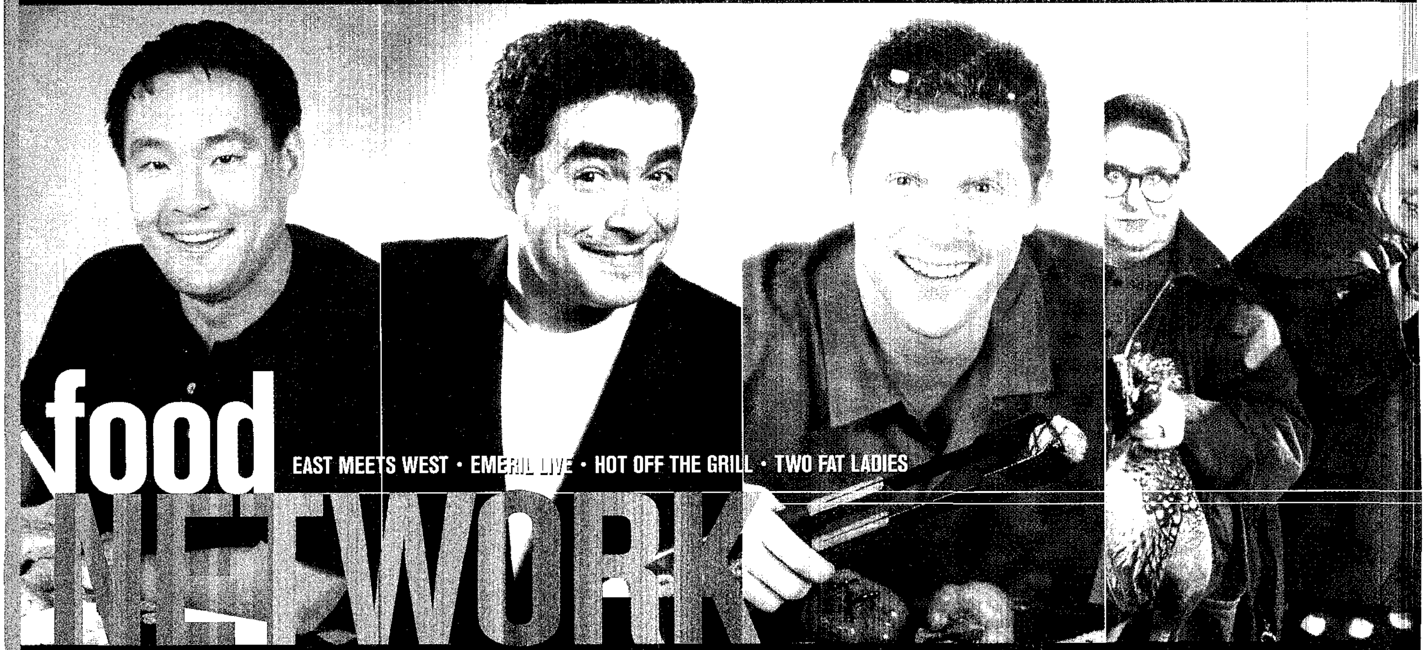
food
NETWORK
EAST MEETS WEST • EMERIL LIVE • HOT OFF THE GRILL • TWO FAT LADIES

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two fat ladies

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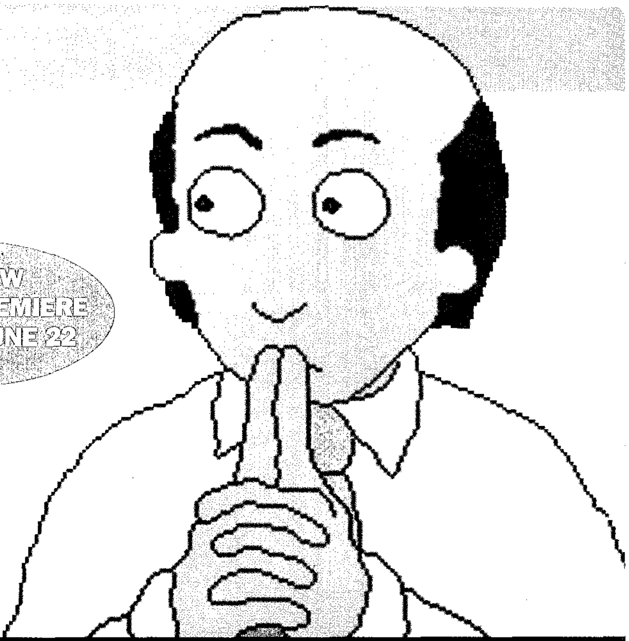

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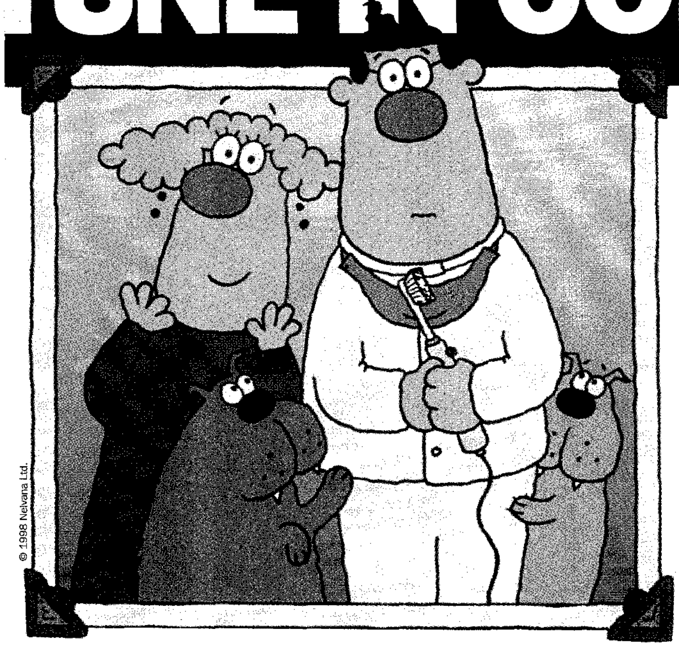
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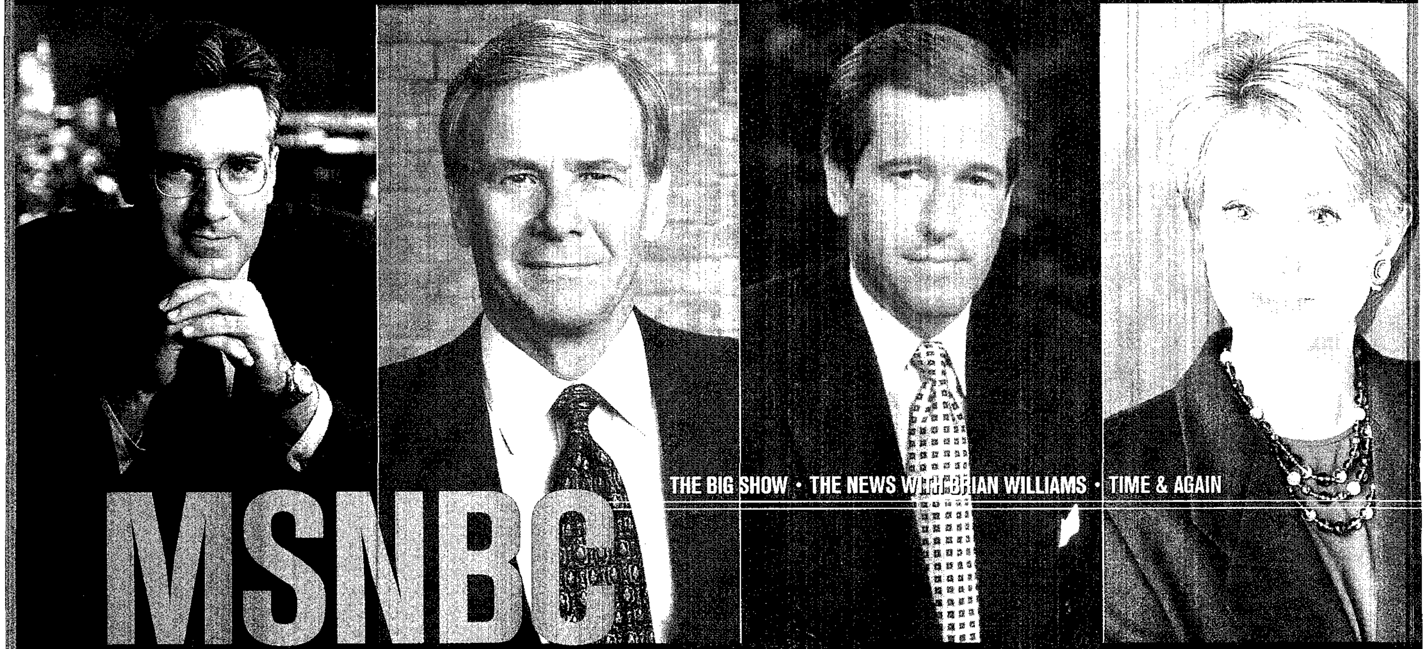
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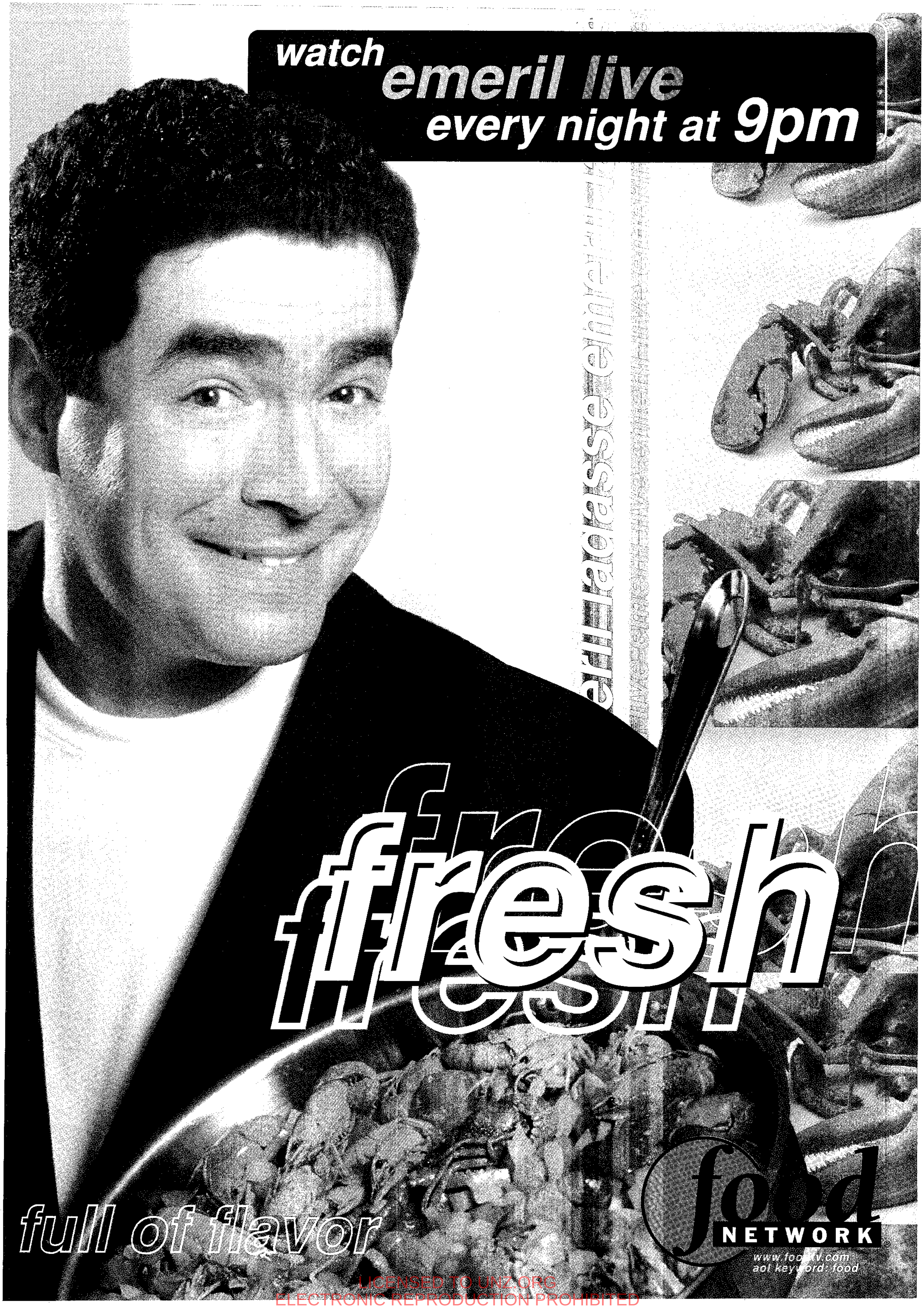
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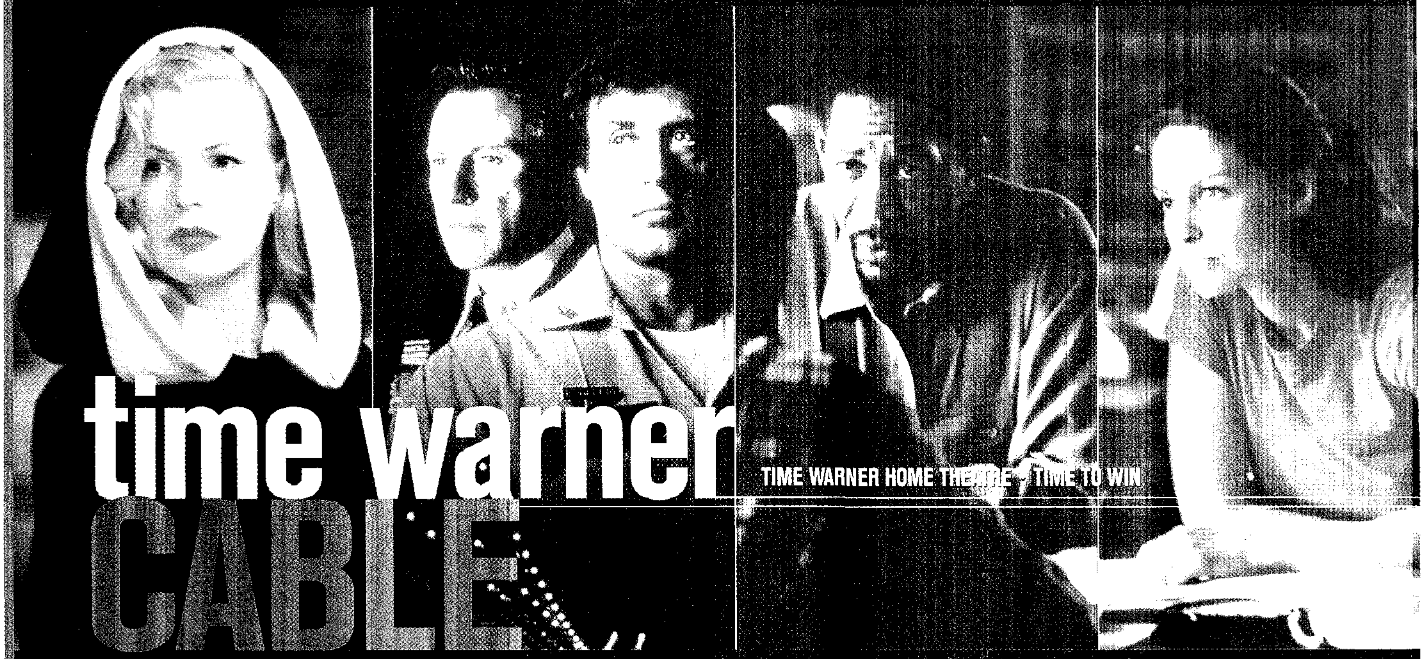
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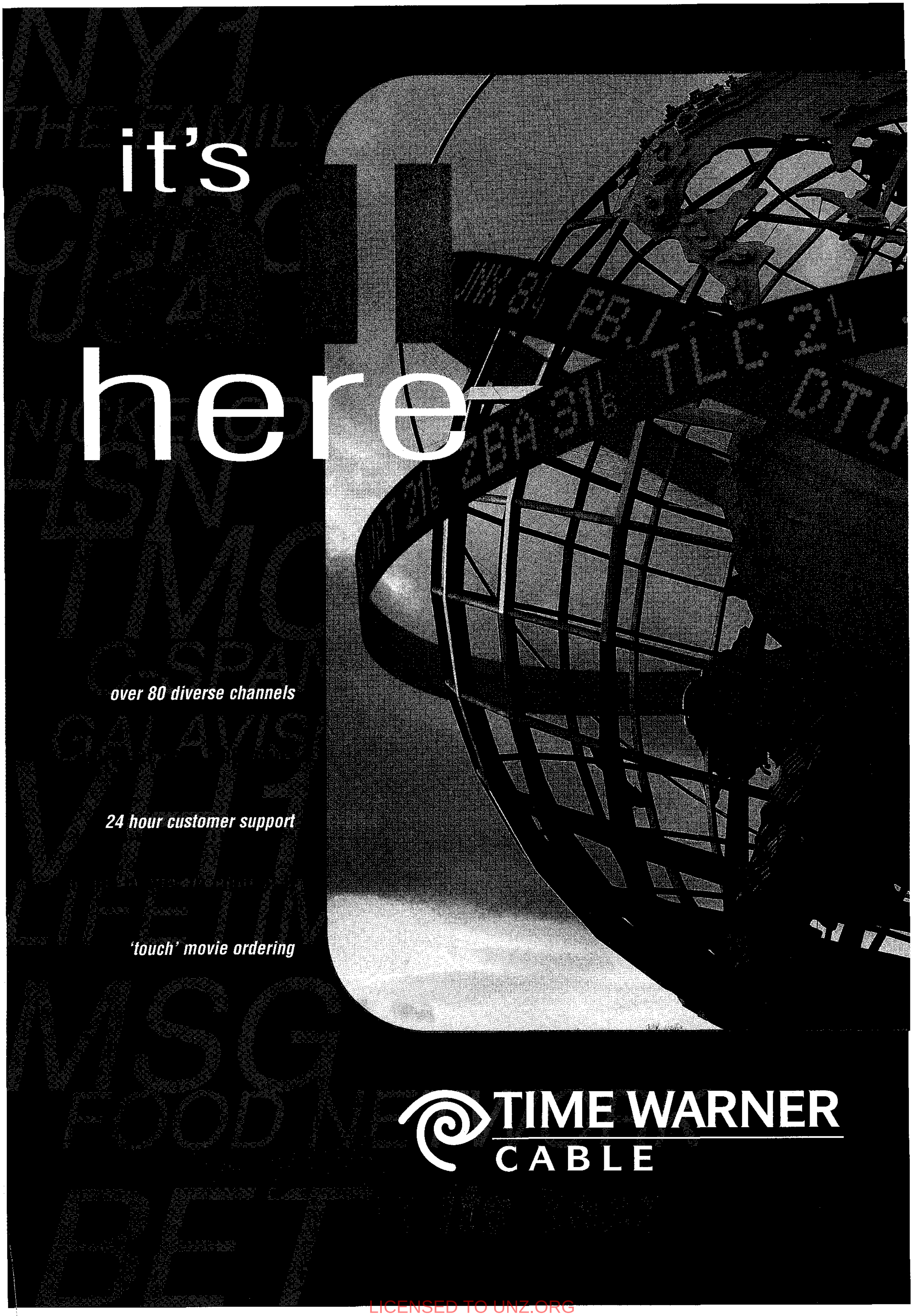

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DAVID DENBY

Femmes Fatales

In the quotidian 'Six Days, Seven Nights,' Anne Heche glistens; Christina Ricci is devastating as a malevolent teen vixen in 'The Opposite of Sex.'

SOME PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD MUST BE HAVING sex fantasies about female magazine editors, because here's **Six Days, Seven Nights,** another of those romantic fables about a will-driven, sensually undernourished New York editor who leaves the big city, falls into outdoor adventure, and finds fulfillment in the arms of a real man in the loamy (or in this case sandy) wilds. Without the perturbed elegance of Kristin Scott Thomas, who seemed to be playing Tina Brown or Anna Wintour or both, *The Horse Whisperer* would have been unwatchable—swill, really—and Anne Heche, more volatile than Scott Thomas, a comedian by temperament, is pretty much the only reason to see *Six Days, Seven Nights*. The picture is a clownish retread of familiar material from old movies. Director Ivan Reitman, who has given us all some pleasure (in *Stripes* and the *Ghostbusters* movies), can settle for so little at times. *Six Days, Seven Nights* is not as feeble as *Fathers' Day;* it's just lame and tiresome. What has happened to Reitman's instinct for the offbeat, the eccentric, the extravagantly silly?

Oar bit: Heche, about to be swept away by Harrison Ford, in *Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Photograph by Bruce McBroom/Touchstone Pictures.

Heche is initially matched up with David Schwimmer, a man patently wrong for her. I must say I'm amazed by Schwimmer—he seems utterly hapless to me. What is the point of these people's toning up their bodies if they are going to go so limp onscreen? (At least Schwimmer should get rid of his hangdog expression, so critics don't have to use the word *hangdog* so often.) Anyway, Heche and Schwimmer take a vacation in the South Seas, but Heche gets ordered by her boss to do a photo shoot, so she and Harrison Ford, a drunken old pilot, take off in an ancient De Havilland Beaver that couldn't make it from here to New Jersey. You may not be astonished to hear that the plane crash-lands on the beach of a deserted island. Of course, they loathe each other; he thinks she's spoiled, not a real woman, etc., and she thinks he's a second-rater and a wreck. They hustle up and down hills and crags, and frequently fall into into sand and water, which is not quite the same thing as actually having adventures. There is, of course, the immortal scene in which he pulls a snake out of her underpants (a lewd version of Bogart pulling the leeches off Hepburn in *The African Queen*). The generic elements stack up quickly: The Strange But Satisfying Meal (peacock), the Night of Safety (under a tree that holds an old Japanese warplane), the Unexpected Attack (from scummy pirates, who seem to have been ordered up, complete with ratty hair and tattoos, over a telephone), and so on.

I'm glad that Anne Heche, who has spirit and intelligence, wants to establish herself as a romantic lead, though I regret that she has to scream lines like "There's nothing wrong with my tits!" in order to do so. She has great allure—brimming eyes, a supernal glow—when she warms up to Ford. But what is she warming up to? Ford is certainly eager to shed any mythic baggage that may have accumulated from his former heroic roles. He's too eager: There's hardly a movie star left in him. Ford mugs and staggers, furrowing his brow, thrusting his jaw. For the first time in his life, he's a commonplace actor and just outright bad.

A MOVIE WITHOUT A BIG PUBLICITY MACHINE BEHIND IT IS now like a soldier without a weapon. Eager to help, critics can fire off their guns, but to what effect?—they may produce little but noise. So here goes nothing: As our deep-dish media experts rattle their brains trying to elucidate the alleged serious meanings of *The Truman Show* (good luck, fellows), a small American movie has opened that's far more entertaining than Peter Weir's empty fable. Don Roos's **The Opposite of Sex** is a work of comic art offering nothing more ambitious than temperament, humor, and sex. It doesn't require much interpretation; it requires only a decent-size audience to appreciate its very tart and original wit, its considerable gift for spontaneous and generous feeling. Don Roos has worked as a screenwriter on commercial movies like *Boys on the Side* and *Single White Female,* and he wrote *Love Field,* an idealistic project about an interracial romance that was perhaps too cautiously conceived to come off. But Roos has now put caution behind him. *The Opposite of Sex,* an independent film, breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head."

Dedee may be lounging in baby fat, but she's already a fully functioning femme fatale. Sex and money are the only things that matter to this impatient and ruthless trailer-trash vamp. The comic convention of the movie is that Dedee, taking us into her confidence, is always much worse a person than we expect; she's trying to shock us, like all teens, but at the same time she's truly a bad girl, so bad that she turns every one of our sweet, sympathetic impulses ("Oh, but she's just a kid!") into a pang of regret. Dedee is a great, entertaining caricature, an updated teen version of a forties-*noir* seductress and murderess—Lana Turner without corsets. Christina Ricci has a malevolent smile and rather too much smooth white flesh; her being more arrogant than beautiful is part of the joke. Ricci possesses a devastating way with a nasty line; she could curdle mother's milk from 30 paces.

Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is considerably older—an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild (when he finds dirty jokes written about him on his school's bathroom walls, he corrects the grammar). Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome, pleasant, but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. Roos takes a risk here: It isn't immediately clear what Lucia is doing in the movie. It turns out she loves Bill devotedly but for a rather indirect reason. Bill's previous lover—before Matt the bimbo—was Lucia's brother, who died of AIDS (Dedee refers to him graciously as "the dead guy" and steals his ashes in order to extort money from Bill). When the chase moves to Los Angeles, Lucia tags along, and—as played by Lisa Kudrow, from *Friends*—Lucia turns into a major comic creation.

First Helen Hunt, and now Lisa Kudrow: Television sitcoms, not the movies or the stage, seem to be the breeding ground of great new actresses. Kudrow has a long, Modigliani-esque face and body—everything about her in this movie seems attenuated, as if her spirit had passed through a mangle. Her voice is very dry, like parchment rattling in the wind. Lucia is dismayed by the American sexual wonderland—the tramps, the gays and bisexuals, the straight men (represented here by Lyle Lovett) sleeping with other women while their wives are dying. Old-fashioned and loyal, Lucia complains with bitter wit about everybody's sexual arrangements. She's rapidly becoming a classic spinster—the teacher with the precise observations and the nasty tongue, the one with high standards and a deeply romantic nature that never finds fulfillment in an actual relationship. Kudrow's timing is so good that she can make this pained woman very funny; each of her barbed little remarks is a zinger.

Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. But of course these poles will not remain apart; they become intertwined with one another and form a knot. The movie is a sex comedy, with little patience for fixed positions. Homosexuality and bisexuality (no fuss is made over either) just add to the comic possibilities. Roos moves with great speed and precision—he assumes that the audience can follow every curve he throws at it. He races from comedy to violent B-movie messiness and then back to comedy again, with frequent pauses for discussion and commentary.

Roos was shrewd enough to see that his bad girl, however funny, has only one dimension, so he leaves us with the real people—Bill, Lucia, and Matt, who turns out not to be so stupid after all, as well as with the gentle, persistent seducer played by Lyle Lovett, who is pursuing Lucia. For long periods, Dedee gets to hang around only as narrator. But she's such a wise guy, she narrates events that she doesn't even witness. She omnisciently comments on what's going on, comments on the means of filmmaking itself—telling us, for instance, not to be taken in by some sappy music, which builds false empathy for good old Bill. She's a one-woman Brechtian alienating device—our adviser, our confidante, our friendly amoralist. Roos plays with everything, and he teases us by making Dedee's cynicism so intimate. After all, she has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. ▬

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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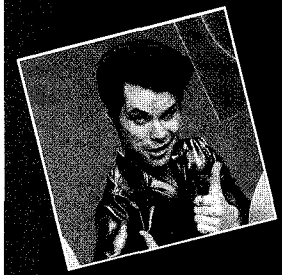

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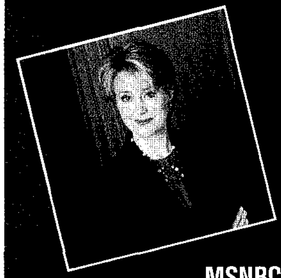

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No Man's Romance

There's nothing romantic about 'Cymbeline,' a fairy tale about a princess's search for her husband; Craig Lucas's fine 'The Dying Gaul' deserved a longer life.

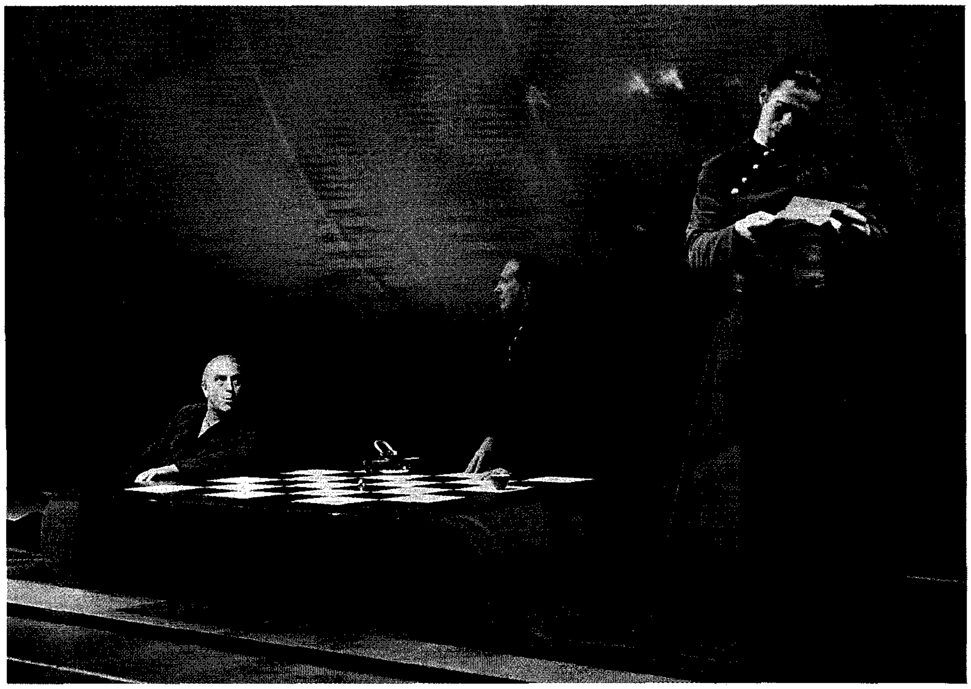
"In **Cymbeline,**" writes J. M. Nosworthy, "Shakespeare secures the tragicomic balance even if he uses creaking kitchen scales to do so, and the play emerges clearly as a romance." But as he also admits in his introduction to the Arden edition, "the poetry is never quite equal to Shakespeare's best," and what kind of romance can subsist on a poetry deficiency? It does contain one of the Bard's finest lyrics, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," but in the dramatic text, nothing really stirs.

The plot, jointed together from various sources, comes up with things like Imogen waking next to oafish Cloten's headless trunk and mistaking it for that of her beloved Posthumus. It is all a case of overplot (Cymbeline and the British overcoming the Romans), plot (Imogen and Posthumus's road to each other), and subplot (the lost sons finally restored to the king) resisting congenial conjunction. And except for Imogen, it lacks interesting characters.

Imogen—the princess who marries a commoner and lovingly searches for him when he is banished, while he believes her faithless and wants her dead—is one of Shakespeare's finest heroines. But recently at BAM, Joanne Pearce, for all her enthusiasm, did not rise to the occasion. Short of stature and unremarkable of aspect, with a voice more insistent than musical, and movements more determined than graceful, she almost suggested one of the Elizabethan boy actors rather than, as Hazlitt put it, "perhaps the most tender and the most artless" of Shakespeare's women. Artless maybe too much; tender too little.

Then again, it would be hard to summon much tenderness for the Posthumus of Damian Lewis, one of those pale young Brits of equine features and unvirile demeanor. And then the dull and overage Paul Freeman as the dangerous Iachimo, whose lurking in Imogen's bedchamber is as fraught with sexual peril as a doctor's bedside visit. Further setbacks are the unregal Cymbeline of Edward Petherbridge and the cartoonish Queen of Joanna McCallum; the monstrously mouthing Ewart James Walters gets to louse up both Lucius and Jupiter. Only one performance scores, the Cloten of Guy Henry, who manages to be beastly and craven without losing a clownish charm, enhanced by flawless comic timing.

But the cast gets scant help from Adrian Noble's pedestrian production. In Anthony Ward's design, the servants scurry about in Sino-Japanese costume and coolie behavior, while the rest wear eclectic garb of no place and period. Ward's set is a stagewide white sheet, manipulable by curtain rods front and rear into even or uneven U shapes, like a vast magazine rack. There is a slit, as in underwear, for people to walk through, though sometimes, when the U hangs low, they have to bend like limbo dancers to pass underneath. Neither Hugh Vanstone's lighting nor Stephen Warbeck's music has much to contribute, and the scenes of war and martial prowess in this understaffed production disturbed nobody's sleep, either in the auditorium or onstage.



Chess mates: The cast of *Cymbeline*.

I approached **The Dying Gaul** with unhappy memories of Craig Lucas's other plays but, to my astonishment, found this one tightly constructed—not just grabbing our attention but also keeping it.

Robert, the semi-autobiographical protagonist, has lost his longtime lover to AIDS and is offering a script based on the relationship to Jeffrey, a film producer, in his Hollywood office. Jeffrey, though married to Elaine and a father, is really bisexual, but has until now satisfied his same-sex needs in fly-by-night encounters with inferiors on the sly. Unbeknown to him, Elaine is not fooled. Falling suddenly and passionately for Robert, he offers him a million for his screenplay, and wants only a small rewrite: turning the central gay relationship into a straight one. Robert is deeply shocked but, with promises of future freedom, grudgingly starts revising.

He also becomes Jeffrey's lover and a frequent visitor at Jeffrey and Elaine's home. The wife, sensing danger of los-

Photograph by Dan Rest.

ing her husband, finds Robert in a chat room on the Internet. (Improbable but not impossible, given some strong clues she has.) Robert and Elaine become cyberpals, and Elaine resorts to a cheap trick. Without quite saying so, she implies that she is Robert's dead lover come back in this form to guide and protect. When Robert ascertains that the friend is not his therapist, Foss, playing games, he begins to fall: Who else could know so many intimate things about him?

The play now turns wildly melodramatic, though still less so than *Cymbeline,* and not without a few shreds of credibility remaining. A good part of its efficacy comes from the staging by Mark Brokaw, probably the best young director around.

Except for the Foss of Robert Emmet Lunney, who hasn't much to work with, the other parts are handsomely done. Tony Goldwyn may make his bisexuality a trifle too obvious as an otherwise spirited Jeffrey, but Linda Emond is paradigmatic as a plain woman unfulfilled in her marriage yet hell-bent to hang in—until she finds out more than she wants. Tim Hopper is a fine Robert but ought to be as good-looking as Craig Lucas to make Jeffrey's instant infatuation believable.

I am not sure, though, that Jeffrey would use language as crass as "I want to suck you until there's not a drop of juice left," "What is that warm eight-inch dick doing right now?" and more of the like. For the rest, Lucas's dialogue is crisp and effective. Amid Allen Moyer's minimal yet suggestive scenery and Christopher Akerlind's caressing lighting, the lure of Los Angeles permeates the proceedings. *The Dying Gaul* is a famous late-Roman statue, but I shan't burden you with its relevance here, now that an unjustly carping *Times* review has caused the dying of the entire show with galling haste.

MOSS HART AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN'S EARliest and weakest collaboration, **Once in a Lifetime,** carries its own critique conspicuously in its title. This strained but occasionally funny satire about a Hollywood the authors had not set foot in (though they do put their feet in it) sends three relative innocents to Tinseltown in the days of the studio bosses and their formulaic fare.

Jerry, a moderately clever operator, the smart Mary who loves him, and George, the simpleton who becomes king in the country of the cockeyed, have their farcical adventures. It is the sort of play that, in a perfect production, unlike in the Atlantic Theater Company's rather hit-or-miss one, is worth seeing once in your lifetime. If you have somehow missed its periodic revivals and are not too finicky, you might get some fun even from this one. Otherwise not. ■

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Thanking the Academy

Another promising crop of young talent from the School of American Ballet; ABT's cold-blooded 'Snow Maiden.'

Janie Taylor and Jared Angle with the corps de ballet in *Gounod Symphony.*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

AS WE'VE COME TO EXPECT, THE ANNUAL WORKshop Performances of the New York City Ballet–affiliated **School of American Ballet** showed the celebrated institution in fine fettle. The senior students, most in their mid- to late teens, shone particularly in a pair of juicily true-to-the-master stagings of Balanchine works: *Donizetti Variations* and *Gounod Symphony*, mounted by Suki Schorer and Susan Pilarre, respectively. A brief ensemble passage in the *Gounod* served as an emblem of the overall and ongoing strength of an academy whose advanced-level pupils—though they may have earned only secondary roles in these rites of spring—will soon be adding luster to ballet companies throughout the world: In a warm, glowing light, 30 dancers fill the stage in crossing diagonal lines and then disport themselves in geometric but continually inventive formations, weaving themselves into an organism whose components are inseparable yet ever-changing.

Among the ephemeral stars created by the Workshop's circumstances, the 17-year-old Adam Hendrickson took top honors on the male side. He's already been made an apprentice with the NYCB, where he will no doubt extend the company's line of gentleman dancers (Peter Boal comes to mind, and Ib Andersen before him, and Helgi Tomasson before *him*) who remain modest in demeanor despite the brilliance of their technique. Hendrickson is equally capable in turns and jumps—more of a rarity than one might think. He just needs to loosen up a little, to jettison some of his carefulness. Two other men who caught my eye were Matthew Powell, a small, airy dancer who is off to join the Pacific Northwest Ballet, and Aaron Severini, still built like a stripling but possessed of formidable skill and aplomb.

The women entrusted with the program's leading roles—in the Balanchine pieces and in a capable but derivative new ballet by Christopher Wheeldon—can be classed in one of two categories: the Mysterious Muse and the Girl Next Door. In the first lot, the standouts were Nicole Epstein, whose specialties are legato dancing and cool hauteur, and Rebecca Krohn, also apparently born for adagio work. Only 16, Krohn seems to be this year's main prodigy, but she still hasn't gained full control of her willowy limbs or, for that matter, her stage presence. Despite her shakiness, a nascent eloquence suffused everything she did.

Janie Taylor seems to have no pretensions whatsoever to the ballerina temperament, no visions of herself as a goddess of any kind. At first sight, she looks like a nice, normal high-school girl headed for a state university and happiness of an uncomplicated sort that is rarely the lot of artists. Yet to me and, judging from their avid response, many others in an audience packed with dance aficionados, Taylor quietly copped the Best-in-Show medal. She deploys her splendid technique with calm, unassuming confidence, intermittently revealing profound musical and dramatic resources she still seems as yet unaware of herself. I also liked enormously the coltish, fresh-faced Davena Gross, who looks like the Girl Next Door's kid sister.

The young children of the school were represented by a passage for the touching corps de ballet of little girls that Balanchine so cleverly devised for his version of *Coppélia*. He had mounted the ballet with his longtime colleague Alexandra Danilova, a dancing star of enormous glamour and wit and a veteran SAB faculty member. This segment, dedicated to Danilova, who died last July at the age of 93, offered a dazzling display of the SAB's hallmarks, unmistakable even in these fledglings: precision, vitality, musical acuity, appetite for space, and an ecstatic joy in being out there, in motion, for all the world to see.

American Ballet Theatre, FATALLY CONVINCED THAT ITS METropolitan Opera House audience craves multi-act storybook ballets with a major decorative element, has added *The Snow Maiden* to its repertory. This version is choreographed by the British-bred Ben Stevenson (watch for the Ashton quotes), who heads the Houston Ballet, which co-produced the production. Superficially pretty, and banal as soft ice cream, Stevenson's *Snow Maiden* is the kind of facsimile of a ballet that people presume girl children might delight in. Serious dance watchers—to say nothing of

(continued on page 64)

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Good in Bread

The Bromberg brothers yearned to play with flour. All it took was yeast and a resurrected oven to make the Blue Ribbon Bakery rise in the West Village.

NAME YOUR DRUG. MY AGING HIPPIE PALS MUST have their grass. I've watched cronies go berserk at the chocolate counter. Now, just when I've got my own ice-cream craving in remission, it's bread. These are dangerous times we live in. How long ago did the first bakery trundle in tables, tempting us to linger? Was it Eli at E.A.T., or did Lanciani beat him to it? Oops, I'm forgetting Ferrara on Grand and its imperative cannoli. But this latest insolence, this Marie Antoinettish notion of more or less serious dining in the middle of a working bakery, can be hazardous. François Payard wows the Upper East Side, from croissants at breakfast to late-night chocolate fondant. Balthazar tucks its brilliant bread shop in a side pocket. Bouley Bakery has supplicants begging for the table next to the tart display. And now the Bromberg brothers, Bruce and Eric, have brought their quirky something-for-every-appetite philosophy to the **Blue Ribbon Bakery** on a tranquil Village corner.

The ancient wood-burning oven is a Godzilla dominating this modest space. It had to be a bakery once the Brombergs spied the battered iron door buried in rubble in the cellar, found a craftsman visiting from Naples who understood the mechanism, and spent a year digging it out, lowering the basement floor, and rehabbing the oven's innards. Now they could really profit from their apprentice days at the Poilâne bakery in Paris. With a chunk out of the floor plan for retail and a stairwell for waiters running relays, that leaves small islands of space for the hungry.

Determined to make dinner of it at the tiny round tables crammed into the glass-walled café, we feel too tall and slightly bruised. Good-natured waiters can't help jostling as they slither by. But like the restaurant professionals who made the original Blue Ribbon their after-hours hangout, I like the wacko mix of caviar and matzoh-ball soup that is echoed here. There's a first-rate hamburger for $8.50 and filet mignon with a truffle sauce for $26. Start with pickled tongue or foie gras. Spread wonderful rillette on a baguette or share the "Belly Buster"—nine cured meats and Jarlsberg on a whole-wheat hero. Sip a $2.75 taste of wine or a $150 bottle of Chateauneuf-du-Pape.

The temporary computer-printout menu, still evolving, looks like a shopping list. Herring isn't listed as an appetizer; you find it under FISH. Look under MEAT for steak tartare and in GRILL for steak au poivre (as well as steamed lobster). Smoked, peppered bluefish stars in three acts: once on its own, then in mixed company (with scallops, mussels, salmon two ways, and chive cream cheese) on the excellent smoked-seafood plate. But I find it most delicious with goat cheese on thick cuts of raisin-walnut bread. Alas, for those with no discipline, the bread basket is never empty. Slices are thick and homey, just the way they ought to be. As soon as we've explored crusty country white, oatmeal, and the Jewish rye, whole bulbs of roasted garlic arrive, and we get busy probing for soft, pungent cloves to spread on still more bread. Then comes rustic toast for the foie gras, a homemade bun for my burger, and the luscious bulk of rye in a corned-beef sandwich with wimpy dills—"goyische pickles," the Road Food Warrior complains.

Did I think I was thwarting my addiction by starting with salads and vegetables in tapaslike servings for the table to share? There's scarcely room on the table for beets in vinaigrette, serrano peppers in vinegar, a salad of slightly too soused but delicious iceberg lettuce tossed with red-onion slivers, olives, and feta cheese (though the tasteless green beans need fixing). But then comes a small saucer of tomatoes and a portion of peppers, both intensified by slow oven-roasting, both served with marvelous anchovy aïoli that demands to be spread—and not on a lettuce leaf, sister. The aïoli and pickles are for sale

Rye playland: Blue Ribbon Bakery on Downing Street.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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in jars, along with the bread, which sounds cheap enough at $2 a pound until you consider $8 for a four-pound loaf of rye.

A week later, we are six, not the ideal count for café seating, so we escape from the casual fast-food feel upstairs to the small dining area in the cellar, where early birds have snagged the best table—a roomy round in one corner. With the no-reservations rule, I'm not sure I'd risk being six given the geography here. The only way to beat the system is to put in an advance claim on the handsome brick-walled private dining room overlooking the bakery action. You must be eight to ten or twelve skinny models, Bruce Bromberg says. But how long will they be skinny once they taste that brioche?

Something about this bare-brick space and the oddly organized menu puts me in the mood to share salads, the unpretentious chopped Caesar with house-baked croutons, of course, and a toss of tomatoes, grilled onion, and goat cheese on greens. Followed by the smoked-fish plate, it's the perfect late-night supper. Or I'd suggest capping off half a dozen vegetable saucers with sandwiches of wild-mushroom pâté, grilled vegetables on olive bread (anchovy aïoli essential), or shrimp salad on toasted challah—the shrimp tasting remarkably fresh and sweet in the proper measure of roasted-tomato mayonnaise. My mate insists on a side of fries. But I long for another go at the mashed potatoes, a miracle of modest lumps and immodest cream. Add a bottle of Domaine de l'Hortus from Languedoc for $36 or the Château Pavillon Bel Air from Pomerol for $39, and I don't really want an entrée. Somehow, duck breast or rack of lamb (entrées, $17.50 to $28) seems redundant, even though the squab is properly cooked and one evening's puff-pastry-wrapped veal stew elicits gasps at every table. Numb from rye overload, I can take only a tiny bite.

Anyone with willpower will want to save a corner of appetite for dessert. Rich chocolate Bruno, malted layer cake, or profiteroles, tender pillows filled with spectacular ice cream drowning in the best bittersweet chocolate. But the rustic rhubarb-strawberry pastries that mimic the apple tarts of Bromberg's Parisian mentor, Poilâne, don't work yet. And the hot-fudge sundae needs fudge, more of it, and it ought to be hot. Now the trick for me will be to exit through the bakery proper without a souvenir. Not even a small loaf for breakfast? Not even a cookie.

Blue Ribbon Bakery, 33 Downing Street, at Bedford Street (337-0404). Tuesday through Sunday, noon to 2 A.M.*; A.E., M.C., V.* ■

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Tobias *continued from page 62*

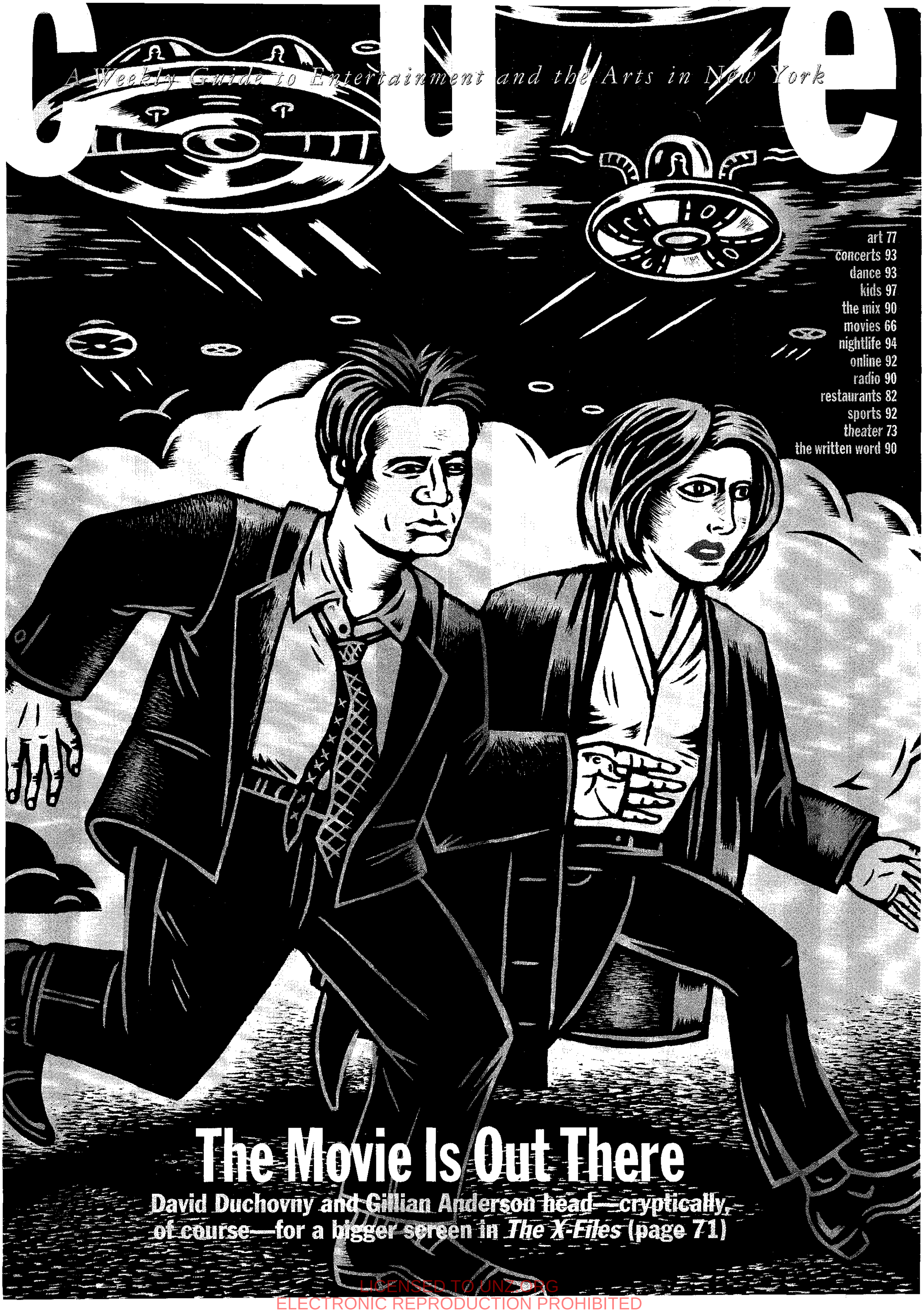
youngsters with an instinct for real art—will be discouraged by the vacuity of the choreography, the slackness of the narrative structure, the shallowness of all but the title character (danced delectably by Nina Ananiashvili), and an egregious lack of musicality in response to John Lanchbery's unfortunate assemblage of Tchaikovsky items, many of which offer no impulse for dancing.

The ballet, which has had myriad previous incarnations, some of them involving Tchaikovsky, is based on a Russian folk tale in which the title character, an emanation of wintry nature and its icy beauties, succumbs to a yearning for warmblooded human love, destroying herself, the object of her affections, and his bride-to-be in the process.

Clearly, Stevenson is trying to fashion a latter-day equivalent of grand nineteenth-century ballets like *The Sleeping Beauty,* but beyond failing to admit that times and tastes have changed (witness the disappearance of lesser works in the same genre that were contemporaneous with Petipa's masterpiece), he ignores Petipa's guidelines. Among these is making a clear separation—which provides stimulating contrast—of classical dancing, character dancing, and mime. Stevenson concocts an unholy blend of the first two and ignores the last, since most dancers today can't do it and most viewers have no patience for it, essential as this mode is to telling a dramatic story in a traditional-style dance.

Besides learning little from Petipa, Stevenson is guilty of more general aesthetic crimes like uncertainty of tone (he aims at poetry while telling crass jokes) and uncertainty of psychology: By the third act, the fiancée (staunchly danced by Kathleen Moore) is assigned material so crystalline in its purity, she might be the Snow Maiden's twin sister, not her lusty opposite. As the unfortunate hero, Angel Corella didn't even pretend to know what he was about, and shone only in his second-act solo, where the choreography rings a few interesting changes on his handful of gasp-producing virtuoso feats. Victor Barbee, a resourceful dramatic dancer, deserves a medal for making something touching out of the foolishly grotesque Father Frost, our heroine's dad. As the curtain fell on the final installment of Desmond Heeley's spun-sugar scenery and I was allowed to flee the premises, I wondered if it was a mark of ABT's desperation to please that it used one of its coaches, the celebrated former Kirov ballerina Irina Kolpakova, for a walk-on in the closing scene, so that her entrance could be applauded. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**



A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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The Movie Is Out There

David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson head—cryptically, of course—for a bigger screen in *The X-Files* (page 71)

movies

Henry Fool*...The Lost Glamour of Chasen's...*Hav Plenty

New Films

Almost Heroes—Chris Farley and Matthew Perry are explorers out to beat Lewis and Clark in charting the West. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Alpine; Kings Plaza.*

Artemisia—What's most interesting in this account of the art and semi-scandalous life of the Baroque-era female painter Artemisia Gentileschi is the details of how the paintings were done—the arrangements of studios, the management of light, the deployment of helpers and naked models in a period when heroic painting was as natural to Italians as movies are to us. The feminist issues are more obvious and more familiar, and Valentina Cervi, who has small features and a slender body, is not singular enough to bring them to life. If you are going to portray your heroine as a revolutionary, you had better not cast a young actress who purses her lips and holds herself in. (Denby; 5/25/98) (1 hr. 36 mins; R) *Sutton.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

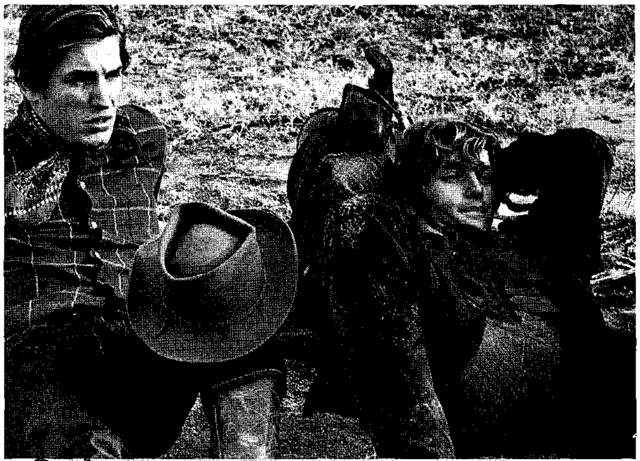
Beyond Silence—A hearing child of deaf parents learns to listen to her heart. Nominated for an Academy Award as best foreign-language film. Directed by Caroline Link. Subtitled. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *34th Street Showplace.*

Broadway Damage—Three roommates aspiring to fame and fortune in theatre, musical comedy, and magazine journalism find themselves in the real world. With Mara Hobel, Hugh Panaro, and Aaron Williams. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★Bulworth—A thrillingly dangerous political comedy. Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) has fallen into a hapless funk. Yes, years ago, he hung out with Bobby Kennedy, but in recent days, Bulworth has been attacking "welfare cheaters" and taking up other modishly conservative positions, and now he stands for nothing at all. The senator, in utter misery, hires a professional hit man. He's going to die—what has he got to lose? In the final days of his campaign, he races around California telling off his constituents. *Bulworth*, which Beatty directed and also wrote (with Jeremy Pikser and—uncredited—Aaron Sorkin) turns into wild, disorderly farce. The movie is a comedy, but Beatty has set off an explosion beneath the thick, insulated floorboards of American politics. Bulworth goes well beyond the usual late-night-TV attack on political correctness: It says that our politics are now so completely devoted to propitiatory lies that anyone who speaks candidly would have to be—by definition—half-crazy. Here is a populist left-wing movie, the first in years, and it offers its protest over the abandonment of liberalism not in the pained, earnest tones of, say, an editorial in *The Nation*, but as a blast of craziness and scorn. The movie is a scandal, an outrage—and irresistibly entertaining. (Denby; 5/18/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Alpine; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Continental; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Can't Hardly Wait—Graduating senior Jennifer Love Hewitt preens and frets at the final party. With Ethan Embry, Charlie Korsmo, and Lauren Ambrose. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay II; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*



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MOMA shows off its latest cinematic acquisitions and restorations during "A View From the Vaults," a special summer series detailing one of the world's finest film collections. Recent additions to the museum's more than 14,000 titles include Thomas Edison's 1893 effort, 'Blacksmith Shop,' Andy Warhol's 'Lonesome Cowboys' (above), and South Korea's 1993 family epic, 'Sopyonje.' Starts June 19, through September 12. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center.*

Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *The Screening Room.*

Cousin Bette—Jessica Lange is a bitter old shrew who wreaks havoc on her aristocratic family. Based on the story by Honoré de Balzac. Also starring Elisabeth Shue, Bob Hoskins, Hugh Laurie, and Kelly MacDonald. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Day at the Beach—A ravioli-factory worker and his friends and family head to the beach and get involved in the mob. Written and directed by Nick Veronis. With Patrick Fitzgerald, Neal Jones, Catherine Kellner and Jane Adams. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Deep Impact—A huge comet is heading this way, and the world is about to end. And what do the unlucky earthlings do? It's mainly what they don't do that astonishes me. They don't splurge, they don't drink champagne, they don't experiment with interesting sexual possibilities. Robert Duvall, as the levelheaded boss of a spaceship trying to intercept the comet, reads *Moby Dick* to one of the less literate younger crew members. The president of the United States, Morgan Freeman, talks turkey to the public: He tells us we will die. I have been

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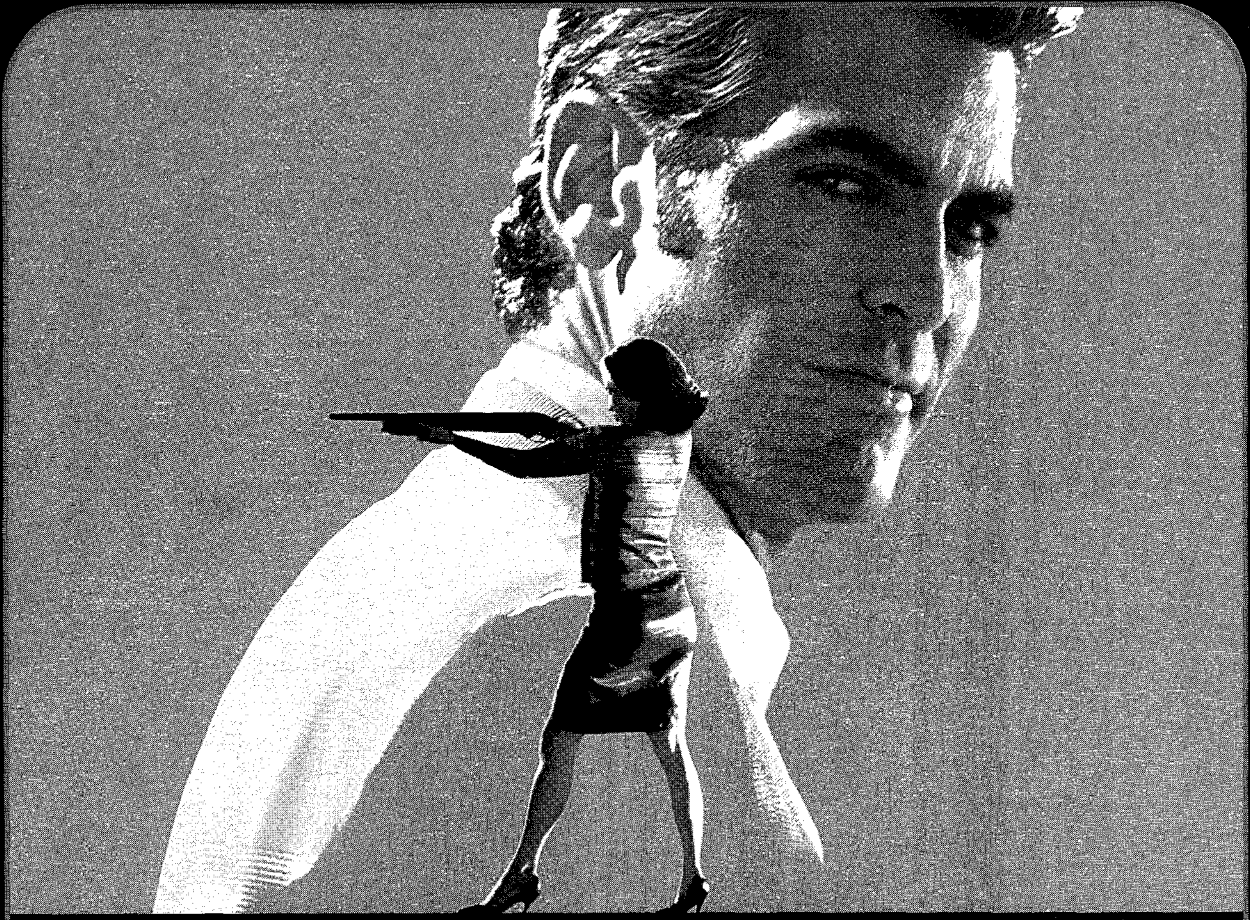

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OPENS NATIONWIDE ON JUNE 26TH

known to complain about the hollowly ironic manner of the recent big spectacles, but I don't know that I was longing for a literal-minded, "sensitive" movie about the end of the world. The filmmakers treat us as if we were badly in need of instruction as to how to behave on that mighty day. So we learn: Head for the high ground. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fiancé when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Dirty Work—Two childhood friends discover they can make a business out of their knack for plotting revenge. Starring Norm Macdonald, Chevy Chase, Don Rickles, and Artie Lange. Directed by Bob Saget. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Disenchanted—Judith Godrèche is a beautiful 17-year-old Parisian who in three days becomes involved with three men. Directed by Benoit Jacquot. Subtitled. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dream for an Insomniac—Ione Skye is a coffee-loving aspiring actress who finally meets the perfect guy 48 hours before she moves to Los Angeles. Filmed in 1996. With Jennifer Aniston, Mackenzie Astin,and Seymour Cassel. Written and directed by Tiffanie DeBartolo. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Sutton.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The Farm—An intimate portrait of the lives of prisoners in Angola, America's largest maximum-security prison. Winner of the Sundance Grand Jury Prize. Directed by Jonathan Stack and Liz Garbus. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas—Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro are Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo in this highly inventive film adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's psychedelic novel. Also starring Ellen Barkin, Gary Busey, Cameron Diaz, Harry Dean Stanton, and Christina Ricci. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Beekman; 84th Street; Fresh Meadows.*

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. It's true that a rather large creature shows up now and then, but you can't always see more than a part of him, and when you do, he's half in darkness. The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it. There is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished by a taxi-crushing foot. But this boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

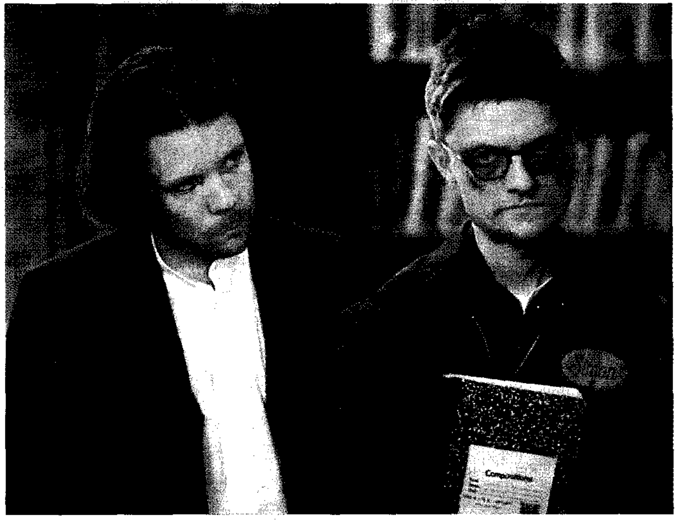
The Hanging Garden—A gay man returns home after a ten-year absence and reconciles his past with his present. Starring Sarah Polley, Kerry Fox, Peter MacNeil, and Chris Leavins. Directed by Thom Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Hav Plenty—A poor, struggling writer falls for a wealthy career woman on New Year's Eve in Washington, D.C. Written and directed by first-timer Chris Cherot, it stars Cherot, Chenoa Maxwell, and Robinne Lee. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Opens 6/19.*

★**He Got Game**—Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time for murder, receives a weeklong leave to persuade his own son—the hottest prospect in the country—to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth (Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role) and the problem is that Jesus hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros and, in the middle of a heated argument, killed Jesus's mother. The father-son relationship—the missing connection in black life—has a slightly corny feeling here but at least it's strongly acted and brilliantly staged. Around this drama, Lee arrays the spectacle of enormous success in a poor and depressed neighborhood. Jake's son, a presumptive basketball millionaire, is leaving home, and people want to grab a piece of him—or pull him down. In the real world, removed from the idealism of lonely shooters, basketball is drenched in money, envy, and betrayal. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad. (Denby; 5/11/98) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Kings Plaza; Fresh Meadows.*

Opening
Fool's Gold

Indie auteur Hal Hartley ruminates on life's unexpected bounty—and the commitments that go with it—in 'Henry Fool,' a lengthy, touching story of a tongue-tied New Jersey garbageman (James Urbaniak, below right, with Thomas Jay Ryan) who is transformed into a cutting-edge poet by his perverted houseguest. Starts June 19 at Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza.



Photograph by Richard Sylvarnes/Sony Pictures Classics.

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, Parker Posey, Kevin Corrigan, and Miho Nikaido. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Opens 6/19 at Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**High Art**—A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the SoHo apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Hope Floats—A small-town girl returns from the big city with her daughter in tow, and is reminded of the person she used to be. Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr., and Gina Rowlands. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Horse Whisperer—I cannot imagine that this film would have been anything but a very soft pillow to lay one's head on without Kristin Scott Thomas. One is soothed by it, bored by it, touched by it. One is grateful when it is over. The basic idea of the story is no more than "What if Anna Wintour fell in love with a cowboy?" Kristin Scott Thomas plays Annie MacLean, a strong-willed Brit magazine editor in New York. Annie's horse-loving daughter, Grace (Scarlett Johansson), suffers a terrible accident and loses a leg; the horse, Pilgrim, bashed by a truck and badly scarred, rears and kicks when anyone comes near. But Annie takes action; she packs up her damaged daughter and horse, leaves her husband (Sam Neill) in Manhattan, and heads for Montana and the ministrations of the famous horse trainer Tom Booker (Redford). Tom lets the horse, the girl, the woman—all unhappy creatures—express their misery before he turns them, with a gentle hand, back to their true nature. It's a fantasy, of course, a fantasy directed at women, of a man who is sexually powerful but never aggressive. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Marboro; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld.*

I Got the Hook-Up—Two guys sell cell phones out of their van and get in trouble with the FBI. Starring Master P., A. J. Johnson, and Gretchen Palmer. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; State; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Fortway; Kenmore; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay; Elmwood.*

Insomnia—A police investigator sent to northern Norway to solve a young girl's murder begins to unravel as he searches for her killer. Starring Stellan Skarsgard. Subtitled. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

La Vie de Jésus—A small-town slacker with not much going on but his girlfriend tires to fend off her potential suitor. Subtitled. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Land Girls—Three girls join Britain's Women's Land Army and tend fields while their men are fighting WWII. Starring Catherine McCormack, Rachel Weisz, and Anna Friel. Directed by David Leland. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman drains the life out of a potentially terrific subject—the end of that period in which a thumping beat and drugs made nightlife in Manhattan an ecstatic release. His clubgoers, by contrast, are prattling yuppies; they don't want to lose themselves, they want to seek status. This may have been intended as a satirical idea, but it doesn't play as funny. The men (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard) are so boring, weak, and self-absorbed that one can hardly tell them apart. The women, at least, come off a little better. Chloë Sevigny, as a respectable girl who works in publishing, is charming, and Kate Beckinsale as her malicious colleague might have been charming, too, if only her character wasn't such a dummy. Yet I suppose there is hope: If Stillman preserves his female characters as carefully he does the male ones, these two may have further conversational adventures. In a Paris café, they could talk about the propriety of public smoking; in a Mexican whorehouse, about the wearing of mantillas at funerals; and so on. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre; Continental.*

Little Boy Blue—A boy's life in a small town is dominated by his sadistic Vietnam-vet father until a stranger brings some normalcy into the mix. Starring Ryan Phillippe, John Savage, and Nastassja Kinski. Directed by Antonio Tibaldi. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

Marie Baie Des Anges—Two teenagers run wild on the Riviera and get into serious trouble. Starring newcomers Vahina Giocante and Frederic Malgras. Directed by Manuel Pradal. In French, with subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Mr. Jealousy—Eric Stoltz is a man so obsessed with his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend that he begins attending the guy's group-therapy sessions under an assumed name. Starring Annabella Sciorra, Chris Eigeman, Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Peter Bogdanovich, Bridget Fonda, and Carlos Jacott. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Opens Friday.*

Off the Menu: The Last Days of Chasen's—A documentary of famed Hollywood restaurant and the stars who loved it, filmed during the establishment's closing weeks. Directed by Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini. (About 2 hours; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

The Opposite of Sex—See Denby, page 49. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Cinemart; Hylan Plaza.*

Passion in the Desert—A young French soldier in Egypt hides in the ruins of an ancient city and encounters a leopard. Based on a novella by Honoré de Balzac. Directed by Lavinia Currier. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Pavilion Theatre.*

★A Perfect Murder—Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. We don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the

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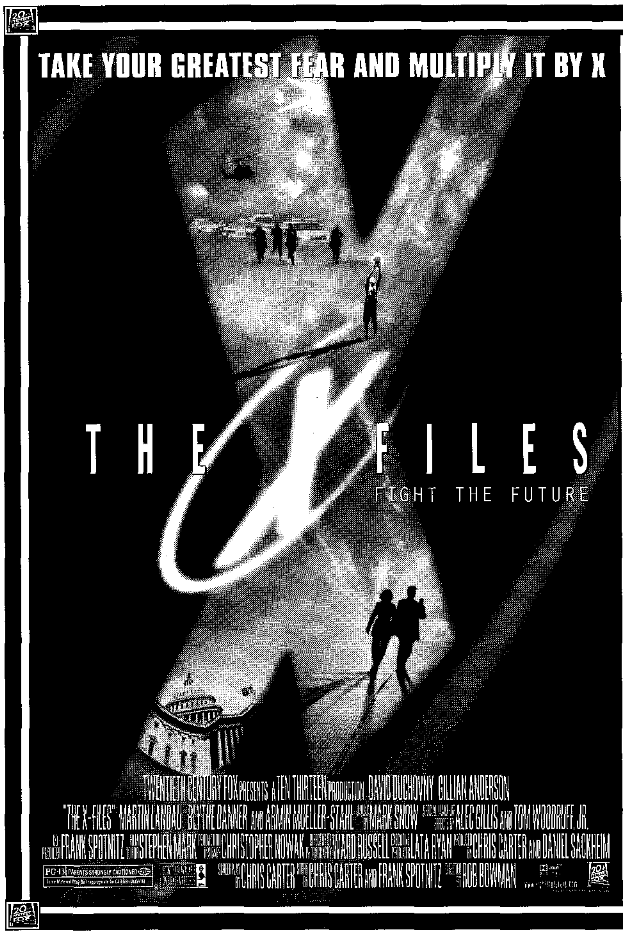
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movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that this film is based on the same Frederick Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive*, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. A very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. (Denby; 6/15/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Opening

House Party

In the witty 'Hav Plenty,' a handsome slacker spends New Year's Eve weekend with his old friend and her extended family—and finally recognizes his attraction to her. The Sundance favorite (starring, left, first-time writer and director Chris Cherot and aloof beauty Chenoa Maxwell) opens June 19.

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Quest for Camelot—The animated story of Kayley, a girl who wants to be a knight of the Round Table just like her late father. Voices by Gary Oldman, Gabriel Byrne, Bronson Pinchot, Cary Elwes, Pierce Bronson, Jane Seymour, Sir John Gielgud, and Don Rickles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; Continental; Main Street Cinemas.*

Six Days, Seven Nights—See Denby, page 49. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; UA East; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–3; 84th Street; Cinema City.*

★The Spanish Prisoner—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Titanic—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–3; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Alpine; Fresh Meadows.*

Tokyo Fist—Writer-director Shinya Tsukamoto (*Tetsuo: Iron Man* and *Tetsuo: Body Hammer*) returns with the story of a love triangle among an insurance salesman, his fiancée, and his old high-school pal. Subtitled. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is rapidly turning into the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), a television "creator," who wields absolute power from his control room. In any case, the movie is being praised not so much for its craft as for its alleged "subversive" implications—the media-age critique, the metaphysics of illusion and inauthenticity—but it's too vague in its metaphors to mean much of anything. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Two Girls and a Guy—Two young women (Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner) think they are the girlfriend of the actor Blake (Robert Downey Jr.), and each has been lied to. The two women break into Blake's loft and wait for him. James Toback shot the movie very cheaply and quickly (in eleven days), and he's moved in a little too close to his actresses and forced them to run through their lines under great pressure. But whe Downey enters, the camera backs off, an Downey fills the loft with his personality. He sit down at the piano and sings a torch song. Th women come out of hiding, jump all over him and he lies and retreats. His defense is that he' telling an actor's truth in sexual relationships—h can be whatever he needs to be; therefore, h means what he says when he tells each woma that he loves her. This is nonsense, of course, bu it's very revealing of Downey himself. *Two Girl and a Guy* isn't a satisfying movie, but Downey i alarmingly brilliant in it—a man locked in torment who can't find the way out. Let's pray thi isn't one of his last performances. (Denby; 5/4/98 (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances)—A Frenc family reunite and pick one another apart at suburban café. Directed by Cedric Klapisch (*Whe the Cat's Away*). Winner of three Césars. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Under the Skin—An unnerving and brilliant littl English movie that was written and directed b Carine Adler. In Liverpool, a mother (Rita Tushingham) has two daughters named after flowers There is Rose (Claire Rushbrook), the favorite who is pregnant and happily married, and Iri (Morton), the younger—single, rebellious, an unloved. When the mother suddenly dies, Iris feel nothing—or nothing that she can bring to th surface—and she pitches into a downward spira of alcoholism and sex. Prowling the streets like prostitute, Iris is a little crazy, yet she's also just self-hating girl hungry for connection. Samanth Morton, who is 20, abandons herself to acting in way that no young American actress would dare Some of the sex scenes are squalid, but the movie itself couldn't be more delicate in feeling. It's fairy tale, after all: No frog prince appears, but the movie doesn't end in an alley, either. Carine Adle has made a genuinely erotic film without a tinge of exploitation. A triumphant debut. (Denby 6/8/98) (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *North Shore Towers.*

When I Close My Eyes—A woman mourning the los of her fiancé comes to terms with her grief by trying to communicate with him. Starring Mih Nakayama and Takashi Kashiwabara. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East.*

Wilde—Stephen Fry is the Irish playwright in thi exploration of his life and his passionate affair with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas (Jude Law). Also starring Jennifer Ehle, Vanessa Redgrave, and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Brian Gilbert. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Pari Theatre; 62nd and Broadway.*

Woo—On the advice of her psychic friend, a woman agrees to a blind date with a Virgo. Starring Jada Pinkett Smith, David Chappelle, L.L. Cool J., Tommy Davidson, and Foxy Brown. Directed by Daisy v.S. Mayer (*Party Girl*). (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Bay Plaza; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The X-Files—Mulder and Scully hit the big screen. With David Duchovny, Gillian Anderson, Martin Landau, Blythe Danner, and Armin Mueller-Stahl. Directed by Rob Bowman. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Beyond Silence; Bulworth; Cousin Bette; High Art; The Opposite of Sex; Passion in the Desert; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *La Vie de Jésus; Tokyo Fist.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Disenchanted; The Farm; Marie Baie Des Anges.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Broadway Damage; Déjà Vu; Insomnia; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances); Wilde.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Clockwatchers; A Day at the Beach.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *I Got the Hook Up; Can't Hardly Wait; The*

Photograph from Miramax Films.

Hanging Garden; Mr. Jealousy; Six Days, Seven Nights; Sliding Doors; The Spanish Prisoner.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Deep Impact; Hope Floats.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Quest for Camelot; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; Hope Floats; Sliding Doors.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Bulworth.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bulworth; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *When I Close My Eyes.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Truman Show.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Cousin Bette; Passion in the Desert; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Bulworth.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Can't Hardly Wait; City of Angels; Dirty Work; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Hope Floats.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Sliding Doors.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Sliding Doors; Titanic.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Horse Whisperer.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Wilde.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *I Got the Hook Up; Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Artemisia; The Horse Whisperer.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Big Lebowski; Les Misérables; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Object of My Affection; The Odd Couple II.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Bulworth.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bulworth; Dirty Work.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Deep Impact; Dirty Work; The Last Days of Disco; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Can't Hardly Wait; Godzilla; Hope Floats.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The Truman Show.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Six Days, Seven Nights.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Wilde.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; Sliding Doors.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beyond Silence; Cousin Bette; Insomnia; The Last Days of Disco; The Spanish Prisoner; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances).*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Can't Hardly Wait; Dirty Work; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; L5–First City in Space; Into the Deep; Four Million House Guests.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bulworth; A Perfect Murder.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Deep Impact; Dirty Work; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Godzilla; The Truman Show.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *I Got the Hook Up; Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; Woo.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *I Got the Hook Up; Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *I Got the Hook Up; Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Brooklyn

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Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dirty Work; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *I Got the Hook Up; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Godzilla; He Got Game; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *I Got the Hook Up; Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; Woo.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Bulworth; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Last Days of Disco; Paulie; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Dirty Work; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; City of Angels; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Godzilla; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors.*

Opening
The Final Answer

Some clues to help you through the super-secret *X-Files* exegesis: Trust no one (especially FEMA officials), always have a global positioning system handy (preferably in corn fields), and beware all white planes and trucks with *no markings on them.* Beyond that, you're on your own. Starts June 19.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Deep Impact; Dirty Work; The Horse Whisperer; The Opposite of Sex; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bulworth; Godzilla; The Last Days of Disco; Quest for Camelot.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; Dirty Work; A Perfect Murder.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-

Photograph by Merrick Morton/Twentieth Century Fox.

4770) *I Got the Hook Up; The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Paulie; Sliding Doors.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Titanic.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Chinese Box; A Price Above Rubies; Under the Skin.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Dirty Work; Godzilla.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Horse Whisperer.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Opposite of Sex; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bulworth; Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Dirty Work; Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Documentary

Serving the Stars

Celebrities are kinder than you and I. Or so says Raymond Bilbool. Bilbool should know: The former Chasen's staffer ran the banquet business for seventeen years at the now-shuttered Sunset Boulevard hotspot. "For example," he explains, "Elizabeth Taylor came to a cocktail party and she was deep in conversation with Robert Wagner. I trepidatiously approached to find out what they'd like to drink, and I thought, 'Oh, I can't interrupt them.' And she just stopped her conversation and acknowledged me." He pauses. "And I will *never* forget that." Such is the humble servitude of a staff that kept the restaurant open for 58 years, and it's awesome to behold in *Off the Menu: The Last Days of Chasen's* (opening Friday at Quad Cinemas). The legendary restaurant—birthplace of the Shirley Temple "cocktail" and Dean Martin's favorite drink, the Flame of Love (a fiery mix of vodka, sherry, and orange rind, as seen below)—is celebrated as a place where stars like Frank Sinatra and super-producers like David Brown drank heavily and forged relationships (of a sort) with those who served their food and checked their coats. Even in its death throes (it closed in April 1995), when customers started stealing lamps and nouveaux celebs like Courtney Love popped in for the final Oscar party, the restaurant remained glamorous. And the staff took their jobs seriously to the end—especially Bilbool, who in the film darts around the dining room barking orders like a drill sergeant. "Working at Chasen's was like going to a party," he says. "I didn't consider it work at all. You dressed nicely in a tuxedo, you ate good food, and you saw wonderful people who were dressed up. It was probably one of the most glamorous jobs in the world—if you didn't mind picking up a dirty tray or two." Bilbool still meets up with former Chasen's staff members (like bartender Pepé Ruiz, left, the creator of Martin's concoction) over dinner in West Hollywood, but he can't bring himself to work at another restaurant. Instead, he caters the occasional party for old friends like Mrs. Lew Wasserman and owns a successful bed-and-breakfast behind the Chateau Marmont, where, he admits wistfully, "I don't really have celebrity guests. They're just ordinary people."

PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by Joanne Dugan.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/28: "Indie New York." 6/20: *Bad Lieutenant* (1992) and *Laws of Gravity* (1992). 6/21: *A Bronx Tale* (1993) and *Mac* (1993). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520).

Anthology Film Archives—6/16: Three Sisters (1977). 6/20–6/23: *Z* (1968). "Cinémathèque Française." 6/18 and 6/20: *India* (1958). 6/19–6/21: *Tih-Minh Part I* (1918). 6/21: *The Family Honor* (1920). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 6/20: *Maria Candelaría* (1947). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/22: *An Affair to Remember* (1957). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—6/21: *Go West, Young Man* (1936). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Romantic Comedies." 6/17: *The Dot and the Line: A Romance in Higher Mathematics* (1965) and *Desk Set* (1957). 6/17: *The Dot and the Line: A Romance in Higher Mathematics* (1965) and *Desk Set* (1957). "Recent Gay and Lesbian Documentaries." 6/18: *Paris Was a Woman* (1996). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Human Rights Watch Festival." 6/16: *Death Sentence* (1997), *We Are Not Your Monkeys* (1996), *Rezistans* (1997). 6/16–6/18: *A Letter Without Words* (1997) and *A Quiet Laugh* (1997). 6/16 and 6/21–6/22: *Gerrie & Louise* (1997). 6/17 and 6/19 and 6/23: *Eternal Memory: Voices From the Great Terror* (1997). 6/17 and 6/19–6/20: *Vertical Love* (1997). 6/17 and 6/21: *Four Women of Egypt* (1997). 6/18–6/20: *Paulina* (1997) and *Repetition Compulsion* (1997). 6/18–6/19 and 6/21: *Sacrifice* (1998) and *In My Father's House* (1997). 6/18 and 6/20–6/21: *The Murmuring* (1995). 6/20 and 6/22: *Beyond Barbed Wire* (1997) and *Visa & Virtues* (1997). 6/22–6/24: *Crossroads* (1997) and *The Draughtsman Clash* (1996). 6/22 and 6/24–6/25: *Marian* (1996) and *2½ Weeks in Paradise* (1997). 6/23–6/25: *Coming Out* (1989). 6/23–6/25: *Inside Bedford Stuyvesant* (1968) and *Melvin Van Peebles' Classified X* (1997). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Young French Cinema: First Films by French Filmmakers." 6/16: *Les Gens Normaux N'ont Rein d'Exceptionnel* (1994). 6/23 *Personne Ne M'aime* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 6/19: *Contempt* (1963) and *Everyone Says I Love You* (1996). 6/20: *Lone Star* (1996) and *Sopyonje* (1993). 6/21–6/22: *Barton Fink* (1991) and *The Searchers* (1956). 6/23: *Unforgiven* (1992). "Coming Apart: Films from 1968 and Thereabouts." 6/16: *Andrei Roublev* (1969) and *Death by Hanging* (1968). 6/16 and 6/18: *Coming Apart* (1969). 6/18: *Ulysses* (1967) and *The Money Order* (1968). 6/19: *The Shame* (1968) and *Ice* (1970). 6/19–6/20: *The Cow* (1971). 6/19 and 6/21: *Naked Childhood a.k.a. Me* (1968). 6/20: *Futz* (1969). 6/21: *Camille 2000* (1969). 6/22: *Wheel of Ashes* (1968). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of June: *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* (1976). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Saturday Night Fever* (1977). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

William Finn...*Villa Villa*...Chicken Soup

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 6/25 re-opening. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets,* she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 6/19 for a 7/16 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening

Ideas Unpleasant

In 'You Never Can Tell,' opening Sunday at the Roundabout, George Bernard Shaw examines some of his favorite themes: the rifts between the generations, the genteel war between the sexes, the hypocrisy of the monied class, the absurdities of marriage. The comedy, about an emancipated woman who bumps into her ex-husband at a resort, concludes with one of his most famous observations ever: "All matches are unwise. It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; and it's unwise to live, and it's wise to die."

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/28. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Opening

Flying Circus

'Villa Villa,' a thunderous, industrious creation from Argentina's De La Guarda, is one 70-minute special effect, and it will either grate or elate, depending on your tastes. The show takes place entirely above the audience's heads—standing is required for the full length of the performance—and the music is a hard, steady gale of Euro-techno-quick-fetch-me-an-aspirin rage. But the troupe, an attractive bunch of would-be acrobats, suspended from the ceiling by ropes and pullies, does the darnedest things: jogs up walls, turns mid-air figure eights, swings through artificial rainstorms. The effect is a cross between a sketch by M. C. Escher and a concert by M.C. Hammer. Or, perhaps, a performance by Pilobolus—reenacted by skydivers. Opens Tuesday at the Daryl Roth Theatre in Union Square.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songboo Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonn scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (W keep forgettin'.) A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Bu yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for th first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nu turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays th widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easil detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate eac other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3 Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so w get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherishe showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Ton Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securitie time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. a 3. Through 6/28. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for i Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Nei Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/5/98. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Lillian—David Cale's wistful, gentle one-man show about a middle-aged woman who falls in love with a man half her age. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Playwrights Horizons' Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Love's Fire—A collection of seven original playlets from John Guare, Tony Kushner, Eric Bogosian, William Finn, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein, all inspired by Shakespeare's sonnets. Performed by the Acting Company. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 6/19 for a 6/22 opening. *The Public's Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Love's Fowl—A multimedia puppet opera about Chicken Little, or *La Pulcina Piccola,* who famously believes the world is about to end. With clothespin creatures by Susan J. Vitucci and music by *Dreamgirls'* Henry Krieger. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 6/17 opening. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).

A New Brain—Shortly after winning a pair of Tonys for *Falsettos,* William Finn was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery and told that his

Photograph courtesy of De La Guarda.

songwriting ability might be forever compromised. This new musical, which he also created with James Lapine, is an autobiographical account of the anguished and introspective period Finn spent in a hospital bed, contemplating the possibility of a more limited future. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

lunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 6/23 opening. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

iakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizing the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 6/24 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

'he Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder won a Pulitzer for it; now the Public is making it its first Central Park offering of the season. Starring John Goodman, Kristen Johnston, and Frances Conroy; directed by Irene Lewis. Free. Call for specific showtimes. In previews for a 6/28 opening. *Delacorte Theater in Central Park (539-8750).*

imoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

'illa Villa—De La Guarda, a young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part ballet—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. In previews for a 6/16 opening. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

'ou Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/21 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Now Playing

ls Thousands Cheer—Irving Berlin's 1933 satire of the famous and well-to-do. With sketches by Moss Hart; starring B. D. Wong and Judy Kuhn. $12. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow Street. (541-8441).*

lunt Chooch's Birthday—The old broad turns 75 and you're invited. More interactive theater from *Tony 'n' Tina* director Larry Pellegrini with dinner, dancing, and lots of family squabbling. $65. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman (*ER*, *Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/11. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Fishkin Touch—Jewish Repertory Theatre presents a new musical about Boris Fishkin, 1910 matinee idol of the Second Avenue Theatre. Book by David Javerbaum, lyrics by Lenore Skenazy and music by Greg Armbruster. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 6/28. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Reopens 6/10. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

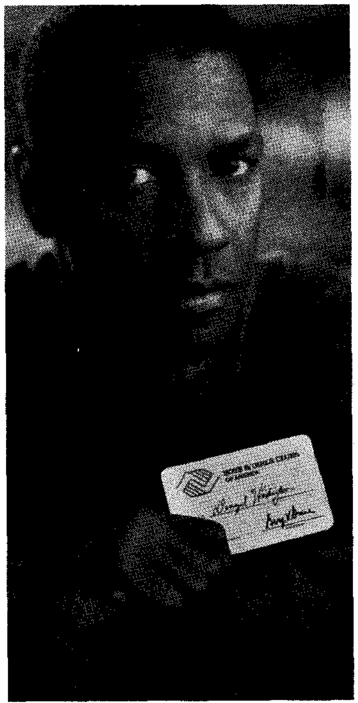
Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandittel* from Queens,

Opening

Finn's Amphibians

Chip Zien is devolving. In *Falsettos,* the last musical by William Finn, he played a shrink. In *A New Brain,* Finn's newest, he plays a bullfrog. A malevolent, officious, vigorously irritating bullfrog—eating bugs rather than exposing them, and guest-starring in nightmares rather than analyzing them. Were it not for the fact that Mr. Bungee—that's this frog's name, Bungee—sings a nice, inspirational song at play's end, he'd be a thoroughly reprehensible creature, a *villain,* a *toad.* But Zien insists the role is a good career . . . leap. "In *Falsettos,*" says the actor, who, with his hooded eyes and bespectacled face, kind of looks like a hybrid of a shrink and a bullfrog, "I always used to complain that the passion was in the other songs, while I had to be the twitty, menschy guy." As far as Zien is concerned, his character, whom Finn recently created in order to up the dramatic stakes and smooth the story's currents, is also a symptom of a more highly evolved composer-playwright. "Bill's work used to be more dreamlike," muses Zien, a friend of Finn's for twenty years. "Now there's more of a narrative line, so you don't get scared as you're watching his material. It's recognizable as a work of art." And, in this case, as an autobiography: The protagonist of *A New Brain* is Gordon Michael Schwinn (rhymes *with . . .), an amiable gay songwriter who suddenly collapses* from a rare brain condition, just as Finn did in 1992. Schwinn is told, as Finn was, that the surgery required to save his life could kill him—or, worse, maim him and rob him of his ability to compose. The situation sounds morbid, hardly the stuff of a sweet, whimsical musical, but the show moves fluidly between moving and amusing moments. Mr. Bungee, a diabolically *cheerful kids' show host ("Hey there, tadpoles! Are we having a fungee-Bungee good time?")* and Schwinn's employer, adds to this calibrated mix of comedy and pathos by pestering the songwriter about upcoming projects and scooting around the stage on an electric-green bicycle. Yet he's still the kindest character Zien has played in months; this summer, he's a *villain in Brian De Palma's Snake Eyes* and a conniving political operative in a new espionage thriller by Ed Zwick. "I'm croaking my way into people's everlasting disfavor," says Zien. "But I'm older now. I'm allowed to be angry." (See listings.) JENNIFER SENIOR

Photograph by Joan Marcus.


Denzel Washington

Put this card in the hands of a child and there'll be no room for a gun. A needle. Or a knife.

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BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. Through 6/27. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Jello Is Always Red—A three-person musical revue by Clark Gesner, who did the book, music, and lyrics to *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. Songs in this one include "The Peanut Butter Affair" and "There Is Always Some More Toothpaste in the Tube." $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Jodie's Body—A one-woman play about art, the body, and the fall of apartheid. Written and performed by the Uganda-raised actress Aviva Jane Carlin. $18. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Mon. at 8. Opened 5/4/98. *Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour*, in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival—Manhattan Theatre Club presents a trio of cabaret acts, each with its own three-week engagement in venues about town. Now crooning: the redoutable James Naughton. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Runs through 6/19. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mr. Peter's Connections—Peter Falk returns to the New York stage for the first time in 27 years to do this original Arthur Miller play, which the playwright completed this season as Signature Theatre's artist-in-residence. Garry Hynes, the force behind *The Beauty Queen of Leenane*, directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/21. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Once in a Lifetime—Atlantic Theater Company presents the Kaufman and Hart comedy about a trio of vaudevillians who stormtroop a Hollywood studio. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/18. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Pera Palas—Set in the Istanbul hotel by the same name, this drama by Sinan Unel roams over nearly 100 years and tells three separate stories, all of people trying to build a bridge—not just to the new millennium, but over the Bosphorus, in order to reconcile Turkey's past with its present. Starring Lou Liberatore and Turkey's leading stage and film actor, Ali Poyrazoglu. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/28. *McGinn Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (246-8355).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, an trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50 Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:3 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. Through 7/5. *Big Top a Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo an Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy' many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is decent amount of merriment to be had from thi revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymou travel guide, this show by a number of hand pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from th hopeless phone calls for airline reservations t the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tunefu *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97. $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour befor curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. an Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, an energetic show in which a troupe of performer dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything i sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7 Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stupid Kids—John C. Russell's black comedy about quartet of four suburban teenagers. Directed b Michael Mayer. $30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 an 8. Through 6/27. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St (206-0523).*

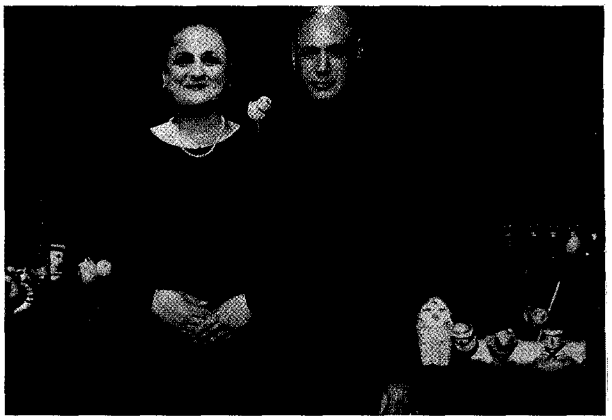
Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John' Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—an it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2 Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars i this new comedy about a relationship between young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Opening

A Poultry Affair

Whose doomed worldview is better suited to opera than Chicken Little's, or that of *La Pulcina Piccola*, who believes the sky will imminently fall? *Dreamgirls* composer Henry Krieger and puppeteer-playwright Susan J. Vitucci have teamed up to tell the panic-stricken chicken's tale in *Love's Fowl*, a multimedia clothespin-puppet opera opening Wednesday at the New York Theatre Workshop.



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

art

Peggy Guggenheim...Pierre Bonnard

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Frank Stella—Prints, paper collages, wall reliefs, and sculpture from the nineties; through 6/26. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Joseph Stella—A selection of paintings and works on paper focusing on the artist's nature subjects; through 6/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Melinda Stickney-Gibson/Nancy Cohen—Lyrical abstractions painted on the covers of small books/Assemblages of handmade paper and familiar objects. Through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Robert Berlind—Small on-site and large studio paintings of reflective surfaces of streams and ponds and of the woods near the artist's summer home in the Catskills; through 7/17. DeNagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980), who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Ynez Johnston—Mixed-media paintings combining symbols, calligraphy, and jigsaw geometry; through 7/10. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, and prints from all periods of the artist's career; through 7/23. Kruger, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

McDermott & McGough—"Sentimental Education," a set of eight photogravures depicting the artists' clothing and studio and household belongings; through 8/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Isamu Noguchi—A selection of basalt and granite sculptures and fountains that were made by the artist in the eighties at his studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, many of which have not been exhibited outside of Japan; through 6/26. Pace-Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Anne Ryan—Collages from the fifties; through 7/31. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dove Bradshaw—Recent sculpture that continues the artist's investigation of indeterminacy; through 6/27. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Kelly Anne Burns/Robert Straight—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by both; through 7/11. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Conway & Pratt—*A Woman's Work Is Never Done*, a multimedia installation that examines the traditional roles of American women, by Noni Pratt and Merry Conway; through 6/21. Hudson Square, 200 Hudson St. (334-9365). Free; admission by reservation only.

Angus Fairhurst—New paintings that depict simple images of English forests in primary colors, and photographs that show the artist as a dreamer in the woods; through 6/27. Kern, 558 Broadway (966-1706).

Jane Kaplowitz/Dave Muller—Wall drawings and works on paper/Drawings, watercolors, and paintings. Through 7/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project 1977–1997* that consists of five color projections with musical soundtracks by the Poetics, an artists' rock band that Kelley and Oursler were members of in the seventies and eighties; through 7/31. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753). See Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler under "Solo Shows, Chelsea."

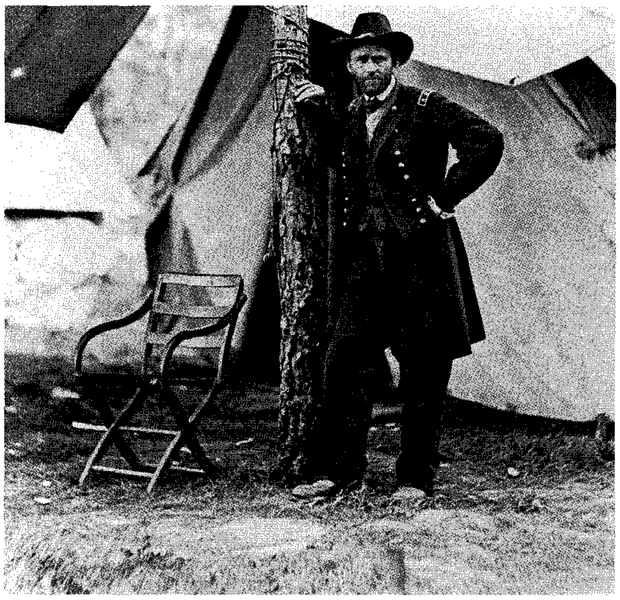
Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography

Brady Bunch

A century before Warhol and Leibovitz, one man reigned as undisputed master of American celebrity photography. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art" surveys the career of the preeminent Civil War photographer and portraitist of Abraham Lincoln, Jenny Lind, Walt Whitman, Ulysses S. Grant (below), and others. At the International Center of Photography Midtown, 1133 Sixth Avenue, at 43rd Street; through September 6.



Norman Lewis—Atmospheric abstract paintings from the sixties that have not previously been exhibited; through 7/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Tom Marioni—New drawings; through 6/27. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Thom Merrick—Wall reliefs of "handwritten" words constructed from copper tubing; through 7/31. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; through 6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Sergei Parajanov/Valery Bojakchian—Collaborative collages; through 6/27. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Marc Quinn—Cast-bronze, rubber, and polyurethane sculptures on the subject of mortality, by a British artist known for his work incorporating human bodily fluids; through 7/2. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Daniel Spoerri—Works from the artist's archives on loan from the Swiss National Library of Switzerland, as well as pieces that are pertinent to his stay in the New York in 1963–64; through 7/3. Swiss Institute of New York, 595 Broadway (925-2035).

Tabboo!—Paintings of Manhattan night scenes; through 7/3. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Alessandro Twombly—New sculptures in bronze, ceramic, and terra cotta whose forms evoke massive sea sponges; through 6/27. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Claude Wampler—Three installations combining sculpture, performance, and video; through 7/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Chelsea

Tony Bellaver—Sculptures that transform the gallery into a temporary laboratory for observing the effects of human manipulation of nature; through 6/27. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Liesbeth Bik and Jos van der Pol—An installation by two Dutch artists that is a re-creation of the theory section of the ICA bookshop in London; through 6/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Dove Bradshaw—Three series of works that continue the artist's exploration of natural processes, time, change, chance, and decay; through 7/10. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Giorgio Brogi/John Beardman—Geometric abstract paintings/Mixed-media works on paper. Through 6/27. Bibro, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7030).

Fernando Canovas—Recent paintings of geometric spatial constructions; through 6/24. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Peter Edlund—*Paintings of flora and fauna in desolate landscapes*; through 6/27. Shain-

Photograph from the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

man, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Arthur Ganson—Kinetic sculptures that hurl knives, spurt grease, and unfold Chinese fans, by a self-taught engineer who is an artist-in-residence at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; through 6/30. Ricco/Maresca in association with William Louis Dreyfus, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). See Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler under "Solo Shows, SoHo and TriBeCa."

Ellen Levin—An installation in which objects, figures, and birds in metal, wood, and plastic appear to have been thrown across the floor; through 7/7. Conde, 529 W. 20th St. (691-9866).

Stefanie Nagorka—Recent drawings, ranging from small studies in beeswax on paper to immense graphite drawings on wax-dipped paper sheets; through 7/3. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

David Reed—A new configuration of video insertions and paintings from the artist's ongoing *Las Vegas Piece*; through 7/3. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Ilona Malka Rich—Large sculptures painted with realist vignettes and cartoon imagery; through 7/2. Dorfman Projects in collaboration with Gracie Mansion Gallery, 529 W. 20th St. (352-2272).

Richard Tsao/Madeline Weinrib—Paper layered on round Plexiglas plates/Botanical drawings. Through 7/18. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Jane and Louise Wilson—A collaborative installation of wall projections and photographic stills that depict the hallways, interrogation rooms, and office interiors of Stasi City, the unofficial name for a site in East Berlin where the GDR's intelligence service, the Staatsicherheit, once operated; through 7/11. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A–Z" series; through 7/10. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Joan Personette—Paintings and costume designs as well as photographs, film footage, and posters documenting her career as a costume designer for Broadway musicals; through 8/9. Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St., lobby level (945-0505).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Crosscurrents," contemporary paintings from Panama; through 7/19.

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). New works from the gallery artists, Blosser, Borocz, Forman, Friedman, others; through 7/31.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). An exhibition saluting the Long Point Gallery of Provincetown, Mass., with works by Beauchamp, Boghosian, Bowen, Bultman, others; through 7/18.

Taggart—48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000). "Concerning Expressionism: American Modernism and the German Avant-Garde;" through 7/31.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The 60s in the Seventies," a tribute to the flourishing art scene of the sixties and the legendary galleries in the East Seventies, with works by Arman, Artschwager, Christo, Di Suvero, others; through 6/27.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; through 8/29.

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). "View: Four," including installations evocative of disco culture and hand-cut paper dollies, with works by Dalrymple, Evans, Periton, Takahashi, others; through 6/27.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Scandinavian Ceramics," with works by Lindberg, Stalhane, Brik, others; through 7/3.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Large Scale," with works by Le Va, LeWitt, Mangold, Scully, others; through 7/24.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Painting in Provincetown," with works by Avery, Hofmann, and Tworkov; through 7/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57 St. (757-0202). "Summer and Some Aren't," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper inspired by summer retreats; through 8/15.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). An exhibition of landscapes, still-life interiors, sculptures, with works by Adonis, Anderson, Berg, Carey, others; through 8/22.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Deep Thought," with works by Becher, Bochner, Bunn, Chan Schatz, others; through 7/31.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Over the Mantle, Over the Couch," with works by Basora, Bill, Cemin, Chia, others; through 7/31.

CRG—93 Grand St. (966-4360). "Jesus Chrysler," with works by Christy, Conner, Gantz, Kells, McCann, Sohn; through 7/17.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). "Paintings from Another Planet," works by Los Angeles artists Appel, Argent, Calame, Cook, others; through 7/31.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transmissions," an exhibition of videos by curators and critics exploring their absorption and expression of cultural information; through 6/27.

Feature Inc—76 Greene St. (941-7077). An exhibition of works by Hawkins, Hug, Ono; through 7/31.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "1898 Is Still Standing," celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of greater New York; through 8/29.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Contemporary.Self.Portraits," an exhibition of autobiographical works by young artists, curated by Jens Hoffmann; 6/19–7/24.

123 Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). "Skin Deep," new works by Brennan, Cormand, Episalla, Sheinkman, others; through 7/11.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Works by Brown, Ferrara, Ferren, Grillo, others; through 7/31.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). "Peep Show," with works by Alpern, Arndt, Barsness, Bowen; through 7/24.

Sonnabend—420 W. Broadway (966-6160). Recent works by Fischli & Weiss, Ketter, Koons; through 6/27.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). An exhibition exploring the relationship between filmmaker David Cronenberg's work and that of a group of contemporary artists, with works by Acker, Baudrillard, Crockett, Rockman, others; through 7/18.

Woodward—476 Broome St. (966-3411). "Paper Invitational," with works by Aruaz, Bastida, Beauchamp, Breen, others; through 7/28.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Drawings and objects from Benedict, Chaudouet, Schneider, Shrigley; through 7/31.

Cacciola—501 W. 23rd St. (462-4646). Works by Northampton Village Figurative Artists, including Deihl, Gillespie, Hill, Lund, Milici, Prior; through 7/7.

Cheim & Reid—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Three Catholics: Warhol, Ruscha & Mapplethorpe," paintings, photography, and sculpture; through 6/27.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (255-1105). "Travel & Leisure," with paintings, works on paper, sculpture, and photography by 30 artists, including Kelly, Oldenburg, Piper, Zittel; through 6/30.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460) "Humble County," with works by Apfelbaum DeBellevue, Feher, Friedman, others; throug 7/31.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500) "Inglenook," with works by Artschwager, Aude Blake, Brackman, others; 6/18–7/31.

Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). "Bathroom, guest-curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, wit works by Clem, Minter, Warhol, Waters, others 6/18–8/7.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). "Now & Then," with works by Frankenthaler, Johns, Marden, Rauschenberg, Warhol, others; through 7/31

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Invitational 98," with works by Bergstein, Lazzarini, Piemontese Yamanaka, others; through 7/10.

Taylor—529 W. 20th St. (463-7166). "Objects of Desire," with works by Cemin, Fox, Gimblett, Goodman, others; through 7/11.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artis Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepal and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medica texts; through 8/14.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450) and Boun & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). "Disappearing Act," with works by Byars, Roth, Warhol Weiner, others; through 8/1.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (691-5711). "Matched Pairs," with works by Antonaci, Aycock, Buren, Buvoli others; through 7/31.

Other

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398). The Chateau de Balleroy as interpreted by 22 artists, including Aspevig, Blossom, French, Montgomery, others through 6/27.

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Paintings, works o paper, and drawings by Costan, Craddock, Crane Crull, others; through 7/31.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," with works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet Scott; through 10/4.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Wal Work," with works by Huang, Poorbaugh, Stern Welsh, others; through 7/12.

Williamsburg Art & Historical Center—135 Broadway Brooklyn (718-963-1150). "Coney Island," cutouts, constructions, painted assemblage and banners by Marano, Eagan, and Roberts; throug 7/12.

Photography

Michael Ackermann—Recent photographs that depic the people of Cabbagetown, the oldest industria settlement in Atlanta; through 7/26. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The 95-year-old photographer's recent photographs of his garden in Mexico; through 7/24. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; 6/17–8/29.

Anoushka Fisz—Large-format photographs that depict nature as dark, erotic, and mysterious; through 6/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

David Goldes—Photographs that investigate such scientific principles and natural phenomena as crystallization and surface tension; through 6/28. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). "Take the A Train," images of New York City subways and trains by Ralston Crawford, Arnold Eagle, Robert Frank, Arthur Leipzig, Helen Levitt, Louis Stettner, Dan Weiner, and others; through 8/15.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August

Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher"; through 9/13.

CP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Kasher—54 N. Moore St. (966-3978). "Magnificent Joints: Vintage Skeletal Photographs and Decorative Period Frames, 1855–1945, From the Burns Collection"; through 7/4.

Didier Massard—Staged color photographs that depict imagined versions of exotic locales; through 7/3. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Linda McCartney—The late photographer's recent unpublished photographs of the Sussex countryside, East Hampton beaches, and the coastline of Brazil, and of simple still-life compositions; through 7/2. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "Formication," images of insects in nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Bidaut, Campus, Chalmers, Gall, Schierlitz, the Starns, Sugiura, others; recent landscape photographs of the United States by Toshio Shibata that were commissioned by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; through 7/10.

Platinum—551 W. 22nd St. (352-0070). Photographs of New York by Coburn, Haviland, Stieglitz, Strand, Trager, Yang; through 7/31.

Josef Sudek—Vintage pigment and silver prints by the Czech photographer, including still lifes, landscapes, flower studies, and building interiors; through 8/1. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife, Katherine Westphal, spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (6–8, pay as you wish); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "Kings, Chiefs, Women of Power, Nigeria: Photographs by Phyllis Galembo." Large-format color portraits of the women and men of the Benin and Yoruba kingdoms and the Western Igbo in southern Nigeria; through 6/28. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (free admission 6–8); $4, $2 seniors and students.

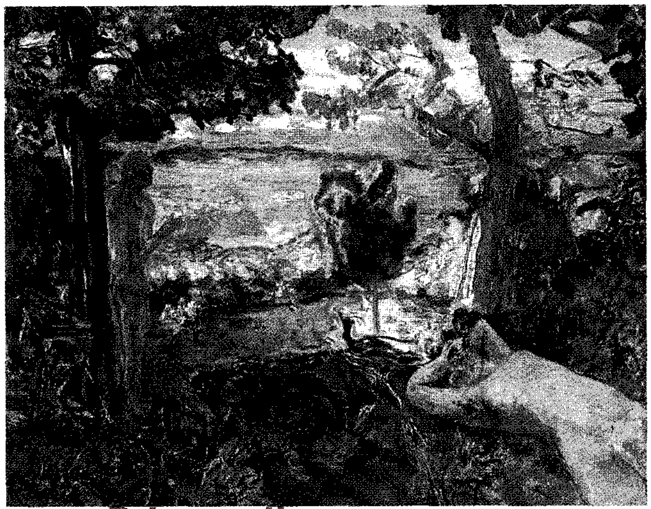
Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 7/12. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. . . . "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria"; through 8/23. . . . "1898: Artists Respond"; through 6/21. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." Two hundred fifty objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 10/11. . . . Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's



Retrospective

Neo-Bonnard

In Françoise Gilot's 1964 tell-all, *Life With Picasso,* she recalls asking the artist how he would rate Pierre Bonnard, one of her favorite painters. "Don't talk to me about Bonnard," Picasso snapped. "That's not painting, what he does." A long, unforgettable diatribe followed, ending with this *coup de grâce:* "Another thing I hold against Bonnard is the way he fills up the whole picture surface to form a continuous field with a kind of imperceptible quivering, touch by touch, centimeter by centimeter, but with a total absence of contrast . . . [Y]ou never once get the big clash of cymbals which that kind of strong contrast provides." Picasso, it turns out, was wrong for all the right reasons. By the late sixties, Bonnard's flickering, intimate scenes of his own domestic life—canvases that captured, as the artist once said, "what one sees when one enters a room all of a sudden"—were being admired for the very quality Picasso disdained. In 1972, the British abstract painter and writer Patrick Heron wrote that Bonnard, who died in 1947, knew "how to make a virtue of emptiness, how to keep a great expanse of the picture surface intensely meaningful without any resort to picture-filling incident." (Not surprisingly, Bonnard's elegiac mood, indistinct shapes, and juxtapositions of colors influenced Mark Rothko, among others, and last year, New York's PaceWildenstein gallery mounted the first exhibition pairing the paintings of the two artists.) The comprehensive new retrospective, "Bonnard," which originated at the Tate Gallery in London and arrives at MOMA this week (June 21 through October 13), makes the strongest case yet for the artist's greatness. At long last, his compositions of familiar objects, interiors, figures, and gardens can be seen as a recording of the process of visual perception, not simply as literal representations. "If people could see, and see properly, and see whole, they would all be painters," Bonnard remarked to friends who visited him at his villa Le Bosquet, in the hills above Cannes, near the end of his life. "And it's because people have no idea how to look that they hardly ever understand." EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Guillermo Gómez-Peña's *El Mexterminator*." An installation of curios, paintings, and other objects; through 6/28. . . . Recurrent Memories: A Site-Specific Installation by Diamantina Gonzalez." Through 6/28. . . . "Carmen Herrera: The Black and White Paintings, 1951–1989." Abstract geometric paintings by the Cuban-born artist; through 6/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Police Pictures: The Photographs as Evidence." A survey of forensic and evidentiary photographs from the mid-nineteenth century to the present; through 7/18. 100 Washington Square E. (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by this Danish artist, known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; 6/19–9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; 6/17–9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8, pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Innovation/Imitation: Fashionable Plastics of the 1930s." A survey of textiles, garments, accessories, and decorative objects made with various kinds of plastics; 6/19–8/1. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; 6/25–9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

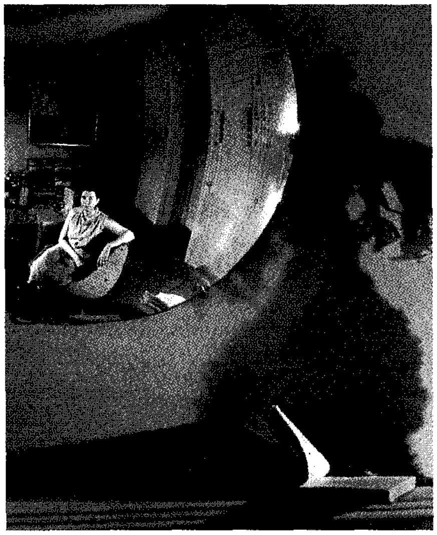
Museum of Modern Art—"Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; 6/21–10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "Projects 63: Karin Davie, Udomsak Krisanamis, Bruce Pearson, Fred Tomaselli"; through 6/30. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30, pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties, which was funded by the Federal Art Project of the WPA and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float fo All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Whistler: Impressions of an American Abroad—Etchings and Lithographs From the Carnegie Museum of Art." A survey of prints by the American expatriate James McNeil Whistler (1834–1903), drawn from the collection of and organized by the Carnegie Museum of Art through 6/26. . . . "All Things Bright and Beautiful: California Impressionist Paintings From the Irvine Museum"; through 7/5. . . . "California Impressionism: The Stiles and the Bagley Collections"; through 7/5. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri 12–6 (Fri. 5–6, pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

On View **During her lifetime, the nomadic New York heiress Peggy Guggenheim (1898–1979) infiltrated the *vie bohème* in Paris and England, married and divorced twice (Laurence Vail, the father of her two children, and surrealist Max Ernst), put Jackson Pollock on the map (she gave him his first show at her cutting-edge New York gallery, Art of This Century), and eventually found peace and happiness in an eighteenth-century palace on Venice's Grand Canal (formerly the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, now the Peggy Guggenheim Collection). "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration" assembles portraits of her by well-known artists and photographers (below, by André Kertész), personal objects (a silver bedhead by Alexander Calder), and works from her own collection by Arp, Pollock, Motherwell, and others. At the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 88th Street; through September 2.**



New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; 6/18–9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"; through 6/27. . . . "A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Alex Katz—Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995." The first retrospective of the artist's landscape works;

Photograph courtesy of André Kertész and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

through 6/21. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles-based sculptor's career since 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including twenty paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.' " Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 6/17 at 10 and 2: "Important American Furniture, Silver, Folk Art, and Decorative Arts." On view from 6/12. 6/23 at 10 and 2: "Fine Watches and Wristwatches." On view from 6/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/17 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 6/13. 6/24 at 10: "Twentieth-Century Art and Design." On view from 6/20.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 6/23 at 12: "Antique & Modern Jewelry." On view from 6/19.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 6/12. 6/18 and 6/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Americana." On view from 6/14. 6/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Animation." On view from 6/14. 6/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/18 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 6/13.

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Photo by Mary Bloom

Award winning stage, screen & TV star, Bebe Neuwirth, with 8-week old "Lilly".

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restaurants

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Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think homemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish soup—served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

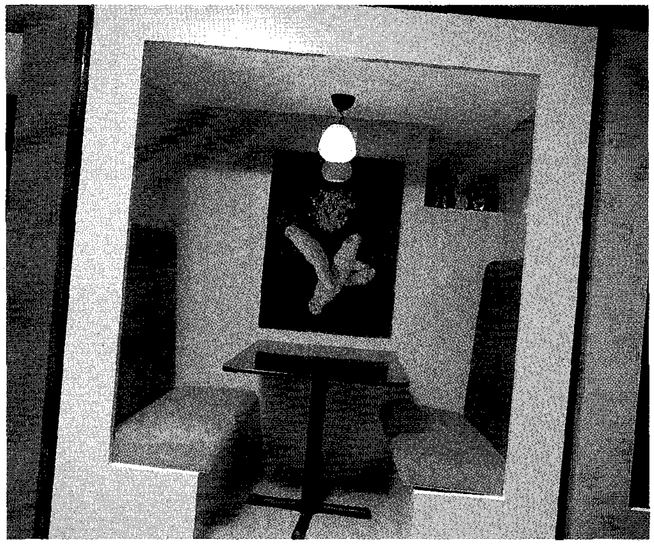
Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening
Spice World

This week, the husband-and-wife owners of uptown's acclaimed Dawat restaurant launch Cafe Spice, a budget spin-off with a user-friendly menu of rice-flour pancakes, Indian breads, and mix-and-match fillings like potato or fish kebab. None of the main courses—from lamb in cashew-and-poppy-seed sauce to chicken with fenugreek, spinach, and coriander—exceeds $15, which includes rice, nan, dal, and vegetables. (72 University Place; 253-6999.)



The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, a Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly grea restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

.O.B.'s—Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

alaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

aliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

ribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vindows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

iotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

laveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pisces—This East Village fish house is known for its offbeat, innovative use of seasonal ingredients in dishes like poppy-seed-crusted salmon with carrot-ginger sauce and pan-roasted skate with fried artichokes. The warm, woody décor and plate-glass windows give the corner storefront a cozy neighborhood feel. *95 Ave. A, at 6th St. (260-6660). (M) AE, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks

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Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormou selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer' much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio' food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC V.*

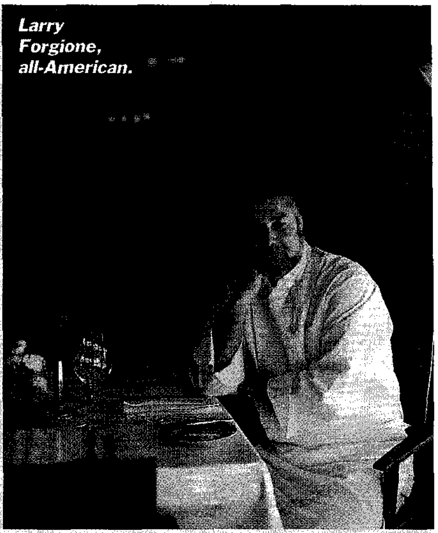
i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas tha emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor a

Tony May flanked by daughter Marisa, left, and Odette Fada.



Larry Forgione, all-American.

ASK GAEL

What is tried and true and good?

This cruel and fickle town falls in and out of love with restaurants too easily. So it's rare and satisfying to salute a pair of mature contenders. After fifteen years, An American Place stands out from the pack for Larry Forgione's devotion to homegrown products, regional cuisine, and sensational old-fashioned desserts like double-chocolate pudding and warm peach-and-rhubarb pie. Tony May's San Domenico marks its tenth birthday with a week of tasting dinners by guest chefs from Bergamo, Cesena, Cosenza, and Brescia, hometown of resident whisk Odette Fada. A study in contemporary imported leather and Carrara marble, San Domenico unleashed its voluptuous hazelnut-butter-and-truffle-oil uovo in raviolo opening night. Fada still honors that signature. (An American Place, 2 Park Avenue, at 32nd Street; 684-2122. San Domenico, 240 Central Park South; 265-5959.)

Photographs by Anna Williams.

this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

esa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

vitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

steria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

ark Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

iccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ibollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) TM.*

nion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

right Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy-Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

ryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

helsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

a Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

acific East—This streamlined, casual Chelsea restaurant is the spin-off of an enormously successful Hamptons destination for Asian seafood. Lobster-and-shiitake gyoza, cedar-planked black cod, and other fusion fish abound. *318 W. 23rd St. (243-0777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

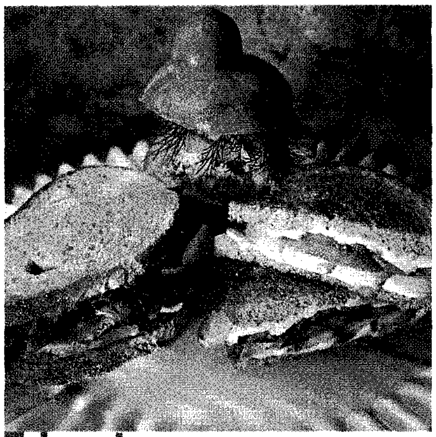
World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room



Takeout

Let Them Eat Lunch

Having conquered the world of fruit preserves (and established in Tokyo an Asian foothold for Sarabeth's Bakery), Sarabeth Levine was itching to get back to her first love, baking. So she immersed herself in flour and sugar at her new wholesale bakery in Chelsea Market, free from the daily grind of the restaurant business—until famished fans started clamoring for lunch. Now you can precede your cake-and-cookie fix with an appetizer from the rotating menu of scrumptious sandwiches, like the signature grilled cheese with smoked mozzarella and avocado, or smoked turkey with brie and sun-dried-tomato pesto, all on house-baked brioche or sandwich bread. (75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street; 989-2424.)

hotograph by Robert Wright.

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where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Outer Beauty

Barocco's Danny Emerman opened the take-out store Bottino to feed West Chelsea's hordes of hungry artists and the dealers who represent them. Now, with the adjacent restaurant and wine bar, he's given them a stylish hangout with a breathtakingly beautiful garden. Until the kitchen hits full stride, within the next week or two, Italian appetizers are available off the bar menu ($4–$14). Accompany one of fifteen wines by the glass with snacks like marinated poached tuna, bresaola with slivered baby artichokes and pecorino, and watercress-pasta lasagna. (246 Tenth Avenue, near 24th Street; 206-6766.)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishe The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th S (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steal house has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eatir businessmen and the people who love them. Tl festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cig ars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devo ed to the consumption of standards like lobster crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free val dated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (58 8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhou on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fou teen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fres seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfe caricatures cover the walls, so come find your N NAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Pr vate parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M– AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly re located China Club is conspicuously upscale fo its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly cal for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Ch Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asiar influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartar with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shan with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th S (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hul bub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent Amer ican cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed pota toes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmoder setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadwa (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection o salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, de signed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorfu cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for con temporary renditions of seafood. Open Sunday *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble an pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more af fordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (95 7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewer import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous af ter-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch an dinner menus feature American fare like grille swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obliga tory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, spe cializing in homemade pasta and other casual Ital ian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th S (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Cond Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor fee like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricalit surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Roy alton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldes speakeasy in the city. In the same location in th theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and th chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th S (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spo in the theater district offering generous portion of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47t St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cake and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at th much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers i the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries fort the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert L Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. Hi ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gra with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a ver loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café an chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multipl

Photograph by Amy Freet

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variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, wh may have done more for the cause of serious Ita ian cooking in New York than any other sing restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and th food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (26 5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and ki alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclect American menu featuring frozen hot chocolat foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert conco tions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, D MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is ju starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated the Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that w George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th S (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to ciga smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selec tion of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edible The American menu, listing such offbeat items warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with co fee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Lati and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Filippo—The Upper East Side never seems to ti of elegant Italian restaurants like this one. Special ties include garganelli, salmon and artichokes, an grilled orata and branzino with rosemary and gar lic. *1315 2nd Ave., at 69th St. (472-6688). (E) A MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck wit its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of th otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes com four ways, but you can't miss with the incredibl curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810 (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichte doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel like dining room situated on two floors of an Ea Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlookin the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (22 5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, wit plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77t St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural gar den and nightly live entertainment. Try the grille dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *135 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Shopping

Changing the Lox

When the building housing Caviar Russe sprang a massive leak in December, it left midtown alarmingly short of fish eggs and their luxurious ilk. Into the breach steps Simply Caviar, a Queens wholesaler that's just opened a Park Avenue retail shop selling foie gras, smoked salmon, and an assortment of Russian and American caviar—all of which will be featured on the menu of the restaurant opening soon at the same location. (350 Park Avenue, at 51st Street; 838-3900.)

BELUGA
$35
CAVIAR
BELUGA MALOSSOL
SEVRUGA MALOSSOL

Photograph by Robert Wright

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ark View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

enang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rimavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

afe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

he Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

abriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

a Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

enang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

icholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Centennial Weekend...The Hudson River Festival

Radio Highlights

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 6/16: Mary Cantwell on *Speaking With Strangers;* a discussion on the new "Art of Korea" exhibit at the Met. 6/17: Etymologist Richard Lederer; Eric Liu on *The Accidental Tourist;* Adeline Yen Mah on *Falling Leaves;* Whit Stillman on directing *The Last Days of Disco.* 6/18: *National Review's* Richard Brookhiser; Andre Dubus on *Meditations From a Movable Chair;* Ann Beattie with *Park City;* James Urbaniak on his role in Hal Hartley's film *Henry Fool.* 6/19: Al and Larry Ubell, the "Gurus of How-To;" Julia Scully on *Outside Passage: An Alaskan Childhood;* the HBO documentary *Innocents Lost.* 6/22: Robert Cornfield on *Lundy's.* 6/23: Roberta Breandes Gratz and Norman Mintz on *Cities Back From the Edge;* Harvey Stein on his photographs in *Coney Island.* 6/24: Raymond Scheindlin on his translation of *The Book of Daniel;* Tim Kirkman on *Dear Jesse.* Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

City Folk—Weekdays at 6 A.M. 6/16: Country rock from Wilco, Son Volt, the Derailers, the Hangdogs, and Whiskeytown. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Benefit Poetry Walk Across the Brooklyn Bridge—6/22 at 6:30 P.M.: Join Grace Paley, Mark Doty, Lucille Clifton, Galway Kinnell, and emcee Bob Holman for a stroll. Call 431-7920 for further information; $100.

Ron Padgett and Edwin Torres—6/24 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their recent work. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Karen Bender and Dani Shapiro—6/25 at 7 P.M.: *Granta* presents the two authors reading from recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (988-1197); free.

Rachel Basch—6/16 at 7:30: Reading from *Degrees of Love.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Robert Bove, Tom Devaney, Brendan Lorber, Audrey Raden—6/20 at 3 P.M.: The Brooklyn College MFA poets at 55 Mercer St. Gallery (718-625-8957); $3.

Quentin Crisp—6/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from new paperback editions of his books, *How to Have a Lifestyle, The Wit and Wisdom of Quentin Crisp, Resident Alien.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Thomas Beller, Robert Bingham, Heather Chase, Scott Heim, Bliss Broyard, Megan Daum—6/17 at 7:30: Reading from the new anthology, *Personals.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Helen Eisenbach—6/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Lesbianism Made Easy.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Beatrix Gates and Dael Orlandersmith—6/20 at 2 P.M.: A Poetry Project reading. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Joyce Carol Oates—6/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading at Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Kiran Desai, Paul Hond, Mike Magnuson, Ann Mohin—6/19 at 7:30: Readings celebrating the "Discover Great New Writers" program. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Queens Poets Celebrating NYC Centennial—6/21 at 7 P.M.: Dr. Stephen Stepanchev, Kurt B. Boone, Linda Brown, Charlotte Crawford, Lila Wheeler Duckett, Phyllis Eichen, Israel Halpern, and others. Barnes & Noble Forest Hills, 70-00 Austin Dr. (718-793-1395); free.

Mary Saracino—6/18 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *No Matter What.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Virgin Fiction—6/18 at 7 P.M.: Amy Boaz, Todd Dorman, Erin Garrett-Metz, Myla Goldberg, Lee Harrington, Ed Park, and Rebekah Rutkoff reading at Spy Bar, 101 Greene St. (261-6572); free.

Lectures and Panels

Nancy Kelton—6/23 at 6: The author of *Writing From Personal Experience* speaks at Borders, 461 Park Ave., at 57th Street. (980-6785); free.

"The Revolutionary War: When Americans Fought Americans"—6/21 at 2 P.M.: Children's-book author and artist Joan Goodman will discuss Revolutionary New York and her new book, *Hope Crossing.* Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl S (425-1778); free with museum admission.

Happening Big River

To celebrate the charming theory that New York's primacy as a capital of commerce is largely the result of its proximity to a great river, the World Financial Center and Battery Park City Authority are inaugurating a free summerlong entertainment series downtown. Highlights of the Hudson River Festival include performances by the Paul Taylor Dance Company and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra and screenings of 'Singin' in the Rain' and 'An American in Paris.' Most events are scheduled for sunset; see listings.

Photograph by Howard Schatz

Tadanori Yokoo—6/17 at 6:30 P.M.: One of Japan greatest contemporary artists and a founder of th Pop movement of the sixties will discuss his work Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

"The Entertainment Industry"—6/17 at 7:15 P.M. Gene Wilder speaks after a screening of *The Pro ducers.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996 1100); $18.

"Surviving the Holocaust"—6/25 at 7:15 P.M.: Dr. Annette Insdorf, director of the Columbia University film studies program and the author of *Indelibl Shadows,* will speak on the film *The Pawnbroker* after it is screened. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave (996-1100); $18.

Events

Hudson River Festival—6/23–9/1: A celebratio with dance, music, theater, film screenings and ar in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, th Morgan Scott Ballet Company, Tommy Dorse and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 fo additional information; admission is free.

Benefits

AmFAR's Tribute to Larry King—6/21 at 7P.M.: Th American Foundation for AIDS Research an Sharon Stone will host a benefit dinner to salut Larry King at the Plaza Hotel. (957-3005); $500 $50,000.

Tours

"When New York Was British"—6/20 at 2 P.M.: walk examining the Revolutionary history of th city, including the notorious Sugar House Priso and Bowling Green. Meet at Fraunces Taver Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778); $12.

Centennial Cities—6/20 at 1 P.M.: In celebratio of the 100th anniversary of the consolidation of New York City, a tour explorin the area around Manhattan's City Hall Meet at the Nathan Hale Statue, at th Murray St. entrance to City Hall Park. (439-1090); $15.

Greenwich Village at Twilight—6/20 at 4 P.M.: Investigate the history and architecture of the neighborhood home to artists, writers, and radicals such as Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, e.e. cummings, and others. Meet at the Washington Squar Arch. (439-1090); $10.

Annual Father's Day Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—6/2 at 1 P.M.: Featuring the historic and gastronomi delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, an Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Esse and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $13, reservation required.

"Low Life Greenwich Village"—6/20 at 3 P.M.: Joi urban historian Dr. Steven H. Jaffe for a tour o the darker side of this historic area, explorin the remnants of the nineteenth-centur red-light district, the scenes of riots an Civil War–era lynchings, the saloons o waterfront street gangs, and Prohibition-era speakeasies. For additional informatio and required reservations, call 924-3895; $12.

immer Tour: Kykuit Gardens & Sculpture—6/20 at 9:30 A.M.: A bus and walking tour through the formal gardens at Kykuit, the Rockefeller estate in Pocantico Hills designed by William Welles Bosworth. Considered one of the nation's grandest surviving Beaux-Arts landscapes, it includes seventy sculptures from Governor Rockefeller's collection. Reservations required (935-3960); $100.

iinatown Culinary Walk—6/20 at 11 A.M. and 6/21 at 2 P.M.: Sample everything from dim sum to mango ice cream with the guidance of a Chinese chef. For additional information, call Wok Walks at 925-5369; $12 includes a map and recipes. Bring a shopping bag.

wer East Side: The Textile District—6/17 at 5 P.M.: An examination of the dynamic changes that have transformed the city's oldest fabric warehouses, custom workrooms, and decorating businesses. Meet in front of the L.E.S. Visitor's Center, 261 Broome St., between Orchard and Allen Sts. (935-3960); $20.

ntennial City: Staten Island Civic Center—6/20 at 12:45 P.M.: A visit to the borough's civic center, esplanade and Light House Tower. Meet at the Staten Island Ferry Terminal (935-3960); $15, reservations required.

w York's Gold Coast—6/28 at 1 P.M.: A walk down Central Park West, and a look at the past and present grand apartments of Lauren Bacall, Theodore Roosevelt, Sinclair Lewis, Madonna, and Steven Spielberg, and landmarks like the Museum of Natural History and the New-York Historical Society. Call 996-1100 for reservations and meeting place; $15.

amercy Park—6/19 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that was once home to Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, O. Henry, and is still as fashionable as ever. Meet at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. (935-3960); $10.

The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 P.M.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

t From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4 P.M.: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

etropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Exhibitions

odin at Rockefeller Center—6/17–8/31: A public exhibition of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedies to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticulture and garden design. The New York Botanical Garden at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

hinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's Universi-

Tribute

Century City

The steady trickle of events celebrating New York City's hundredth birthday becomes an outright deluge June 20–21, when walking tours abound in, and fireworks explode over, all five boroughs. But the real bonus of Centennial Weekend—as its subtitle, "New York Is Free," makes clear—takes place on June 21, when more than 100 institutions eliminate their admission fees. The Whitney, Guggenheim, American Museum of Natural History, Met, and MOMA are all participating, as are these lesser-known attractions:

● Dyckman Farmhouse Museum (304-9422), a 213-year-old example of Dutch Colonial architecture, surrounded by a placid half-acre park in the middle of Inwood. The actual furniture of the family who lived there (for three generations and nearly 100 years) is on view, as are Revolutionary War relics found in upper Manhattan.

● New York Transit Museum (243-3060) (located in Brooklyn in a decommissioned subway station), which allows kids to pretend-drive one of the vintage buses on display and encourages youngish adults to count themselves civically deprived for never having known a New York with wicker-seat subway cars. But the real draw, for kids and grown-ups alike, may be the idiosyncratic gift shop.

● Central Park Conservancy Garden (360-1421), which requires little explanation or promotion, is best reached through the Fifth Avenue–and–105th Street entrance. A tour is given at two.

● Historic Richmondtown (718-351-1611) is Staten Island's successfully quaint district of historical structures built between 1690 and 1890 (including the oldest-known elementary-school building in America).

● Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum (718-204-7088), while far from unknown, has been left unvisited by a significant number of the culturally with-it. Sculptor Noguchi is responsible not only for the hundreds of pieces on view but also for converting this former photo-engraving plant in Queens into a spectacular garden and gallery space.

● The New York City Fire Museum (691-1303), located in a restored 1904 fire house on Spring Street, is more compelling than it might sound: Anyone who has what Henry James called an "imagination for disaster"—and who *isn't* perversely drawn to the spectacle of a four-alarm blaze?—will find the museum's chronicle of urban fire fighting irresistible.

● Harvestworks Digital Media Arts Center (431-1130), on lower Broadway, has been around since the seventies and offers a novel kind of art exhibition: All the works on display were generated in a computer lab.

● The Lower East Side Tenement Museum (431-0233) lets you imagine the lives of pioneers not in a little house on the prairie but in an overpopulated building on Orchard Street. A tour is offered at 11 A.M.

● The *Intrepid* Sea-Air-Space Museum (245-2533), whose lunar-landing modules and seaplanes are particularly delightful to kids, has a slightly annoying gimmick: It's free only to the first 100 visitors. So push your way to Pier 86 and the front of the line.

lustration by Tony Millionaire.

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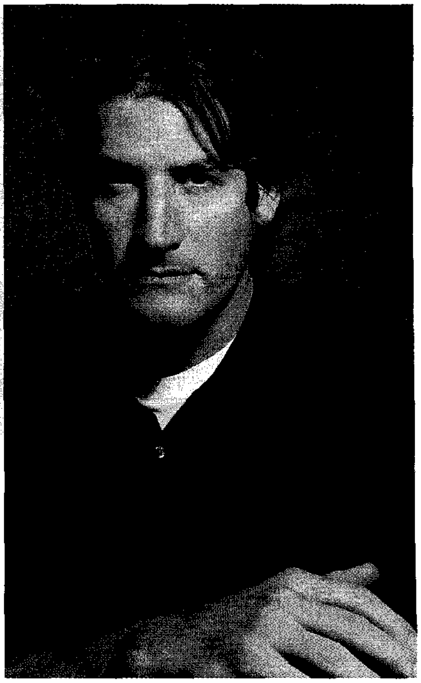
1. To Enter: No Purchase or Obligation Necessary. Sweepstakes runs from 6/1/98 – 8/31/98. An eligible Visa cardholder automatically receives one sweepstakes entry for each purchase made with his/her Visa® card from 6/1/98 – 8/31/98. Only purchases made with a Visa card in good standing as of 5/31/98, issued in the U.S. by a participating financial institution and processed through Visa U.S.A. Inc.'s transaction processing system are eligible for automatic entry. Cash advances, balance transfers, non-U.S.-dollar purchases, and Interlink®-processed transactions are excluded from entry. Cards which are stolen, fraudulent, tampered with or otherwise altered are not eligible for automatic entry. To enter without purchase or obligation, hand-print your name, address, city, state, zip, day and evening phone numbers, and the words "Visa Famous Streets of America Sweepstakes" on a 3" x 5" card and mail in a #10 envelope to: Visa Famous Streets of America Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4033, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-4033. Entries must be postmarked by 8/31/98 and received by 9/7/98. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanical reproductions permitted. Entries become the property of Sponsor and will not be returned. **2. Drawing:** On or about 9/12/98, a random drawing from all entries received (transactions and mail-ins) will be conducted by Visa U.S.A. Inc. Odds of winning depend on total number of eligible entries received. One (1) prize per household. All prizes will be awarded. **3. Prizes:** One (1) Grand Prize of a trip for two (2) to a Famous Street location of winner's choice in the U.S. and $25,000 in cash that may be used toward a shopping spree. Trip includes first-class air transportation for two on a major airline from a major airport nearest the winner's home to one of the following cities: San Francisco, CA, Los Angeles, CA, Orange County, CA, Chicago, IL, Atlanta, GA, Miami, FL, New York, NY, New Orleans, LA or Philadelphia, PA; hotel accommodations (double occupancy) for 7 days/6 nights, 7 day compact car rental (subject to rental car company's regular restrictions), $1,400 in cash that may be used toward meals, and $15,000 in cash that may be used toward taxes on prize. Total Approximate Retail Value (ARV) of Grand Prize is $50,000. Trip is subject to availability and must be taken within one year of notification. Nine (9) First Prizes: $1,000 in Visa Travelers Cheques, ARV: $9,000. No substitutions, cash equivalents, or transfers of prizes permitted except at the sole discretion of the Sponsor. Winners are responsible for payment of taxes on prizes and for any other expenses relating to the use of prizes. Total ARV of all prizes: $59,000. **4. Eligibility:** Sweepstakes open to all legal U.S. residents 18 years or older as of 6/1/98. Employees of Visa U.S.A. Inc., Visa International Service Association, their Member financial institutions, their subsidiaries, affiliates, prize suppliers, and advertising and promotion agencies of Visa U.S.A., Inc., including Highway One, Inc. and Marden-Kane, Inc., and their immediate families (spouse, parents, children, siblings and their spouses) and individuals living in the same household as such employees are ineligible. Void where prohibited by law. Sweepstakes subject to all applicable federal, state, local laws and regulations. By participating, entrants agree to these official rules and accept decisions of Sponsor as final. **5. To Claim Prize:** Winners will be notified by certified mail and will be required to complete and sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability and, where legal, a Publicity Release, which must be returned within 14 days after prize notification or prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. Winner's guest must be 18 or older or an immediate family member, and must execute a Liability Release and, where legal, a Publicity Release prior to the issuance of travel documents. **6. Limitation of Liability:** Sponsor is not responsible for printing or typographical errors in any sweepstakes-related materials; stolen, lost, late, misdirected, damaged, incomplete, or illegible entries; or transactions that are processed late or incorrectly or are lost due to computer or electronic malfunction. Sponsor reserves the right to cancel or modify sweepstakes if fraud or technical failures compromise the integrity of sweepstakes as determined by Sponsor at its sole discretion. **7. Winner's List:** For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Famous Streets of America Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 714, Sayreville, NJ 08871-0714. Requests must be received by 10/31/98. **8. Sponsor:** Visa U.S.A. Inc., P.O. Box 8999, San Francisco, CA 94128-8999. Administrator: Marden-Kane, Inc., 36 Maple Place, Manhasset, NY 11030.

Happening

"Honesty is too often confused with candor, which is saying what's on your mind," complains Thomas Beller, editor of *Personals: Dreams and Nightmares From the Lives of 20 Young Writers* (Mariner). "But this is not the same thing as *knowing* what's on your mind, and it is this condition of awareness that these essays strive for." Beller, right, joins some of his essayists—Robert Bingham, Heather Chase, Bliss Broyard, Scott Heim, Megan Daum—for a reading at Barnes & Noble Astor on June 17. See listings.



ty, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. The City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"Working"—Through 6/20: The dignity of working is explored in student photographs, text, videos, and performances. 1199's Bread and Roses Gallery, 310 W. 43rd St. (631-4566); free.

"SPOTS"—Through 6/22: The Society of Publication Designers will present its annual exhibition of the illustrations that energize magazines and newspapers. The Museum of American Illustration, 128 E. 63rd St. (838-2560); free.

"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"—Through 6/27: Features 110 black-and-white prints and selected manuscripts from the library's archives. New York Public Library, Center for the Humanities, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., third floor (869-8089); free.

"Opening Windows in Time"—Through 9/27: A sculptural installation by B. Amore featuring his own Italian ancestors (among other former tenement residents). Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); $8 museum admission.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/9 An exhibition that tells the story of this shamef chapter in American history through the eyes the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, ar home videos contributed by some of the 120,3 people who were held in the camps—two thir of whom were American citizens—will be c display, along with maps and statistics from ea camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, Ne York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to tl museum and more information; $5.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections fro the museum's painting, print, and photograph collections dealing with the city's bridges. Tl Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Av at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contributio

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Su Report" (in the "Today" section of ww .newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website ea weekday. Where to click this week: An onli landfill that recycles Web refuse; a site that hel you send your kid (well, her name at least) c NASA's next trip to Mars; a cybertour of tl Hamptons, celebs and all; a site offering advi on buying your next car; and a place to find tl perfect gift for dear old Dad. And hey, whi you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.co check out all our other great stuff, like select articles from the current issue and a searchab "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New Yo events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," neighbo hood guides, "First Words" for bibliophiles, ar daily New York trivia.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						COL MSG 7:30PM	
CITYHAWKS	NASH ESPN2 8PM				GR MSG 7:30PM		
LIBERTY	UTA MSG 9PM			SAC MSG 10PM	LA MSG 10:30PM		UTA MSG 4PM
YANKEES	BAL MSG 7:30PM	BAL MSG 7:30PM	BAL MSG 7:30PM	CLE WPIX 7PM	CLE WPIX 7PM	CLE FOX 1PM	CLE ESPN 8PM
METS		MON FSNY 7PM	MON FSNY 7PM	MON WOR 7PM	FLA WOR 7:40PM	FLA FSNY 4PM	FLA WOR 1:40PM
	6/15	6/16	6/17	6/18	6/19	6/20	6/21

Photograph by Jill Greenberg/Outlin

in concert

First week of Met in the Parks

Classical Music

Tuesday, June 16

ottenberg Chorale—Performs works by Meria Maxine Warshauer, Paul Ben-Haim, Ben Steinberg, Yehezkel Braun, David Burger, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $14–$18.*

Wednesday, June 17

ttle Orchestra Society—Performs Vivaldi's opera *Arsilda, Regina di Ponto,* featuring Lynn Redgrave as narrator. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (704-2100), at 7:30; $30–$40.*

ummer Sings—Audience participation is encouraged but optional tonight, when the New Amsterdam Singers perform Fauré's *Requiem. St. George's Church, 209 E. 16th St. (475-1463), at 7:30; $8.*

Thursday, June 18

argemusic—Trio performances of Mozart and Piston. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Friday, June 19

Bargemusic—Duo piano performances of Schumann, Stravinsky, and Schubert. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

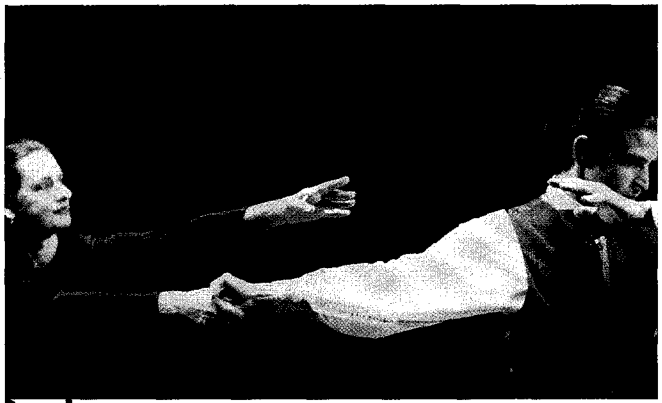
Saturday, June 20

Gerard Edery Ensemble—Performs French songs from the past eight centuries. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $20.*

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Performs American music with jazz flutist Dave Valentin. *New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-601-7399), at 3; free.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* 6/16 at 8 at the Great Lawn in Central Park and 6/19 at 8 at Miller Field, Staten Island; and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* 6/17 at 8, at Cunningham Park in Queens. *For directions, call 362-6000; free.*



ʼreviews

Enough, Woman

hough Federico García Lorca—Spain's greatest, ıot to mention handsomest poet—may have been hot dead by Franco's thugs at 38, his early ıemise did nothing to impede his influence on the raditions of his country. His brat pack—composr Manuel de Falla, filmmaker Luis Buñuel, and ırtist Salvador Dalí (with whom he had a lengthy ıffair)—experimented with modern ideas while .orca recited poems like the old balladeers and ıpheld the nearly forgotten traditions of flamenɔo. Tribute is paid to Spanish choreographers' faorite poet this week at the Joyce, when Carlota ɩantana and her Flamenco Vivo perform *flamenco ɔuro,* a centuries-old blend of movement and muɩic from Gypsy, Muslim, and Jewish cultures. V.G.

ʼhotograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Dance

Flamenco Vivo/Carlota Santana—Perform *Federico,* with choreography by Juan Andrés Maya, 6/16–6/19 at 8, 6/20 at 7:30, and 6/21 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th Street (242-0800); $26.*

American Ballet Theater—Performs 6/17–6/21. *Le Corsaire* premieres 6/19, with principal roles danced by Vladimir Malakhov, Nina Ananiashvili, Ashley Tuttle, and Angel Corella. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

New York City Ballet—Performs classics from the repertoire, 6/17–6/21. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

Coco Girls—Las Flamencas—Perform *10 Seconds of My Fame,* 6/2–6/6 at 8. *St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (579-3949); $25.*

DanceBrazil—Performs *Serra Pelada,* 6/17–6/19 at 7. *Central Park's Rumsey Playfield, mid-park at 72nd Street (360-CPSS); free.*

Eiko & Koma—Perform *Breath,* a "live installation." *Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3600); free with museum admission.*

Tomasky *continued from page 35*

ect is to the city's future. But Giuliani has barely spoken of it.

There are other issues. Most New Yorkers would probably agree that a rail link to the airports would serve them better than policed crosswalks. The Gowanus Expressway, moaning under relentless traffic, has needed rebuilding for years and is a catastrophe waiting to happen. City Hall may be working on these things, but you'd never know it. No: We must take the mayor at face value. What's obviously important to him is public order, as only he defines it.

Just now, though, people are starting to react. The smallness of scope is the butt of jokes, and the fear tactics are backfiring. The taxi drivers gave City Hall the kind of jolt Ruth Messinger and David Dinkins could never manage. Dennis Rivera, the labor leader who hates virtually everything the man stands for but has passed the last couple of years in a very careful silence, held a press conference on the City Hall steps last Monday to challenge the mayor's budget.

But most important, the council—Vallone—trumped him in the budget battle by passing its own budget, which it has never done before. Giuliani has vetoed various items, but the council will override them, probably this week. It's inside baseball, but it's important because Vallone, who has not exactly established a reputation for mayoral confrontation, would never have been this bold two or three years ago, before Giuliani tried to bully him on the stadium referendum (and, of course, before Vallone was running for governor).

So people are starting to poke at his flesh a bit. "I think there are a lot of people hoping that somebody else will take him on," the business leader says. "Put a little chink in his armor. But nobody in the business community will do that."

"There's clearly a sentiment in the council that enough is enough," says Brooklyn Democrat Ken Fisher. "Even members who endorsed him are very uncomfortable."

What these people are expressing is simple and direct: Giuliani needs to stop acting as if governing were a function of testosterone, people in the position to challenge him should do so, and the rest of us need to demand more of him. Fifty-seven percent of the voters didn't pull the lever with his name on it so he could give Steinbrenner a present and pick on others who lack the Boss's money and juice. You have to be tough to run this town, but you don't have to be a maniac. ▬

nightlife

Gilberto...Motta...B-52's

Concerts

JVC Jazz Festival—The city's biggest, longest-running swingfest returns. Various venues, through 6/27. Call 501-1390 for information and festival brochures. All festival events marked with an asterisk (*).

Harold Arlen*—With Carol Sloane, Clark Terry, Howard Alden, Michael Moore, Barbara Carroll, Leroy Williams, Bill Charlap, Ken Peplowski. 6/18 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

The B-52's; the Pretenders—Chrissie Hynde's measured alto may seem a strange match with Kate Pierson's bouffanted shrieks and Fred Schneider's silly speak-sing delivery, but from a historical perspective, it all makes sense: This bill is a reminder that the eighties were more than just a bunch of ugly cargo pants and early navel-revealing Madonna videos. The B's are one of the great rock-and-roll dance bands of all time; strictly speaking, they got their start at the tail end of the seventies, but their party-punk attitude served as a refreshing antidote to the bloated nihilism of that decade's two great musical innovations, disco and punk rock. Chrissie Hynde's Pretenders are anything but a feel-good band, offering rootsy, whip-smart guitar rock as affecting as anything Bruce Springsteen ever did. 6/19 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantaugh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$42.*

Maria Bethania & Band*—6/20 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750). $20–$55.*

Brazilian Muzic Festival—6/17 at 7 P.M.: DanceBrazil and Boca Livre. 6/18 at 7 P.M.: Dance Brazil and Duofel with special guest Badal Roy. 6/19 at 7 P.M.: DanceBrazil with Cyro Baptista & Beat the Donkey. 6/20 at 3 P.M.: Roy Ayers and Ed Motta. 6/21 at 3 P.M.: O Rappa and Karnak. (See page 96.) *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.*

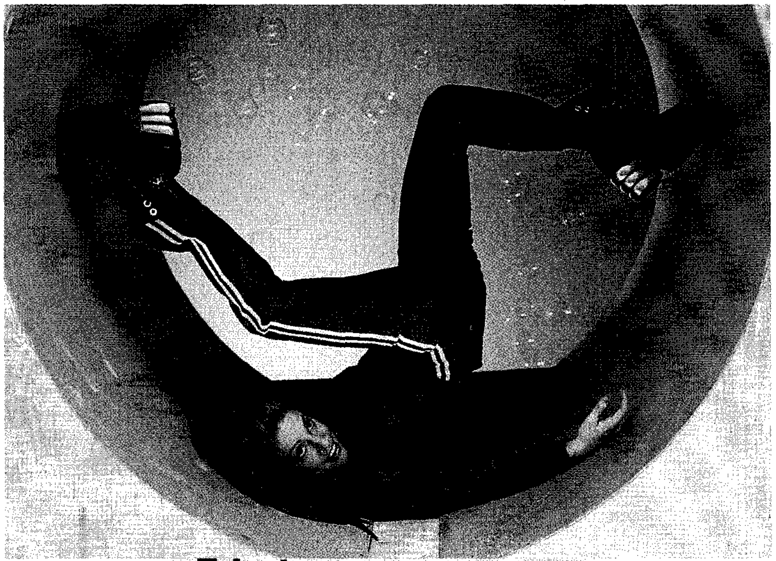
The Bronx Horns—6/19 at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (718-445-1920). $20.*

"Creative Time in the Anchorage '98"—With their 50-foot-high ceilings and imposing stone walls, the seven cavernous chambers under the Brooklyn Bridge roadway are the perfect backdrop for expansive, experimental, and otherwise far-out sounds. 6/17: Sussan Deyhim—with a band that includes Reggie Workman, Majour, Richard Horowitz, and Vernon Reid—blends fluttery, polyrhythmic drum and bass dance music with wailing Egyptian pop. 6/19: Long-running dance blowout Konkrete Jungle. *The Anchorage, Cadman Plaza, at Hicks and Old Front Streets, Brooklyn. (212-206-6674).*

Ani DiFranco—Though she still releases her music through her own tiny Righteous Babe label, the singer-guitarist has built a following devoted enough to make hers one of the country's top-grossing tours. No secret why: Live, the bubbly, incandescent, and diminutive performer throws off enough electricity to power a small city. 6/20 at 7 P.M. *Historic Battery Park, near State and Pearl Sts. (307-7171). $26–$33.*

"Drums Spectacular"*—Bop stalwart Jack DeJohnette teams up with the Sing Sing Rhythms of Senegal for a transatlantic percussive convergence. 6/20 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

"Fête de la Musique"—This sunrise-to-sunset cavalcade of singers, dancers, and musicians includes heart-stopping gypsy music, Native American spiritual invocations, a puppet rock group, and French alterna-popsters Autour de Lucie. The fest's highlight, though, is Philip Glass's piano recital (6:30 P.M.), in which his densely packed arpeggios get some backup from kora master Foday Musa Suso. 6/21 at 9 A.M. *World Trade Center (432-0900). Free.*



Talent No Slouch

Folk-punk diva (and D.I.Y. label honcho) Ani DiFranco tears into Battery Park June 20 for an evening of rudely joyful sounds. Breakdancing not included. (See "Concerts" listings.)

"Fire & Fire: Kenny & Regina"*—Blazing altoist Kenny Garret and red-hot violinist Regina Carter team up for what is sure to be the double-bill of the festival. 6/24 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

Tribute to Judy Garland—Alan King, Lorna Luft, Elaine Stritch, Jack Jones, and Weslia Whitfield star in this homage to the star. Guess we're still not in Kansas. 6/16–6/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750). $18–$75.*

João Gilberto*—The hottest ticket at the JVC festival, Gilberto's rare New York appearance was originally slated as part of a larger program entitled "The 40 Years of Bossa Nova." The show's kept the name, but its producers apparently realized you need only Gilberto—the whispery, deceptivel simple-sounding genre's originator and still i finest practitioner—to show off its history. 6/19 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750 $20–$55.*

Amy Grant—The closest thing Christian pop had t a crossover star in the early nineties, Grant wen ahead and dropped the religious bit in favor of ac tual MOR success. 6/18 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstei Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4882). $35–$45.*

"A Heartfelt Tribute to John Levy"—Shirley Horn, Na Adderley, Buster Williams, Michael Wolff, an Nancy Wilson do the all-star honors. 6/22 at P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th S (496-7070). $25–$50.*

"Jazz Insights"—Everybody's favorite jazz discussio series. Tuesdays at 7:45 P.M. 6/16: Randy Weston 6/23: Stanley Crouch. *The Ne School, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5690 $170 enrollment includes a tick to the JVC Jazz Festival Concer*

"Maya with Nick and Valerie"*— That's Maya Angelou, wit Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson. 6/20 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fish Hall, Broadway at W. 64th S (875-5030). $20–$55.*

Jack McDuff & Friends*—Actually a touch funkier than his organ-superstar confrère Jimm Smith, "Brother Jack" teams u here with two of his bluesies and baddest sixties collaborators, altoist Hank Crawford an tenorman David "Fathead Newman. 6/23 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

Monk & Mingus*—The formidable Mingus Big Band and drummer T. S. Monk Jr's own ten piece outfit team up for a nigh celebrating two of New York brightest lights. 6/19 at 8 P.M *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadwa at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

The Music of Bird, Diz & Bud*—Latter-day bop master Barry Harris, Jon Faddis, Charles McPherson, an others play the ever-fascinating oeuvre of bebop founding architects. 6/22 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Spac 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $22.*

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—The Gay Prid Concert, "Look to the Rainbow," is an eighteen year retrospective of the institution's travails an triumphs. 6/22 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57t St. at 7th Ave. (247-7800). $10–$75.*

Stevie Nicks and Boz Scaggs—After demonstrating las year that Fleetwood Mac *can,* in fact, share a stag politely (and make money hand-over-fist in th process), the seventies' witchiest woman head back out *sans* Mick & Co. 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Radi City Music Hall. 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (632 4000). $52.25–$92.25.*

Pulp—Brit-pop's latest over-the-top breakout, thi London outfit substitutes grizzled, *film noir* romanticism for the pompous bombast that make Oasis such a bore—and comes up with somethin haunting and unique. With Montreal's hip-po big-band, Bran Van 3000. 6/16 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold out*

"A Salute to Dick Gibson"*—With Dick Hyman, Mil Hinton, Bucky Pizzarelli, Kenny Davern, Urbi Green, Joel Helleny, John Bunch, Howard Alden Bob Haggart, Eddie Locke, Joe Ascione, Rand

Photograph by Albert Sanchez

Sandke, Slide Hampton. 6/23 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

o Herb Ellis With Love”*—Tal Farlow, Charlie Byrd, Andy Summers, and scads of other six-string-slingers salute the great guitarist, who comped for Ella and continues to lay down his own cleanly satisfying lines to this day. 6/16 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

ribute to Julian ‘Cannonball’ Adderley: A Father’s Day Gift”*—Nat Adderley, Michael Wolff, and Walter Booker offer this tribute to the smartest blues player ever to walk the earth. 6/21 at 3 P.M. *Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Malcolm X Blvd., at 135th St. (491-2200). $12.*

rumpet Mentors: A Salute to Sweets, Joe & Snooky”—Harry “Sweets” Edison, Snooky Young, Warren Vaché, and others blow their horns. 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

Ve Remember: Jimmy McPartland” & The Rockin’ Chair Lady & Red*—With Marian McPartland, Eddie Locke, Warren Vaché, Howard Alden, Chuck Wilson, Bill Crow, Bobby Pring. 6/22 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

ssandra Wilson*—In the past couple of years, the smoky-voiced diva has covered Neil Young, saluted Miles Davis, and sold out plenty of big houses along the way. 6/23 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750). $20–$55.*

Performance

The Boy From Ipanema

Brazilian crooner João Gilberto and his nylon-string guitar pay Carnegie Hall a whisperingly intricate visit, June 19, for the JVC Jazz Festival’s “40 Years of Bossa Nova.” (See “Concerts.”)

Clubland

me Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 6/17: Mono Puff; Jenifer Jackson. 6/19: Cheri Knight; Health & Happiness Show. 6/23: Holy Modal Rounders. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

lene Grocery—The Lower East Side’s newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 6/19: The Teen Beaters. 6/24: Hamell on Trial. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

ottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 6/17: John Martyn. 6/19: The Bacon Brothers, with unlikely roots-rocker Kevin Bacon. 6/20: Pat McGee Band; Peter Mulvey. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

owery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge’s roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 6/16: Tuatara. 6/19: Alice in Chains guy-gone-solo Jerry Cantrell; Feeder; The Gandharvas. 6/20: The Dictators; the New Bomb Turks. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

ownies—6/17: Harper Simon—son of Paul and singer-guitarist in his own right—was playing CBGB when he was just a teenage kid. Now, hot on the heels of fellow son-of-a-legend Sean Lennon, Harper’s making a more serious go of it as a hard-rockin’ nineties man. With power-pop trio extraordinaire Automat—whose mop-topped frontman offers stream-of-consciousness rambles that call to mind a young Dylan raised on a steady diet of XTC—and Plastics Hi-Fi. 6/19: Mooney Suzuki. 6/20: Muckaferguson. *169 Ave. A (420-8392). $.*

icago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 6/16: Martin Wright. 6/17: Seth Feinberg. 6/18: Carey Bell. 6/19: Christine Santelli. 6/20: Seth Yacavone. 6/22: Mr. Blues. 6/23: L’il Mama. *73 Eighth Ave. (924-9755). $.*

e Cooler—The meatpacking district’s subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.’s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 6/15: Lhasa Cement Plant bring New Yorkers their deliciously restrained take on free rock. “Show your earplugs at the door,” the band promises, “and receive a free kick in the ass.” 6/17: At the monthly “Mutiny” party, D.J.’s Rekha and Siraiki mix South Asian sonics with drum-and-bass and other dance styles. 6/18: Vernon Reid. 6/19: Ghetto Roots; Twin Sound; Black Redemption. 6/20: Antietam; Ida; Retsin. 6/22: Ben Neill; Samzar Khan. 6/24: Shout. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday in June, former Hugo Largo frontwoman Mimi Goese is in, with various special guests (6/17: Ben Neill and Stephen Vittiello). Every Sunday, gender illusionist Sequida Ryzell puts on “A Woman With a Secret.” *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It’s a bit of a crush near the stage, but there’s an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. “Savoy Sundays” are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 6/16: John Entwhistle. 6/17: Slayer; Clutch; System of a Down. (Sold out.) 6/19: Jazz Is Dead; Jerry Garcia Band (*sans*, it goes without saying, Jerry himself). 6/20: Koffi Olomide & Quartier Latin. 6/24: The Headhunters, with Herbie Hancock. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 6/20–6/21: Gravediggaz, with RZA and Prince Paul, in what is sure to be the rap event of the summer. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city’s hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 6/18: Lili Hayden. 6/19: The Schramms; Paul K. 6/20: Sportsguitar; Number One Cup; Ladybug Transistor. 6/24: Austin power-pop underdog Davíd Garza, whose biting tenor brings to mind Robert Plant and Marc Bolan. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.’s—The city’s premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/16: Malik Yoba with U.N.I. 6/17–6/18: Gil-Scott Heron. 6/19: Alex Bugnon. 6/20: Samba Novo. 6/22: Vocal Sampling. 6/23: Jah Shaka. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine’s already attracting crowds and the usual celebrity suspects like John-John and Wesley Snipes, megacool oldtimers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! 6/18: Eden White. *285 West Broadway. (941-0900).*

Tramps—One of the city’s better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 6/17: Justin Hinds & the Dominos; Exodus Ska Collective; Skinnerbox. 6/18: A Tribe Called Quest; P.A. 6/19: Milo Z.; the Hotheads; Ten Degree Lean. 6/20: Guided by Voices; Starling. 6/24: King Sunny Adé. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza “Konkrete Jungle.” 6/18: Pere Ubu; the Lothars. 6/19: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 6/20: Bernie Worrell. 6/21: Madball. 6/24: Stanley Jordan. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O’Farrill’s smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra blows the roof off the joint. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington). Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 6/17–6/20: In the early chapters of Miles Davis’s 1989 autobiography, Art Farmer comes up almost as often as Dizzy himself does—though for an entirely different reason. During Davis’s long heroin addiction, he pawned nearly all his belongings, leaving himself hornless. So for gigs at the Deuces and Birdland, Davis would borrow Farmer’s trumpet. A fine bopper in his own right, Farmer reclaims his horn, with a quintet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the “jazz capital of the world” often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 6/16–6/21: Detroit rhythm monster Elvin Jones bring his aptly named Jazz Machine. With the Brian Blade Fellowship. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to “out” experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don’t pay retail. 6/16: Ed Maceachen. 6/17: Doug White; New School Coltrane Band. 6/18: Nick Demopoulos Group; Funk Monk. 6/19: Peter Griessinger Jam Session and Omer Avital Group. 6/20: Omer Avital Group. 6/21: Soul Fire Sunday. 6/22: Eric Alexander Group. 6/23: Ed Maceachen. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you’ll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns’ potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 6/16–6/21: Trumpeter Nicholas Payton brings his quintet in to follow up the release of his fine new *Payton's Place*. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 6/16–6/21: One for All. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 6/16–6/21: Wallace Roney Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 6/16–6/21: Ray Drummond Quintet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 6/16–6/20: Pete Malinverni, Denis Irwin, Leroy Williams. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 6/21: Allan Havey; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Tim Young; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 6/15–6/21: Jerry Diner, John Rizzo, Vic Di Betteto, Larry Varnedoe, Nancy Redman, Jim Norto Ben Creed. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., contin ous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sa $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 Fi Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comec spot in the Flatiron distric Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 ar 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. ar Sat., $8 on weeknights. Tw drink minimum. 6/19–6/2 Teddy Smith; Jim Mendrinc Jim Gaffigan. *34 W. 22nd S (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday nigh "Eating It," members of *T State* and *Saturday Night Live* tu up regularly, as does Janea Garofalo. Expect lots of person monologues of a post–Spaldi Gray variety, plus the odd fre in dime-store costumes and gli ter-encrusted wings performi numbers from the Krofft Supe stars show. Some of it is succes ful, some is not, but none of it Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cove *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Talent
Luso-Palooza

If 50 bucks a pop to hear bossa nova at the JVC festival seems exorbitant, head to Central Park for the Brazilian Muzic Festival, SummerStage's free five-day music and dance marathon. The Lusophone (Portuguese-speaking) hoedown begins June 17 with DanceBrazil's premiere of "Serra Pelada," choreographed by *capoeira*-master Jelon Vieira and set to new music by Caetano Veloso; it closes June 21 with a show by samba-reggae-rappers O Rappa and the thirteen-member Karnak, whose eclectic songs are world-beatish even by Brazilian standards. But the fest's highlight is the return, after a four-year absence from New York, of Brazil's favorite avant-funkmaster, Ed Motta (pictured), who slides into Saturday afternoon's slot alongside acid-jazz granddaddy Roy Ayers. The show should deliver the smoothest amalgam of bossa nova, pop, reggae, and dance-soul numbers we're likely to see this summer. Though Motta favors the wild-haired look of a disaffected Ivy League logician, his Jamiroquai-smooth vocals and buttery guitar, bass, and percussion playing are the perfect foil to Ayers's funkily virtuosic vibraphone workouts. Motta's influences include bossa super-novas Tom Jobim and João Gilberto; *norteamericano* pillars Aaron Copland and Henry Mancini; even Björk's most recent arranger, Brazilian disco-maestro Eumir Deodato. Motta's 1997 greatest-hits album, *Manual Prático para Festas, Bailes e Afins* ("Practical Manual for Parties, Dances, and Celebrations"), delivers just what it promises: Marvin Gaye–like ballads and funky remixed dance numbers that will have all of Brazilian New York (at least the part of it not watching the World Cup) kicking up dust all over Rumsey Playfield. (See "Concerts" listings.) **ANDY YOUNG**

Photograph courtesy of Universal Record

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from major overhaul, the Oak Roo hosts some formidable names i its cozy environs. Through 7/ Susannah McCorkle. *59 W. 44 St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolic with an emphasis on opera an operetta, are the keynote of th Village landmark. Late dinin *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Pianist-raconteu bon vivant Bobby Short is bac for his annual spring ru Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woo Allen swings through the ear set with Eddy Davis & His Ne Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:4 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 f Davis's late, Woody-free set); n minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madis Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Joining the eve growing list of performers to o fer such "tributes," singer-piani Kathleen Landis performs th work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Look ing Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie require *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest pos show snuggery, right next door to an overwroug Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fin Through 6/20: Steve Ross's "Hooray for Love Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *36 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-on show at the recently relocated boîte has been e tended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 1 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $1 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, an wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtow Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. All summer long, "I Lov New York" celebrates the Big Apple in song. 3 *Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singe dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs num bers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standard show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($1 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays ja standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44 St. (221-8444).*

kids

Dear Dad...100 Candles...Solstice

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Jungle in There—Billed as a "kung fu musical," *Raksha's Child* (see photo) is performed by Urban Youth Theater 6/18 through 6/28 (Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 7, with matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2). **ABRONS ART CENTER,** Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). Tickets are $6, $4 for students and children.

mily Ties—All week long (6/15 through 6/21), dads who surrender ties they "claim to love but always forget to wear" will be admitted free to the **TOP OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.** Accompanying family members are entitled to a 15 percent discount on the usual admission of $12, $9 for seniors, and $6 for children ages 6 through 12. (Ugly, uglier, and ugliest ties will be displayed through Father's Day on the 107th floor.) See "Zapped Back in Time" and "Florals" listings for opportunities to create eligible ties at both the Children's Museum of Manhattan and Wave Hill. 2 World Trade Center (323-2340).●

ppy Birthday New York—Sunday, June 21, is a good day to be out on the town—especially if you don't like to pay admission. To celebrate the city's centennial, more than 100 institutions (cultural and not so) are opening their doors free of charge or with reduced admission; many also have scheduled events that relate to the illustrious history of this city. At **THE NEW YORK CITY FIRE MUSEUM,** for example, firefighters from every borough will appear in vintage costume; demonstrations of truck and rope rescues will be given; and when they're not making Dalmatian hand puppets, kids will get a rare chance to clamber onto fire rigs. So whether your child's favorite venue is **LAZER PARK**—that midtown mecca of politically incorrect shoot-'em-up laser games—or **LEFFERTS HOMESTEAD,** the sleepy eighteenth-century Dutch Colonial farmhouse on the edge of Prospect Park, call in advance to find out what's planned. Information can also be obtained by calling 255-7997 or visiting www.nyc100.com.●

Fête de la Musique—An ancient French celebration, marked for the first time in New York City. Hey, summer solstice is as good an excuse as any for street performers, Native Americans, and world-famous musicians to gather. And what's a more planetary and primal spot than the foot of the city's tallest building? Behold Baby Dee, the cycling harpist; a Haitian Band called Tabou Combo; the Sneakers, billed as a trio loco; and Mr. Spoons, who naturally plays the spoons. Ritual Native American ceremonies are at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.; at 6:30, Philip Glass tickles the ivories, with Fodoy Musa Suso playing the 21-string West African kora. 6/21 from sunrise to sunset at **WORLD TRADE CENTER PLAZA,** a flat, round "park" at the base of the World Trade Center towers, Trinity Place and Cortlandt St. (432-0900).●●

Nineteenth-Century Pastimes—You provide the blanket and the picnic. **CENTRAL PARK** provides the setting and the entertainment—in honor of 100 years of a unified city. From 1 to 2 P.M., and again for an hour after the concert, kids are introduced to games their peers would have played 100 years ago. An all-brass ensemble with a core of a dozen trombone players, called McCullough Sons of Thunder, blasts out rousing gospel music from 2 to 4. Near the Dana Discovery Plaza area, 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370).●●

Zapped Back in Time—As kids arrive at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** (6/19 and 6/20), they'll be told the "news of the day" (right day, wrong century). Elsewhere in the museum, hear stories of a bygone era, call a Brooklyn Dodgers game, and see how you might have looked in another time. For Father's Day, make a video tribute to Dad in the Time Warner Media Center, join him in a rap song, or design an outrageous tie. Coretta Scott King award–winning artist Javaka Steptoe leads collage-making and storytelling workshops relating to his book *In Daddy's Arms I AM TALL,* on 6/21 at noon and 1:30. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2 for seniors and children under 1. From 10 A.M. to noon on 6/21, admission is free in honor of the centennial.●

Traversing Time and Space—Leslie Fanelli and Theatre in Motion stage a historical musical fantasy, *The Promise of Park,* about and in **CENTRAL PARK.** The hourlong performance for people of all ages can be seen at 1 and again at 3 (the Dairy, mid-park at 65th St., 6/20; the rain date is 6/21). Also at the Dairy, kids ages 8 and up can find out how the southern end of the park looked 100 years ago—before Rollerblades had been invented—when cows lived in the Dairy and sheep languidly munched on the grass, 6/20 at 1.●●

Florals—Bring a T-shirt or a tie to decorate with images of poppies for Papa as a Father's Day gift: a good excuse to visit the 28-acre garden, currently in dazzling bloom. 6/20 and 6/21 at 1 and 4 at **WAVE HILL'S** Kerlin Learning Center, W. 249th St. and Independence Ave., Riverdale (718-549-3200). Free with admission to the grounds of $4, $2 students and seniors, free of charge Saturdays from 9 to noon.

Summer How-To—Parents with children ages 2 and under are invited to bring them along to an informational gathering about enjoying the park in summer, hosted by Central Park Playground Partners. Gymboree teachers will lead toddlers in playtime activities. 6/16 from 1:30 to 3, **JAMES MICHAEL LEVIN PLAYGROUND.** Central Park at 76th St. and Fifth Ave. (310-6600).●●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

otograph by Arthur Aviles.

Performance

Jungle Politik

'Mowgli keeps repeating 'I am a wolf,' " which helps him at first, when he is growing up in a family of wolves and has to walk past jackals who are taunting him, explains José Joaquín García, director of Urban Youth Theater's production of *Raksha's Child.* But when it comes time to fight off attacks by Shere-Khan—the tiger who killed his parents—he has to come to terms with the fact that he isn't really a member of the wolf pack. His strength comes from being human. Shaped by the company of more than 30 kids over nearly two years of disciplined work, the production at the Abrons Arts Center—based on one of Kipling's *Jungle Book* stories—is about finding one's way in a sometimes hostile world. Once he has fought the tiger with fire instead of his bare hands, Mowgli can't be part of the animal world anymore and has to live among his own kind. To get kids involved in exploring the physical movements of animals, García avoided using any words at all during the first five months of rehearsals. *Raksha's Child* is still a very visceral experience, employing techniques from such disparate sources as Peking Opera, Brazilian Capoeira martial arts, and kung fu, along with a pounding, percussive score by Tony James (an original New York cast member of *Stomp*). Lest his students get carried away by the glamour of acting, García sternly reminds them that the pack he's raising them to be part of believes "it's a privilege to have all those people watching you. So you'd better be in something that can make a change—or at least raise some questions." See "Children's Events" for details.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 19 at 7pm
$20. DJ & Dancing. 600+ Expected
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new york
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 fo NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money order accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response lin is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), ca 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New Yor Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Busy CEO—40, 6'1", great shape, extremely good-looking, seeks mutually rewarding relationship with model-type woman - for romance and fun, not marriage. Photo. 4006 ✉ ☎

Willowy, Attractive, Refined—Independent professional woman (5'7") with style, seeks solid, kind, substantial, very intelligent and refined 50-plus man, for friendship and perhaps more. 4000 ✉ ☎

Italian-American—Attractive, 48, artist, cabaret singer, comedienne, great cook and party planner - also loves home life, intellectual and spiritual. Seeking honest, sincere professional gentleman to share my interesting life. Picture. 4049 ✉ ☎

Multifaceted Precious Gem—Warm, bright, classy, Jewish Manhattan beauty, in-shape at 5'7", 118 lbs, raven-haired, sensual, passionate and compassionate, creative, successful and upscale. Seeks soul mate - that tall, fit, good-looking, secure and emotionally available, very successful, upscale man, 45-59, good-hearted, generous and good-natured. We both love the arts, city and country, sports, travel, laughing and bonne vie. Am seeking a communicative, loving, caring and fun-filled, committed relationship. Note/phone/photo a must for reply. 4037 ✉

Handsome, Witty, Successful Attorney—Who wants to enjoy the city, its music, restaurants, movies, ballet, tennis, etc., with a very special woman, early 50s, who is bright, cultured, fit, very attractive, with a sense of humor (and a nonsmoker). Note and current photo, please. 4069 ✉

Not What You Might Expect—Single Jewish man, 39, seeks friend, muse and anima. I work in banking technology (but would rather discuss Nabokov), live conventionally (but am drawn by the offbeat, arcane and obscure), and tend to overuse parentheses (but I'm trying to stop!). Would love to meet a spirited, intellectual woman, perhaps (just perhaps) with a bit (just a bit) of an edge. Hipness unimportant (though hippiness always catches my eye). 4068 ✉ ☎

Active, 83, 5'9", Construction Exec—Tudor City male seeks lady partner who enjoys cooking/movies/ballet/theater/walking/talking/dining. 4033 ✉

Creative, Caring Surgeon—Down-to-earth, warm, handsome Renaissance man with great sense of humor, 5'10", muscular build, 43, gentle, into fitness, culture, travel - seeks vivacious, sincere, educated woman under 38, for marriage, family. Phone/photo necessary. 4079 ✉☎

Nice Guy—Single white male, 36, 5'9", 170, Wall Street professional, new to NYC, attractive, intelligent, no baggage. In search of attractive, single/divorced white female, 28-35, one child okay. Must like museums, parks, travel and positive thinking. No games. Note/photo. 4056✉☎

I'm Not Lying—I am a very attractive, sophisticated, upscale North Shore LI woman, youthful 50, thin and in great shape, well-traveled, well-bred, fun-loving, love to laugh, Jewish, professional, emotionally available, financially secure. Enjoy working out, travel, nature, art, museums, dining, dancing, theater, etc. Comfortable in jeans/gown. Seeking age-appropriate gentleman, similar interests, for friendship, companionship, passion. 4003 ✉ ☎

Okay Guys, Listen Up—This girl's special. She's my best friend and wouldn't write this ad herself. She's Jewish, 39, (looks 30), beautiful and feminine with dark curly hair, 5'5", and in great shape. She loves the country and the beach, skis and plays tennis. She's also a lover of the arts, is highly educated, well-read and well-traveled. She's a professional who loves her work and her life. She's only missing the right man. He should be handsome, very smart, funny, fun-loving and worldly. She needs someone with refined tastes, but is also down-to-earth, warm and kind. She is all these things and a great friend. Photo and note. 4043 ✉

Stunning Brunette CPA—30, tall, Jewish, sweet and unpretentious. Seeks very handsome, warm, sincere male, 30-38. Photo - will exchange. 4012 ✉

Asian Lady—Pretty, kind, educated, seeks intelligent, successful, sincere gentleman, 35-42, for forever. 4062 ✉☎

Gentle, Cultured, Advanced-Degreed—Jewish male professional, 45, seeks a compassionate, large-vocabularied lady who would like to be kissed, caressed, sexually pampered, loved, understood and fully appreciated seven days a week. 4055 ✉☎

Beautiful, Exotic MD—Petite, dark-eyed, foreign-born Jewish gourmet cook in 50s, looks 40. Enjoys home, Wall Street, NYC culture. Seeks her Mr. Right. 4028 ✉

Athletic, Handsome, Successful—Male, age 44, Christian, 6'1", 185, nice head of hair. Easygoing personality, very well-educated, business owner, drug-free and smoke-free. Enjoys dining out, baseball, comedy, beach and more. Seeks shapely, mature female, age 26-40, with some mutual interests. Long Island/Queens preferred. Photo and note, please; will swap if requested. 4078 ✉

Marry Me A Little—Love me not too much. Pretty NJ female, never married, age 44, 5'2", size 6, smart, independent, proud homeowner, professional degree, self-employed, successful. Yes, I have cats. Longish blondish hair, green eyes, easy laugh, passionate swimmer, lover of folk music. Approaching perennial garden with cautious optimism. Scared but sense of humor documented. Seeking similar male, to 50. Photo. 4058 ✉ ☎

Intelligent, Responsible—Good-looking (trim and fit), fun, romantic, 40ish, 5'11", successful CEO (normal, married before), seeks extremely attractive (must be slim), sophisticated woman in 30s to share and enjoy life. 4016 ✉

Extremely Handsome, Sexy—Successful Jewish JD/MBA - 6'1", late 30s, great body. Seeks stunning woman, 25-34, who is bright, fun, genuinely nice, with a great sense of humor. Manhattan only. Note/photo. 4077 ✉

Nurses Know Best—Jewish, divorced female, 50s, blond, very funny, smart and accomplished - looking for same in a man who's successful, compassionate, loves music, the arts and good living. Recent photo. 4071 ✉

Searching For Love And Romance—Successful, handsome, very fit, 5'7", 40, 150 lbs. Homes: East Hampton, NYC, Millbrook. Seeks beautiful model, 25-35, family-oriented, traditional values, for lasting relationship. Note, phone and recent photo a must. Will supply same. 4063 ✉

Retired Professional (82)—Widower, would like female friend (75-82) to share thoughts and feelings, and to help enjoy movies, lectures, museums, plays. 4048✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Former Southern Beauty Queen—Iv grad, now successful NY media producer late 40s, 5'8", still slim, fit and lovely Seeks successful, confident man, 50 plus Note/photo or phone. 4051 ✉ ☎

Pretty Japanese Female—Late 20s playful, honest, caring, down-to-earth varied interests - which include cultura events, dancing, dining, theater an just "hanging out". Seeks bright, handsome professional, warm, self-assured goal-oriented man who is ready fo commitment. I appreciate a great sens of humor, dignity and unique spirit Letter/photo. 4060 ✉

Class And Charm—Attractive lady lawyer 51, petite, athletic, intelligent, with grea sense of humor, seeks very well-educate professional man under 60 - intelligent articulate, humorous, cultured, cuddly strong and sensitive. 4053 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive Professional Woman—Educated, 5'6", 135, blond, passionate I'm 45 but don't look it (no, really!) Interests? Spending time with you Age not an issue; character, quality intelligence and sense of humor are Desire to share with special man: interests fun, quiet times together...for friendship adventure, love and romance - a lif partner. Simple note with phon appreciated. NJ preferred. 4009 ✉

Handsome Professional—40, slim athletic, adventurous - seeks kind loving, playful female, 29-36, to shar everything from A to Y (nothing wit the letter Z interests me). Photo please will exchange. 4017 ✉

Opera In Verona—Juliet seeks culture man, 45-60, for July travel, et al. 4014 ✉☎

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ere Are You?—Witty, smart, beau-
l Jewish MBA (30) - looking for a
cessful, kind, handsome, athletic
ı (30-37) who can make me laugh.
rriage, kids. Well-analyzed a plus.
ıne/photo/letter. 4030 ✉ ☎

ırkle, Compassion, Class—Self-
ployed professional woman, 55,
sesses good humor and intellectual
ılity, sensitive, affectionate and
epting, appreciation of the arts, theater,
et, the feel of the sun and the smell
spring. Petite, softly, very attractively
hin, ready to embrace refined, gentle
ı who may be balding with paunch,
50s-60s. Note/photo, please. 4040✉

ıducer Seeks Director—Long-legged,
ly 40s, athletic (ski, golf, scuba,
den) and adoptive single mom of a
ear-old adorable boy, seeks com-
sionate, caring soul mate. You? Tall,
fident, value-centered, educated, goal-
ected, outgoing and playful, 38-52.
? Deep-hearted, generous, creative and
nted female, (212), who deserves the
:! Note/photo and happy days! 4046 ✉

minology Professor—Jewish male, 37,
ısmoker, loves NYC. Seeking intelli-
t, attractive, vibrant woman. 3994 ✉☎

ndsome, Active, Athletic—Blue-eyed
fessional man, responsible, idealistic
thoughtful; loves the beach and skiing,
ks and gives a great massage. Seeks
attractive, sensuous, confident, reliable
nan with whom to share travel, wine
the fireplace, and to miss when apart.
tural background unimportant. Note/
ıto, please. 3998 ✉

re To Be Bold?—Then join with a
que, upscale and discriminating man,
who is accomplished and comfortable,
who knows the real thing. Searching
that very special lady for a wonderful
of sharing and caring, fun and
ghter. Required: a woman of substance
l style, with a warm heart and keen
ıd, who shares the belief that we
uld "live life grand or stay in bed".
ase be under 40, petite, very
active, upbeat and Christian. Respond
n revealing note and photo to begin
adventure. 4010 ✉

nted:—Jewish female, age 30-42,
cated, funny, warm, looks in the 7-10
ge, redhead preferred, no taller than
", as companion to Jewish male,
5'5", attorney, looks in the 8 range,
ative, loves everything but horseback
ng. No: cold-fish princesses, money-
ented individuals need apply. Note
/, please. 4061 ✉

Just For Lunch—First-time ad;
tty, thoughtful, athletic, with a
at sense of humor, professional, seeks
holic male professional, 30s-40s.
e/photo. 4066 ✉

lian, Educated, Romantic—And
y handsome. I own a multinational
nufacturing business, and travel
ensively to Italy, Europe, mainland
na and USA. Own 43' sailboat, sailing
a, Caribe, Mexico. I live in ranch house
high-desert south Tucson. Enjoy
sic, arts, salmon fly fishing, skiing and
ing. I seek enthusiastic companion,
to 35, with exceptional beauty, culture,
sonality and sophistication, European
Chinese. 4032 ✉

ite, Caring, Slim—Attractive female
ks male counterpart, 58-68. 4064 ✉

ena Needs Zeus—45-55 with integrity.
te/photo. 4029 ✉

Just Back From Europe—And I'd love to show you my photos. Intelligent, kind, funny, generous and very successful entrepreneur, 53, who loves laughing, learning, travel, music, movies and cooking - seeks terrific woman, 30-50, for a joyful and loving relationship. Since appearance is clearly a part of chemistry, please include recent photo (happy to exchange). 4027 ✉

School Psychologist—53, 5'8", attractive, athletic, likes the arts, wishes to start family. Photo. POB 1881, NYC 10021

Scientist/Philanthropist—Father of marvelous grown children, wants to make more. You are highly intelligent and cultured, yet warmhearted and caring. If you write me, I'll expound on *all* my wonderful attributes and the goodies I can offer. Please write what you consider - and what you would expect me to consider - relevant and important about yourself. POB 597, NY 10019

Handsome, Successful Man—Early 30s, seeks platonic relationship with female: nonsmoking beauty, feminine, intelligent, body-conscious and zest for life. 4075 ✉☎

Let's Tango—Latin man, originally from Argentina, 44, 6', handsome, financially secure, looking for sweet girl, 25-35. Phone/photo. 4036 ✉

Baseball Fan Wanted—Who's also tall, slim, easily entertained and female. I'm early 40s, 6'2", fit, and work in the financial profession. Navel ring is okay, but no tattoos. 4011 ✉

Single White Male—40, 5'11", well-built, Italian, sincere, warm, passionate, handsome professional, seeking affectionate, sincere woman for relationship leading to marriage and family. Note/photo. 4015 ✉

Handsome Retired Lawyer—Manhattan, 6', 175 lbs, black hair, athletic, 73. Affectionate, gentle, analyzed. Loves humor, singing, reading, racquetball, good nutrition. Seeks trim, humorous woman, 5'5"-5'7". Photo/note. 4023 ✉

Beautiful Hispanic Physician—43, fun, fit, intense, energetic, loves NYC - seeks successful, accomplished, fit NYC male, to 48, for meaningful, loving relationship, future, family. 4026 ✉ ☎

Oriental Pearl—38, petite, Ivy grad, loves music, arts and Central Park. Seeks a man of integrity, 34-45. Photo. 4008 ✉

Hole In One - Birdie, Par And Me—Pretty, classy, on-the-ball Jewish female, 32, *seeks successful, athletic, charismatic,* down-to-earth, normal and intelligent Jewish male who enjoys travel, the arts and the best life has to offer. 4065 ✉

Gay White Man—34, very attractive, fit, 5'10", 170 lbs, successful entrepreneur, intelligent, down-to-earth - enjoys yoga, biking, hiking, the city, the country, South Park and the New Yorker. Seeks soul mate. Phone/photo/note. 4002 ✉☎

Distinguished Hellenic Gentleman—In 40s. Healthy, nonsmoker. Intelligent, established businessman. 5'5", 145 lbs, blue eyes, grayish hair and good-looking. Christian, honorable, with many morals. Healthy and sophisticated. Passionate and extremely romantic. Seeks a truly nice lady, compassionate, no older than 42. First: to be connected spiritually, and second: to become one body, one soul leading to marriage and enjoying long-lasting love for eternity. An honest, clean heart, always pure and very smart. 4025 ✉

Have you experienced a
HEART ATTACK

Did Cupid's arrow attack your heart this year? If not, I have the arrow! Don't spend another day, another summer, another year alone.

Somewhere out there is your *special* someone waiting just for you. This is not a person you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. Like you, each of my clients is extremely busy furthering his/her career. My clients are not and will not be participants in any singles scene. You will not have the opportunity to meet them. They will not have the opportunity to meet you unless you call now and become my client. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. Afford me the opportunity to make the ***right*** introduction for you.

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(212) 753-3003 (516) 889-9058

Professional Man—European background, 53, 6', fit, gentle, seeks sincere, gentle, pretty lady, 5'4" plus, prefer 35-45, nonsmoker. Send note/photo. POB *1703, Murray Hill Station, NY, NY 10156*

Classy, Attractive, Sexy—Upscale, petite, warm Jewish woman, young 50, with charm and energy, seeks adorable, fun, fit, romantic, CEO-type Jersey soul mate. 4007 ✉

Smart, Funny, Attractive—Physically, emotionally and spiritually fit, early-50s woman. If you are a slim, successful, warm, loving, educated professional man, 49-65, send note and photo. 4067 ✉

Adventure, Humor, Intellect—Share all with pretty, slim, accomplished woman. You are 49 plus, Jewish, fit, funny, caring, enjoy life, sports, the arts, travel and the outdoors. Note/photo. 4070 ✉

Successful Film Biz Pro—Distance swimmer, young 45, 5'7", with Jersey Shore house, seeks very smart, slender, fun-loving woman, 25-40, who looks great in a Porsche. Photo/note. 4024 ✉

Message In A Bottle—Student of a course in miracles, 39, seeks a man who knows love is the most precious gift. Share the beauty of your soul. Photo. 4091 ✉

Trout Whisperer—Handsome Westchester exec, 48, 5'11", man of many interests. Fly fisher of Ireland, UK, Rockies, wild places. Seeks cultured lady who loves nature and who would love to start a family. Note/photo, please. 4034 ✉

Adorable, Professional Jewish Female—28, upbeat, energetic, caring. Loves working out, Knicks, Yankees, Broadway, crossword puzzles and coffee shops. Seeks genuine, intelligent, professional Jewish male (28-33) with sense of humor, kind heart and warm smile. 4031 ✉

European—44, MD, PhD, 5'7", interest in art, music, theater, movies, sailing... Looking for man with similar interests. Photo. 4050 ✉

Soul Mate—Adventurous, smart, attractive, nonreligious Jewish female, 31, seeks counterpart to share ideas, interests and quality time together. 4013 ✉

Summer Romance

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Place your ad in the month of June and you'll get a special discount on a second ad (20% off -- 30% off when you use the voice response option) good June 17 through December 31, 1998.*

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or mail your ad to: New York Magazine
Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue,
11th Floor, NY, NY 10016

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Meet My Client - A Hopeless Romantic Searching For His Soulmate

He Is:

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- Ivy Educated, and world traveled, yet genuine and down-to-earth
- Fun loving, interesting, nurturing, generous and kind
- Family oriented, jewishly identified & motivated to build a foundation of friendship & love with his partner, who might be you...

You Are:

- An extremely attractive Jewish woman between the ages of 26-34
- Intelligent, sweet, sensitive and giving
- Goal-oriented, and will make the right relationship top priority in your life
- Geographically flexible and are open to settling wherever your future awaits...

To respond please send 2 photos plus note to Leora Orgel at:

Leora & Associates
3 Bethesda Metro Center Suite 700
Bethesda MD 20814
Tel (301) 961-1982 Fax (301)-652-6240

LI Doctor—Good-looking, domesticated ...however wants fishing, boating, travel companion in the form of a slender lady of intelligence, integrity and beauty, 32-40, nonsmoking. Note/photo/phone. 4052✉

Seeking Beauty, Feelings, Intellect—I am a 50-year-old, divorced physician who lives in Cedarhurst, LI - and enjoy skiing, tennis, culture. I am looking for a professional Jewish woman, preferably a doctor, teacher or social worker with similar interests. She should want a serious relationship which could lead to marriage, and be willing to relocate if necessary. Send letter/recent photo. 4022✉

Search Committee—Attractive, young 50-year-old with warmth, class, humor, culture, empathy, profession - seeks male counterpart for sharing/caring. 4073 ✉☎

Merger Wanted—Female total package, 40-50, required. Benefits include lifetime of pleasure, excitement and security. Must be adorable. Photo, please. 4035 ✉ ☎

Successful International Attorney—39, likes literature, the opera and Caribbean beaches. Seeks attractive professional female, 30 plus, commitment-minded, down-to-earth, likes sailing. 3996 ✉

Handsome Entrepreneur—51, fit, Jersey resident, father with young son, beautiful lifestyle, down-to-earth - seeks exceptionally pretty lady, slim, 35-43, with/out young children, who enjoys travel, romantic times, golf, boating, fine dining and a long-term relationship with a really fine man. Note and photo, please. 4019✉

Company's Most Eligible Bachelor—And he's dying to meet you. Italian, 33, 5'8", good-looking, kindhearted, successful computer professional seeks love of his life, 25-35. Be feminine yet sexy and his heart will be generously yours. No games. Race unimportant. Single black female or Latina a plus. NYC or Westchester preferred. But don't let him wait. The time is right. 4074 ✉

LI Gay White Male—Handsome, 46, 6', 195, successful, intelligent, fit, masculine guy seeks 38-plus, attractive male, healthy in body and mind, ready for relationship. Reply with note/photo. 4047 ✉

Very Handsome, Fit, Funny—Smart Jewish guy, 40, seeks warm, smart, fit, pretty woman, 30s, for laughs and more. Photo/note. 4057 ✉

Energetic, Warm, Fun-Loving Female—I enjoy a full, happy life with many close friends and a great family, but I am missing my dream man! I am fit, pretty, Italian-Catholic, never married and a successful attorney with many varied interests. I just turned 34 but I look and feel 25. If you are healthy (physically, financially, emotionally), handsome, intelligent, 28-40, and able to engage in stimulating conversation and a meaningful relationship, I would love to meet you for dinner. 4038 ✉ ☎

Limited Edition—Uniquely attractive woman, 52, with depth, heart and soul, seeks passion, intimacy, hilarity and romance with a man who deserves this treasure! 4005 ✉ ☎

Very Good-Looking Blond Female—53, slim and athletic, searching for witty Renaissance or eclectic man whose tastes run from opera at the Met and fine dining to exploring Turkey...to home-cooked meals and good conversation. Should be tall, slim, Jewish, divorced or widowed professional between the ages of 52 and 65. Photo and personal note a must. 4076 ✉

Easygoing Jewish Male—30, 5'11", 155 lbs. Enjoys tennis, running, theater, movies and dining out. Looking for attractive, sweet and slim female. Note/photo. 4044 ✉

Female Surgeon—Physically fit, very attractive, with everything you've truly wanted, available for charming, successful, caring man, 35-55. Photo please. 4039✉☎

Handsome Jewish Physician—Seeks super-smart, exceptionally attractive lady (yet unpretentious), 35-45 years and a nonsmoker. Send photo. 3924 ✉

NYMessage

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood
Sincere, attractive, fit, financially sec
older gentleman seeks bright, healt
sincere woman, 30-40, interested in sin
motherhood, to have, keep and nurtur
child with his assistance. Physical relati
optional. Arrangements negotiable. Ple
include photo, age, relevant informati
POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Daddy - You're the BEST
HAPPY BIRTHDAY..........6/13
HAPPY FATHER'S DAY...6/21
I LOVE YOU! ....A

Daddy Daniel Greene—I love you to
moon and back!! Love/hugs, Isaak Aureli

The Magnificent Seven—Sev
handsome, professional, evolved men s
seven perfect partners for cocktail party
chic NYC restaurant. Photo/phone. 4045

Seeking Fun, Romance And Family
40-something male, funny, smart a
caring, seeks 30-something fema
pretty, open and sincere. I love child
and will devote hours to their concept
and care. Note/photo. 4054 ✉

She's 5'7" With Eyes Of Heaven
Looking for someone to like. If you're f
fit and sincere, this blond-haired, bl
eyed, 30-something Scorpio will keep
on your toes with her smart sense of
and intelligence. Photo please. 4059 ✉

Asian Beauty—31, 5'4", fit MBA, enj
movies, travel, conversation; seeks sm
nice guy to share life together. 4021 ✉

New York's Best-Kept Secret—Pre
professional female, 27, Catholic - w
family-oriented, outgoing, active,
romantic and sometimes silly. Enj
travel, outdoor sports, antiquing, din
with friends and a great sense of hum
Seeks male best friend and partn
27-33, nonsmoker, similar interes
Note/photo/phone, please. 4041 ✉

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All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

Name ____________________

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City ____________________ State ____________________ Zip ____________________

Day Phone (for our records only) ____________________

Payment: Check ____________ or Credit Card ____________ MasterCard/Visa/American Express (circle one)

Card Number ____________________ Exp. Date ____________

Signature ____________________ **Would you like a voice box? If so, check here.** ☐

If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

AD COPY:

1 ____________________

2 ____________________

Strictly Personals

You've thought about it...
Your best friend met her husband from it...
All your friends think you should do it...
And so do you, but...
You can't imagine writing it...
And it will never work for you...
You're different...
Although the people who advertise seem so...
rofessional...
Educated...
Cultured...
Fun...
Well-Groomed...
Caring...
ensitive...
Interested and...
Interesting...
Just like you, right?!
So, maybe it's time to...
Listen to your friends...
And your heart...
And place a Strictly Personals ad in New York Magazine.

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MARY ANN MADDEN #915

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Noon in the Basement of Borrowed Time—John Berendt's tale of murder and intrigue in Provo, Utah.

Air Force Two—Al Gore flies off to a Christian Science Reading Room in Minsk.

Citizen Crane!—the big musical about loos. New from Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Above, late summer pleasures. Competitors are invited to provide *one* example, please. A play, book, or film briefly described.

Results of Competition 912, in which you were asked to invent and define goofy words.

Report: Popular topics: Viagra. Cabdrivers. Elephants (no, I don't either). Various animals. *Titanic.* Phobias. Particularly pleasing: not only the clever invented word but the definition with a little pith to it ath well. We loved these results, and prize-picking was scattershot and difficult. You're a fine bunch, really. And not a moment too soon, you ask us.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

nincompope—only pontiff to flunk out of the College of Cardinals.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

coughkaesque—waking up in the morning with a bug.
Russell Marlow, N.Y.C.

rhesuscitation—method of breathing new life into monkeys.
Roger McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

babarian—uncivilized elephant.
Sarah C. Whitehead, Providence, R.I.

lanaturnover—girls' reversible sweater.
Michael Lombard, N.Y.C.

chableep—f@#$ing great white wine.
S. Dana, San Francisco, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

pollyannathane—perpetual finish for cherrywood.
Lawrence Eisenberg, N.Y.C.

munifiscent—the smell of money market funds.
R. Rosenthal, Wayne, N.J.

condoment—safe spice.
James A. Tate, M.D., Kokomo, Ind.

vinducated—chose wine expertly.
Peter Warren, N.Y.C.

minimealist—gourmet chef.
Marianna Lancaster, Sewanee, Tenn.

soap operatchik—Party functionary on *All My Comrades.*
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

marty gras—Ernest Borgnine film festival.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

lazyfaire—a recliner for watching the financial news.
Mildred Alpern, N.Y.C.

virilesimilitude—what you get when you take Viagra.
Carol Nissenson, Washington, D.C.

cloudstrophobia—fear of rain.
Norm Dvoskin, Melville, N.Y.

portursanophobia—fear of being molested by bears while using an outdoor toilet.
Tom Herman, N.Y.C.

viagraphobia—fear of sex in the marketplace.
Patricia Mims, Minneapolis, Minn.
sp ment.: Rita K. Farrelly, Bronxville, N.Y.;
Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

uniadversity—school of hard knocks.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

duluthenasia—the act of putting an entire Minnesota town to sleep.
John Mainieri, N.Y.C.

gradualated—got a B.A. degree after six years.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

ivyprophen—favorite headache remedy at Yale and Princeton.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

phenobarbiedoll—plaything dressed in her pharmacist's outfit.
Barbara Alpren, West Orange, N.J.

austintatious—of or pertaining to the state capital.
Marjorie Jackson, Harlingen, Tex.

proboskiss—Eskimo embrace.
Gloria M. Johnson, N.Y.C.

igloom—Aleutian cabin fever (see also: eskimope).
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

arroz con apollo—dinner theater in Spanish Harlem.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

texedo—string tie and tails.
John Grady, Dallas, Tex.

auto-da-fray—road rage.
Jens Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

vichysswastika—symbol worn by French soup Nazis.
Joan Ruttenberg, Rockville, Md.

mob thais—links to Frank Sumatra.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

deskperado—white-collar criminal.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

anteclarabellum—before Howdy Doody.
Frank S. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

coagulatte—coffee with clotted whipped cream.
Madelyne Gray, N.Y.C.

microsoftball—game in which one team owns all of the equipment.
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.

tsusume—An unrepentant destructive tidal wave.
Michael Bass, M.D., San Francisco, Calif.

chickanery—fowl play.
Leonard R. Epstein, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

anathemathematician—unpopular algebra teacher.
Jeanne Pavon, Mahwah, N.J.

oblication—schlepping to a funeral in Bermuda.
Norm Goldblatt, Los Altos, Calif.

angioplaster—hardening of the arteries.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

velcrow—product for attaching four and twenty blackbirds inside a pie.
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

therapathy—treatment for chronic indecision.
Frank J. Dupignac Jr., Toms River, N.J.

silliloquy—stand-up comic's routine.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

premadonna—the seventies.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

chairisma—the charm of sitting.
Paul D. Rheingold, Rye, N.Y.

escapitalism—investing in theme parks.
Rebecca Silliman, Woodstock, Vt.

mshandle—call a woman by the wrong name during intimacy.
Hank Wallace, Washington, D.C.

tantamountie—like someone who arrests your aunt in Ottawa.
William Boardman, Woodstock, Vt.

columny—to be slandered in the *Times.*
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

tuxidermist—purveyor of formal wear to stuffed shirts.
Helen Lessner, Newburgh, N.Y.

hersuit—a woman's business outfit made of mohair.
Richard Procida, West Hempstead, N.Y.

hundread—irrational fear of anyone named Attila. (DSM-IV 589.62.)
Gary Muldoon, Rochester, N.Y.

iscocourse—body language.
Ron DeMatteo, N.Y.C.

rtifishal—crab meat from Japan.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

udoze—faint praise.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

ediacrity—substandard news coverage.
Francis X. Hickey, Bronx

ritalin—filter that provides great-tasting ater and calms your children.
Perry Fishkind, Cresskill, N.J.

aiken—to win a two-year subscription in an ndean magazine competition.
Dr. Roger D. Kellerman, Albany, N.Y.

eodiametric—complete opposition to com- act cars. Also see: yugophobic.
Laura Coleman Johnson, Knoxville, Tenn.

isantrophy—person who hates receiving wards (e.g., Brando).
Kerri Valentino, Los Angeles, Calif.

expectoration—spitting image of the king.
Karen Heimlich, Portland, Ore.
similarly: Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

estituition—to repay a college loan.
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

ostaphobia—fear of college tuition.
The Adelhardts, Englishtown, N.J.

imbivorous—man-eater.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

egret-me-not—flower to send when you nev- r have to say you're sorry.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

orget-me-knot—string tied to a finger.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

oochacha—Latin American barn dance.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

pocalypso—the last dance.
Ruth Korrol, Baldwin Harbor, N.Y.

ratulence—college boys letting off hot air.
Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.

oekeepsie—collectible from the estate of The Raven" 's author.
John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

lbonics—theater-armrest maneuvers.
David M. O'Byrne, Regina, Saskatchewan.

esperanto—lingua frantica.
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

mbiguous—the meaning of poems by T. S. liot.
Diane Johnson, N.Y.C.

antymime—letting one's underwear speak uder than words.
J. Paul Sutter, London, Ontario

ictator—the office worker who is in charge f all the ballpoint pens.
Anda Horvath, Southport, Conn.

onanism—pleasurable solitary viewing of ate-night television.
Theodore Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

anoshe—caviar on a bagel.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

numb de plume—writer's block.
Sarah Gay, Carrboro, N.C.

impasta—ersatz noodles, e.g., mockaroni.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

smorgasbordello—whores d'oeuvres.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

addendumb—the consequence of being unwilling to leave well enough alone.
Joel Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.

repocussion—having to walk to work.
Sandra Hull, Arlington, Va.

epeeglottal—of or relating to sword swallowing.
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

avant-garden—the cutting edge of horticulture.
Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.

humilitea—beverage accompaniment to humble pie.
Elsa K. Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.

onomatopeonie—a flower that smells as good as it looks.
Dan Jordan, Bethpage, N.Y.

philatelimb—a stump collector.
Georgene Gallo, Glenshaw, Pa.

limph—to walk while lisping.
Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

dernier crease—the latest wrinkle.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

plebesite—Internet polling address for West Point cadets.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

posshillbillity—"You might be a redneck if . . ."
Matthew Grob, N.Y.C.

epidreamyology—the study of nocturnal remissions.
Alan Tuckerman, N.Y.C.

jobethamymegalomania—grandiose obsession for little women ("March madness," q.v.).
Mary Jane Gore, Charlottesville, Va.

castroate—to lose one's manhood when opening a sofabed.
Peter Winokur, Scarsdale, N.Y.

mediochre—pale-brownish-yellow pigment commonly used by amateurish painters.
Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

near-do-well—one who does the wrong thing for the right reason.
Kevin Mellema, Falls Church, Va.

psychlone—brainstorm.
Brian Bracey, Carrboro, N.C.

John Deere letter—I'm leaving you for the tractor.
Charlie Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

comatoes—hey, my foot's asleep.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

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	R	E	F	U	S	E	T	O	S	P	E	A	K	
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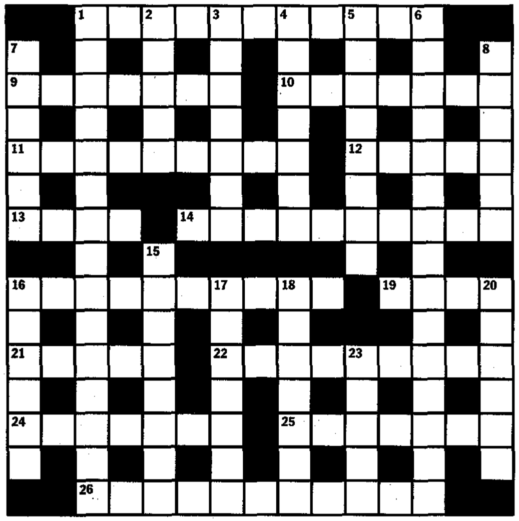
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Jag on a narrow gorge, the vehicle for 26 (7,4)
9 Den for beast—turn back for mate? (7)
10 Mosaic piece transposed for period novel. (7)
11 Frame of car that crashed—he initially bankrupted Lloyds. (9)
12,13 Preshave 19-ing, for a turning circle, possibly. (9)
14 How to stop a car, with notes—very wicked indeed. (10)
16 Awfully wet E stream on the point of merging with another. (10)
19,21 Disciplinarian at 13 in appeal for contributions (4-5)
22 Young Love's lost its head, which often happens in Ireland. (9)
24 Runner that's stale stirred by a blonde. (3,4)
25 Handcuff a chap with a broken lace. (7)
26 Crime writer in a groove with split in the underworld. (4,7)



DOWN

1 Sensational mistake—admit: mistaken don had to. (5-3-7)
2 Checks for dialysis? (5)
3 Valerian, tool used by cobbler or part of shoe, we hear. (3-4)
4 Mathematical expression—move along. (7)
5 Abuse without a point: you can't do it with a conductor. (8)
6 Vote for Roche: claim result affected by varying charges. (15)
7 A lot less feeling? (6)
8 Mark of affection for woman driver? (6)
15 Inclination for treading carelessly. (8)
16 Pop artist fighting break. (6)
17 Sailor, one entertained by Silas. (
18 He brought colour to oriental island. (7)
20 Customer with a pole? (6)
23 Small amount of truth in cat? (5

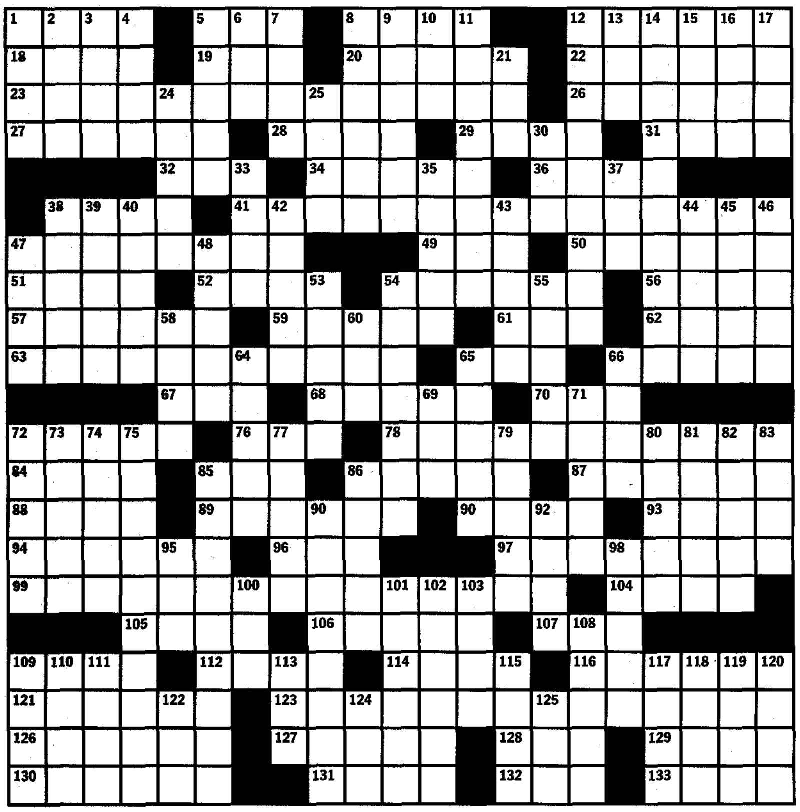
'Role Ratings': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Tarzan's love
5 Amphora
8 Table staple
12 Orthodontic devices
18 Victorian "by God!"
19 Fond du ——, Wisconsin
20 Toughen gradually
22 Fix the brakes
23 For her role as a panhandler: B+
26 Inequitable
27 Seismograph finding
28 Humorous ending for buck
29 Tony musical of 1983
31 Was chauffeured
32 Squealer
34 Same as G-sharp
36 Nursery-rhyme home
38 Microbe
41 For her role as a cosmetician: D+
47 Astronomical navigation guide
49 Third word of the P.O. motto
50 Weasel's kin
51 Singer Redding
52 In —— (too routinized)
54 Fled
56 Opera highlight
57 See 83-Down
59 Ancient city of iniquity
61 —— Plaines
62 Artist Rockwell
63 For his role as a waiter: C–
65 One of the Gibsons
66 Relinquishes
67 Half an African fly
68 G.I. mix-up
70 Sculler's item
72 "GoodFellas" star
76 Arafat's gp.
78 For his role as a fugitive: A–
84 Uzbekistan sea
85 JFK Library architect
86 Gather leftovers
87 Small-time
88 Pinta's sister ship
89 Queen of whodunits
91 Lounge around
93 Site of a Biblical miracle
94 More gummy
96 Give the sack
97 Iroquois footwear
99 For his role as a priest: A+
104 Olsen and Bull
105 Trees in an O'Neill title
106 Ayn Rand's shrugger
107 Oscar-winner Basinger
109 Get an F
112 Rank above viscount
114 TV's "—— Living"
116 Olympics throw
121 Pull out completely, in gardening
123 For her role as a curator: C+
126 Yves Montand's wife
127 Unusual individuals
128 Fifth-Century invader
129 Consequently
130 Infatuate
131 General meaning
132 "Are we there ——?"
133 Profound

DOWN

1 Laughing matter
2 Algae extract
3 Christening decision
4 Red-coated cheese
5 The U of UHF
6 Stadium shout
7 Coll. sports league
8 Bid bon voyage to
9 Neighbor of Zaire
10 Schlep
11 Loss when skidding
12 Deliberate snubs
13 Stimpy's canine pal
14 For his role as a roué: D–
15 "Toodle-oo!" in Pisa
16 Oklahoma city
17 Dried out
21 Eventful period
24 Standards
25 Highlands hill
30 Recipe abbr.
33 Peter, Paul or Boris
35 Vietnamese region
37 Part of I.O.U.
38 Arose
39 Beethoven dedicate
40 Pine-tree exudate
42 Have confidence in
43 Become weatherwo
44 Blew it
45 Her majesté
46 Sports-pg. numbers
47 Lap dogs, familiarly
48 Scheherazade's specialty
53 Human trunk
54 In a regal manner
55 Lawbreaker
58 Playbill heading
60 George's Veep
64 Opposite of attract
65 Diego Rivera opus
66 Raven's relative
69 Adversary
71 Mexican of yore
72 Hysterical fear
73 Von Stroheim
74 Decaf brand
75 For her role as a weaver: B–
77 Shade of purple
79 As a friend: Fr.
80 Not an express
81 Take down a peg
82 Quant skirts
83 "The Man" of baseb with 57-Across
85 Outer boundaries
86 Like Gatsby
90 Breathing out
92 Knock silly
95 Wright wing
98 Kind of strip
100 That, to Carmen
101 Grasping tool
102 What's most curren with "the"
103 Org.
108 Driver's lic., e.g.
109 Circuit safeguard
110 Hear —— drop
111 Cookbook author Rombauer
113 Vintage car
115 Muscle-sore
117 Timetable, for short
118 Give a hang
119 Goad on
120 Way station
122 Yoko Lennon, formerly
124 Aloha gift
125 Partner of cry



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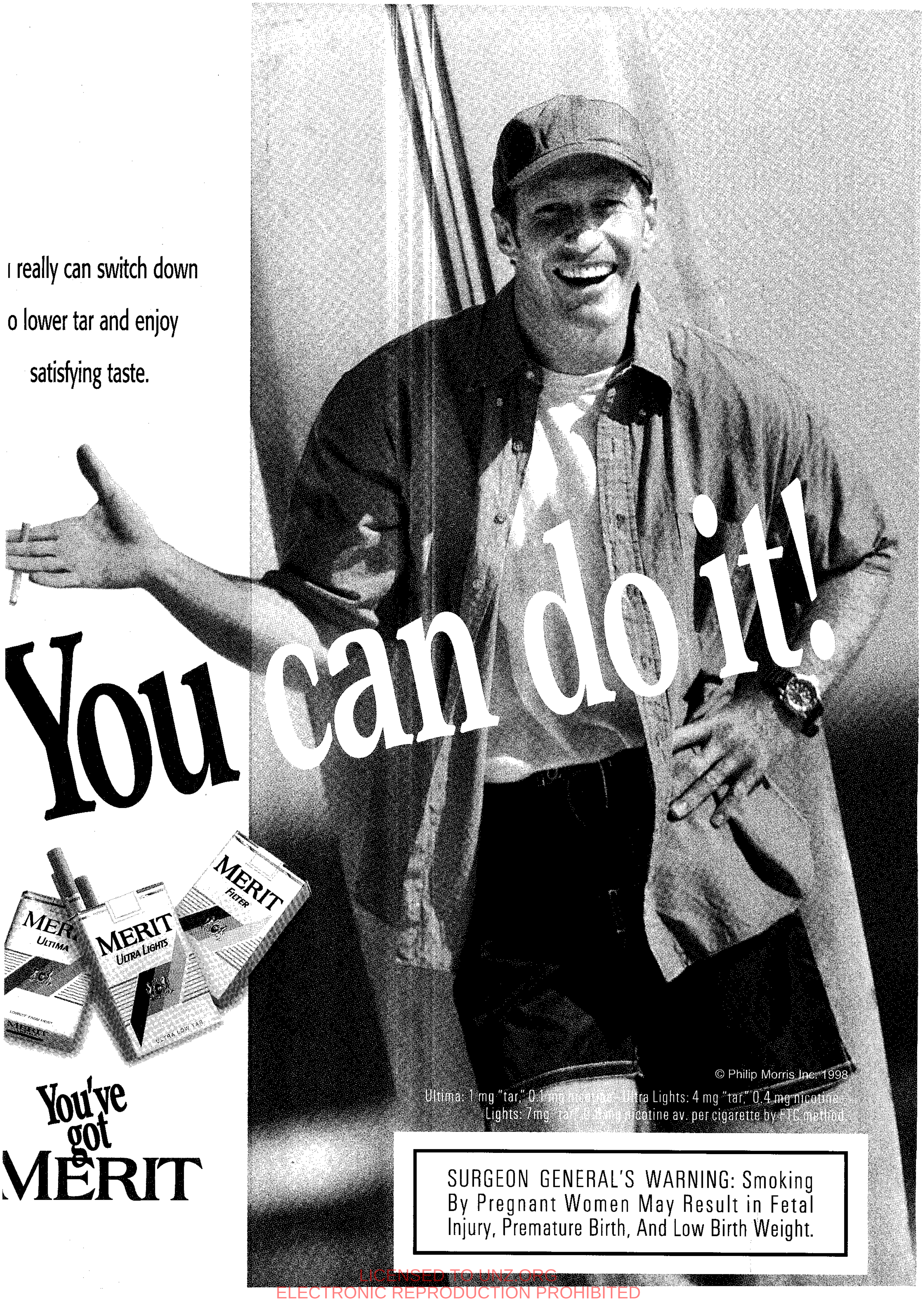

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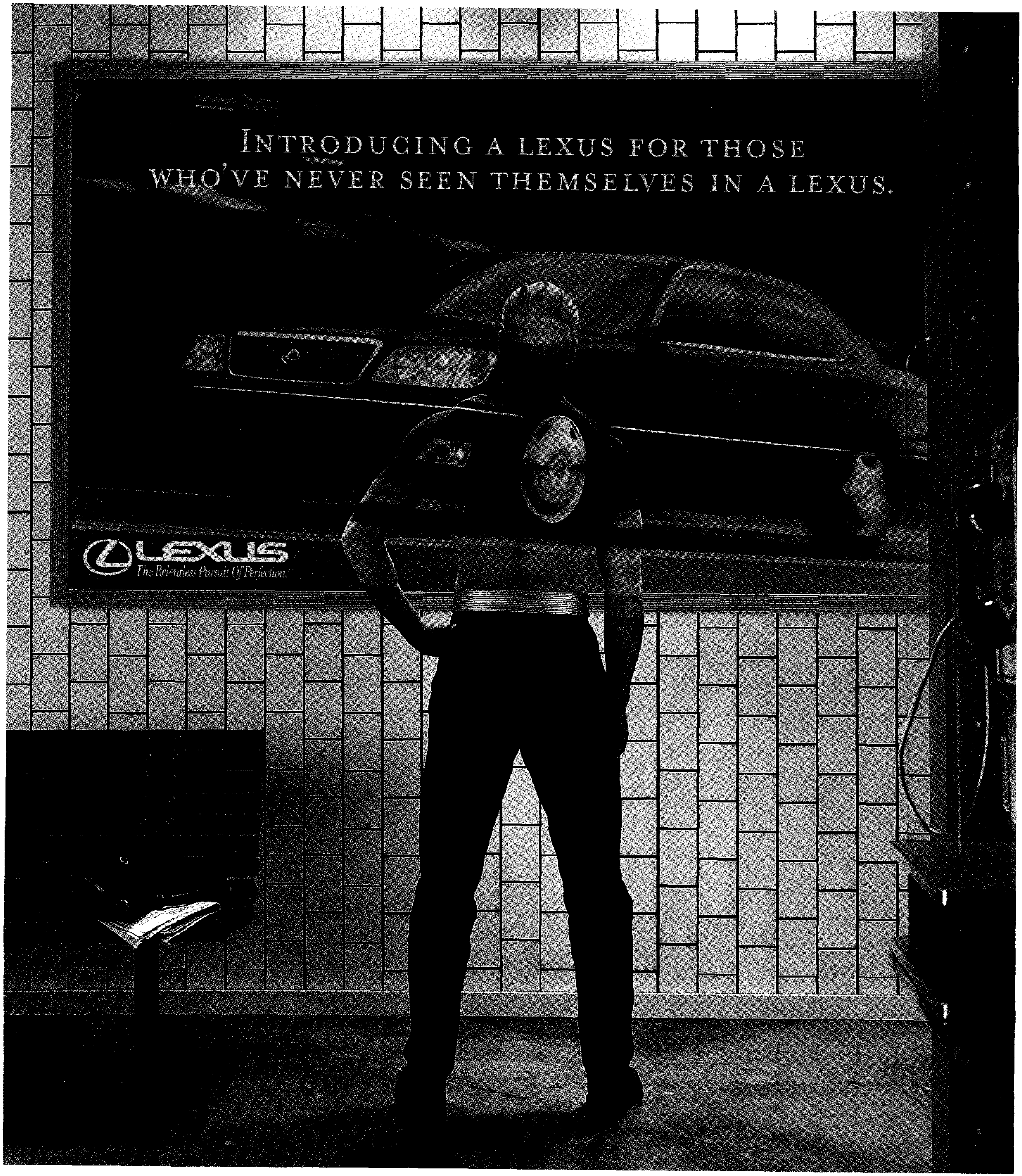
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